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PRAYERS & HYMNS

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS

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PRAYERS & HYMNS
FOR USE IN SCHOOLS

COUNTY OF LEICESTER

PRAYERS & HYMNS

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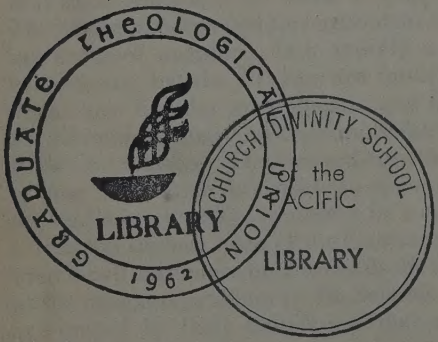
The Hymn-book being an Abridged Edition of 'Songs of Praise' together with a few additional Hymns



PUBLISHED BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
FOR THE LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
LONDON: HUMPHREY MILFORD

PRINTED IN ENGLAND AT THE
UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD
BY JOHN JOHNSON
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

VR60
L526

PREFACE

THIS collection of Prayers and Hymns is the work of a Committee appointed by the Leicestershire Education Authority, containing representatives of that Authority, of the Peterborough Diocesan Education Committee, of the Leicestershire and Rutland Free Church Council, of the County Association of Teachers, and of the Teachers in Secondary Schools.

The members of the Committee wish to state that their work is in no sense a compromise. They have experienced throughout an increasing unity of purpose. It is merely a happy coincidence that the Prayers are modelled on lines more familiar to Anglicans, and that the Hymns are arranged on lines more familiar to Free Churchmen. The one and only principle of the Committee has been to choose what seemed most worthy, whatever its source.

It is the earnest hope of the Committee that their work may contribute towards the solution of the religious problem in the Schools. They are united in their conviction that religion must be the basis of any true education.

The Prayers and Responses are, in large measure, the work of the members of the

Committee. They hope that the definite share in the daily service which is given to the children may lead to a quickened sense of the meaning of the Prayers. It will be apparent that the Committee have used, wherever possible, the language of the Bible. Any worth or dignity which their work may possess must be attributed to this fact. At the same time they have been glad to profit by the labours of others. They have borrowed freely from the Book of Common Prayer, a storehouse of treasures which are the common heritage of all Christendom. They have found great help and inspiration in other collections, notably in the *Book of Worship for Youth*, recently published by the Congregationalist and Baptist Churches. It is not possible to mention all those whose assistance has been so readily given: but the Committee would like to thank the following, in some cases for suggestions, in others for permission to use prayers composed by them: The Bishop of Liverpool, the Bishop of Leicester, the Rev. C. B. Jutson, the Rev. Dr. Orchard, and the Rev. W. Charter Piggott.

Thanks are also due to the following copyright owners for permission to include prayers: Messrs. Chatto & Windus (one prayer based upon R. L. Stevenson's *Vailima Prayers*); the Congregational Union (from the *Book of Wor-*

ship for Youth); Sir Arthur Hort and Rev. F. Lushington (from *School Prayers for Week-day Mornings*); the Rev. Canon L. S. Hunter (one by Dr. John Hunter); the Student Christian Movement (two from *A Book of Prayers for Students*); the Rev. A. Westcott (one by Bishop B. F. Westcott). If any copyrights have been unwittingly infringed the Committee tender their apologies, and hope to make amends in a second edition.

The Hymns, with few exceptions, are taken from *Songs of Praise*, recently published by the Oxford University Press. The Committee wish to thank the publisher, Mr. Humphrey Milford, and the editors, Dr. Percy Dearmer, Dr. Vaughan Williams, and Mr. Martin Shaw, for their whole-hearted co-operation. The special arrangement of the hymns is the work of the Committee. The editors of *Songs of Praise* are not responsible for it, nor yet for the additional hymns and other matter, which are marked in the text by an asterisk. The hymns have been arranged to form a teaching Hymn-book, with a progressive order of revelation; and the additional hymns were introduced to complete this scheme. For though the primary use of a Hymn-book is devotional, a School Hymn-book should be also educational. This purpose has been steadily kept in view, not only in the order

but in the selection of the hymns; which, as far as the Committee could choose them, bear the note of directness and reality. Some hymns, even a few really great hymns, have had to be omitted. This is a book for young people; and introspective hymns, which can express only the ripe experience of older people, would be unsuitable for the young.

Like the prayers, the hymns are widely inclusive, and at the same time frankly scriptural in outlook and expression. On these grounds it is hoped that they will commend themselves to men and women who are, in other respects, of widely different convictions.

The selection committee have been much assisted by actual experiments which have been conducted in the schools by some of their teacher-members. These tests have frequently revealed in the pupils a taste and intelligence far higher than some older people, even their teachers, had given them credit for; and some apparently difficult hymns and tunes have been included, against the first judgment of the committee, by the choice of the children themselves. It has become obvious that we must revise our standard of hymns suitable for young people.

The printing of the melody is a feature which will commend itself to all teachers.

Thanks are due to the following copyright owners for permission to include hymns and tunes.

HYMNS

Mr. J. S. Arkwright, 99; Association for Promoting Christian Knowledge, Dublin, 123; Mr. Clifford Bax, 220; Dr. Robert Bridges, 66, 180, 184, 216; Rev. Canon G. W. Briggs, 18, 20, 56, 199, 231; Miss Honor Brooke, 9, 58; Mrs. Chesterton, 47; Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., 10 (from Curwen Edition No. 6,333); Rev. Dr. Percy Dearmer, 27, 53, 59, 88, 147, 161, 179, 187, 202, 219; *English Hymnal* Committee, 34, 122, 124, 217, 226, 230; Mr. Frank Fletcher, 57; Mr. William Galbraith, 3; Mrs. Gannett, 164; Rev. Gabriel Gillett, 67; Miss Beatrice Hatch, 94; The Head Master of Loughborough Grammar School, and the Head Mistress of Loughborough High School, 195; Rev. Dr. F. L. Hosmer, 21, 84; Mr. Laurence Housman, 49; Mr. F. D. How, 32, 55, 188; Houghton Mifflin Company, 163; Industrial Christian Fellowship, 86; Mr. Rudyard Kipling, 210, from *The Five Nations* published by Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., and 215, from *Puck of Pook's Hill* published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.; Dr. Greville MacDonald, 39; Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., 45, 79; Mr. G. K. Menzies, 213; Mrs. Myers, 126; Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, and Mr. Thomas Bird Mosher, 145; Mr. John Murray, 209, 221; Oxford University Press, 19, 183, 196, 197; Rev. W. Charter Piggott, 98; Miss M. F. Pott, 73; Messrs. A. W. Ridley & Co., 125, 129; Editors of *Songs of Praise* for centos and versions, 35, 74, 170; the Principal, Loughborough College, 107.

TUNES

(The numbers marked with an asterisk denote a Faburden or Descant Version)

Miss Nora M. Bicknell, 63; Rev. Canon G. W. Briggs,

10, 236, Chant to Psalm 121, Amens 2 & 3; The Caniedydd Committee of the Union of Welsh Independents, 142, 169, 221; Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., 11, 43*, 82, 209; also the following from *Additional Tunes and Settings* by Martin Shaw in Messrs. Curwen's Edition No. 6,300, 26*, 81, 129, 141, 206; 'Sanctus' by Martin Shaw, from Curwen Edition No. 80,558; 'Te Deum' by Martin Shaw, from Curwen Edition No. 80,655; Mr. Ronald Dussek, 155; Rev. F. Llewellyn Edwards, 89; *English Hymnal* Committee, 90, 95, 194; Messrs. W. Gwenlyn Evans & Son, 218; The Faith Press, Ltd., 17*, 31*, 70*, 103*, 119*, 162*, 225*, from *The Tenor Tune Book*; Mr. K. G. Finlay, 188; Mr. C. T. Gatty, 53; Mr. Gustav Holst, 99, 125; Messrs. Hughes & Son, 117; Mr. John Ireland, 65; Dr. Ernest Jones, 215; Dr. H. G. Ley, 73; Mrs. Raymond Maude, 223; Oxford University Press, 58, 96, 145, 187, 195, 232; Professor Julius Röntgen, 77; Mr. F. G. Russell, 20; Exors. of the late Cecil J. Sharp, 47, 100; Musical Editors of *Songs of Praise*, 6, 28, 32, 37*, 44, 49, 50, 57, 80, 122, 132, 147, 152*, 163, 175*, 181, 186, 192, 200, 212; Miss Geraldine M. Stanford, 118, 123; The Editors of *A Students' Hymnal*, 39; Rev. Canon David F. R. Wilson, 165, from *Church Hymnal*, A.P.C.K., Dublin; Mrs. Charlotte G. Wood, 19; the Principal, Loughborough College, 107.

Christmas 1927.

THE COMMITTEE

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PRAYERS

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I

An Order of Morning Prayer

(*The responses are printed in italics*)

MONDAY

A Service of Thanksgiving

LIFT up your hearts.
We lift them up unto the Lord.

Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.
It is meet and right so to do.

It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty, that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father Almighty, Everlasting God.

Therefore with Angels and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious Name; evermore praising Thee, and saying,

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord most high. Amen.

For our creation in Thine own image: for our redemption by Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord: for the gift of Thy Holy Spirit: and for the glorious hope of the resurrection of the dead:

We praise Thee, O God.

For the grace which is sufficient for us:
For the peace which passeth understanding:
For the faith which overcometh the world:
For the love which hopeth all things:

We praise Thee, O God.

For Thy Church Universal throughout all the world:

For the blessed communion of all faithful people:

We praise Thee, O God.

For all Thy servants who have gone before us and who have sown what we to-day are reaping:

We praise Thee, O God.

For the manifold opportunities of service which are presented to us in our own day and generation:

We praise Thee, O God.

For our homes and our homeland: for parents and for friends: and for all the loving care which has surrounded us from our earliest years even until now:

We praise Thee, O God.

Eternal Father, Who hast loved us:

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee.

Eternal Son, Who hast redeemed us:

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee.

Eternal Spirit, Who dost enlighten and sanctify us:

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee.

Almighty and everlasting God, Who inhabitest eternity, Whose name is holy; Who dwellest in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit:

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee.

Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. *AMEN.*

TUESDAY

Our Duty to God and Man

WHAT doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

Lord, have mercy upon us, and write Thy law in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

Which is the first and great commandment?

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.

This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

Let us pray.

O GOD, Who hast prepared for them that love Thee such good things as pass man's understanding; Pour into our hearts such love toward Thee, that we, loving Thee above all things, may obtain Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, give unto us the increase of faith, hope, and love; and, that we may obtain that which Thou dost promise, make us to love that which Thou dost command; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

Our Father, Which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory For ever and ever. AMEN.

GOD be merciful unto us and bless us: and give us grace to know His will and strength to do it: for Jesus Christ's sake. *AMEN.*

WEDNESDAY

Our Lord and Master

JESUS said, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst.

Lord, evermore give us this bread.

Jesus said, I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me.

Jesus said, I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

Lead me in the paths of righteousness for Thy Name's sake.

Jesus said, I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit.

Abide with us, and within us, O Lord: and help us to abide in Thee.

Jesus said, I am the way, the truth, and the life.

Guide us, Thou true and living way.

Jesus said, I am the resurrection, and the life.

Raise us up, O Lord, that we may have life, and may have it more abundantly.

ALMIGHTY God, Whom to know is life eternal, and to serve is perfect freedom: grant us so to know Thy Son Jesus Christ, that we may find in Him the way that leads to life, and the truth that makes us free. *AMEN.*

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *AMEN.*

THURSDAY

1. The Perfect Life

BLESSED are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers:
For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:

For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father Which is in heaven:

Grant us Thy help, O Lord.

Let us pray.

Our Father, Which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. AMEN.

O LORD, from Whom all good things do come; Grant to us Thy humble servants, that by Thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by Thy merciful guiding may perform the same; through our Lord Jesus Christ. *AMEN.*

O ALMIGHTY God, Who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; Grant unto Thy people, that they may love the thing which Thou commandest,

and desire that which Thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer. *AMEN.*

Or the following:

2. The Giver of Life

AS many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

And hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us.

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY and Everlasting Father, from Whom the Holy Spirit proceedeth, and Who givest without measure to them that ask, fill us with Thy Spirit:

That we may know that we dwell in Thee, and that Thou dwellest in us.

Give us the Spirit of truth:

That Christ may be revealed to us; and that we may understand the deep things of God.

Give us the Spirit of liberty:

That we may stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

Give us the Spirit of unity:

That all who are members of the one Body may live together as members one with another.

Give us the Spirit of promise:

That His fruit of love, joy, and peace may grow in us.

Give us the Spirit of power:

That we may be faithful witnesses to Him Who has called us to His service.

Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,

And lighten with celestial fire.

Come as the Breath of God:

And give us life.

Come as the Tongue of Fire:

And cleanse and quicken us.

Come as the Living Water:

And refresh us.

Come as the rushing mighty Wind:

Come as the Dove, and give us peace.

Come, Lord, in all Thy fulness:

And fill us with all the fulness of God.

O GOD, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee; Mercifully grant, that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with us all evermore. *AMEN.*

FRIDAY

1. The Way of the Cross

GOD so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.

For we are not redeemed with corruptible things,

But with the precious blood of Christ.

For the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,

And to give His life a ransom for many.

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name.

Jesus said, If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me.

Let us pray.

O Saviour of the world, Who by Thy cross and precious blood hast redeemed us:

Save us, and help us, we humbly beseech Thee.

O Son of God, Who in Thine own body didst bear our sins on the tree:

Grant that we, dying unto sin, may live unto righteousness.

O Son of man, Who didst suffer for us, leaving us an example:

Help us to follow in Thy footsteps.

That we may obey Thee in all things: that we may have courage to tread the path of duty, wherever Thou dost lead:

We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

That we may know the love which seeketh not her own: the joy of self-sacrifice, and the peace of self-surrender:

We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

That we may have the faith which endures, as seeing Him Who is invisible:

We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

That we may win that crown of righteousness, which fadeth not away:

We beseech Thee to hear us, O Lord.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honour and glory and blessing. *AMEN.*

Or the following:

2. A Service of Intercession

IF we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

Let us pray.

ALMIGHTY God, unto Whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from Whom no secrets are hid; Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy holy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

That we may stand fast in faith, daring all things in Thy name, with Whom all things are possible:

Lord, hear our prayer.

That we may abound in hope, evermore rejoicing in Thee, Who art the God of hope:

Lord, hear our prayer.

That we may be rooted and grounded in love, which is the bond of perfectness:

Lord, hear our prayer.

That we may increase in knowledge more and more, until that day when we shall know even as we are known:

Lord, hear our prayer.

Let us pray also

For our country: that we may all, in our several callings, walk worthy of our vocation:

Hear us, O Lord, Who hast called us to Thy service.

For our rulers, that they may bear rule as men who shall give an account before Thy judgment-seat:

Judge of all men, hear our prayer.

For ourselves, that we may render obedience, not as men-pleasers, but as servants of Christ:

King eternal, hear our prayer.

For the sorrowing and the bereaved: for the fatherless and the widow: for the poor and the friendless: for the sick and the dying: and for all sick children:

God of mercy, hear our prayer.

For all men and all nations: and for them that walk in darkness and the shadow of death:

Father of all men, hear our prayer.

For all Thy servants who are labouring in this and other lands, to spread abroad Thy glorious gospel:

Lord of the harvest, hear our prayer.

For peace at home and abroad: for brotherly love and willing service among all Thy children:

O Prince of peace, teach us to be in charity with all men.

O GOD, our heavenly Father, Who didst manifest Thy love by sending Thine only-begotten Son into the world that all might live through Him: Pour Thy Spirit upon Thy Church, that it may fulfil His command to preach the Gospel to every creature; send forth, we beseech thee, labourers into Thy harvest; enrich them with all knowledge and utterance, and fill them with the wisdom and gentleness of Christ; defend them in all dangers and temptations, and hasten the time when the fulness of the nations shall be gathered into Thy Kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord: *AMEN.*

Our Father, Which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation;

But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. AMEN.

UNTO Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. *AMEN.*

SATURDAY (or any other day at the discretion of the teacher)

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD

THE Lord is King for ever and ever.

He sitteth upon the throne, and His judgments are over all the earth.

Thy counsels of old, O God, are faithfulness and truth.

And they that wait upon Thee shall never be confounded.

Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of Thy hands:

They shall perish, but Thou remainest; they shall be changed: but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.

Blessed is the man whose hope is in the Lord.

If God be for us, who can be against us?

Let us pray.

ETERNAL God,
The light of the mind that knows Thee,
The joy of the heart that loves Thee, and
The strength of the will that serves Thee,
Grant us so to know Thee,
That we may truly love Thee;
So to love Thee,
That we may fully serve Thee,
To the honour and glory of Thy holy name.
AMEN.

NOW unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,

Unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end.
AMEN.

II

Evening Prayer

(*Note.* In this and the following sections, 'Ancient' denotes a translation from the old Latin Sacramentaries, 5th to 7th centuries: P.B. denotes the Book of Common Prayer (1549–1661), and B.W. the *Book of Worship for Youth*, recently published by the Congregationalist and Baptist Churches. The object of these notes is partly to indicate the historic interest of the prayers, and partly to show the unity of Christendom, in its great prayers as in its great hymns.)

LIGHTEN our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. *AMEN.* *Ancient: in P.B. and B.W.*

O GOD, from Whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed; Give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that both our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee we being defended from the fear of our enemies may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. *AMEN.*
Ancient: in P.B. and B.W.

SAVE us, O Lord, waking; guard us sleeping; that awake we may watch with Christ, and asleep we may rest in peace. *AMEN.*
Breviarium Romanum, 1570: in B.W.

BE present, O merciful God, and protect us through the silent hours of this night, so that we who are fatigued by the changes and chances of this fleeting world may repose upon Thine eternal changelessness: through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.* *Ancient.*

O LORD Jesu Christ, Who hast made me and redeemed me and brought me where I am upon my way: Thou knowest what Thou wouldst do with me: do according to Thy will, with mercy. *AMEN.*

A Prayer of King Henry VI.

TEACH us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest; to give, and not to count the cost; to fight, and not to heed the wounds; to toil, and not to seek for rest; to labour, and to ask for no reward, save that of knowing that we do Thy will. *AMEN.* *Ignatius Loyola.*

ALMIGHTY God, in Whom we live and move, and have our being: Who hast made us for Thyself, so that we can find rest only in Thee: grant us purity of heart and strength of purpose, so that no selfish passion shall hinder us from knowing Thy will, no weakness keep us from doing it. In Thy light may we see light, and in Thy service find our freedom and our strength: through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.* *After Augustine.*

O GOD, the Protector of all that trust in Thee, without Whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy; Increase and multiply upon us Thy mercy; that, Thou being our Ruler and Guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal: Grant this, O heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake our Lord. *AMEN.*

Ancient: in P.B.

OUR Father, Which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. AMEN.

GRACE be unto us, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. *AMEN.*

Or,

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *AMEN.*

To be said or sung at Evening Prayer or on any other occasion.

[*For Music see Hymn No.* 236.]

God be in my head, and in my understanding;
God be in my eyes, and in my looking;
God be in my mouth, and in my speaking;
God be in my heart, and in my thinking;
God be at my end, and at my departing.

Sarum Primer, 1551.

(*Hymn* 123, '*St. Patrick's Breastplate*', *is also suitable.*)

Psalm cxxi.

(*See Hymn-book, page* 289.)

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

III

Prayers and Thanksgivings

(For use at Morning or Evening Prayer)

1. The School.

A Prayer for our School.

O GOD and Father of all, Who givest to Thy children light and life and happiness, we pray Thee for Thy blessing on this day [week, term]. In labours let us always work to Thee, in leisure never grieve Thy Holy Spirit: control our affections, hallow our thoughts, inspire our hopes, quicken our prayers and praises.

Bless, we beseech Thee, this our school: take away whatsoever is unworthy, cherish and strengthen whatsoever is best in it. And grant that all who go forth hence may manfully fight Thy battles in the world, and conquer through the might of Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

School Prayers for Week-day Mornings.

O GOD, our heavenly Father, from Whom cometh every good and perfect gift, we beseech Thee to bestow Thy blessing on our School. We praise Thee for the heritage into which we have entered, and pray Thee to make us worthy to maintain and strengthen all that is good in our traditions.

Give to all who work here the true love of knowledge which makes study a discovery and a joy. May the spirit of loyalty and devotion bind

us all more closely together, that we may labour not only for our own advantage but for the common good.

May Thy wisdom guide and prosper our work and our games, that we may grow in the love of all that is true and honest and of good report. And when we go out into the world may we carry with us the ideal and the power of service, which Thou dost give us in Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

A Book of Prayers for Students.

For Sick Children.

O HOLY JESUS, Who for our sakes didst become a little child, and didst shew Thy love for children by taking them up into Thine arms and blessing them: we ask Thee to bless those who are sick (*and especially . . .*). Thy love toward them is greater than ours can ever be; therefore, O Lord, we trust them to Thy care and keeping. *AMEN.*

For those leaving the School.

WE commend, O Lord, unto Thy Fatherly care Thy servants about to leave this school, beseeching Thee that Thy loving-kindness and mercy may follow them all the days of their life. Succour them in temptation, preserve them in danger, assist them in every good work, and keep them ever in the right way. And grant, O Father, that by Thy merciful aid we may so walk before Thee in this life, that we may all meet again in Thy eternal Kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

School Prayers for Week-day Mornings.

Commemoration.

O GOD, before Whose face the generations rise and pass away; the Strength of those who labour and suffer, and the Repose of the holy and blessed dead; we rejoice in the communion of Thy saints. We remember all who have faithfully lived; all who have peacefully died, and especially those most dear to us. Lift us into light and love; and give us at last our portion with those who have trusted in Thee and striven in all things to do Thy holy will. And unto Thy Name, with the Church on earth and the Church in heaven, would we ascribe all honour and glory, world without end. *AMEN.*

Rev. Dr. John Hunter.

2. MORNING.

A Morning Prayer.

GRANT us, O Lord, to pass this day in gladness and peace, without stumbling and without stain, that, reaching the eventide victorious over all temptation, we may praise Thee, the eternal God, Who art blessed and dost govern all things, world without end. *AMEN.*

Mozarabic (Ancient Spanish).

For Protection and Guidance.

O LORD, our Heavenly Father, Almighty and everlasting God, Who hast safely brought us to the beginning of this day; Defend us in the same with Thy mighty power; and grant that this day we fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger; but that all our doings may be ordered by

Thy governance, to do always that is righteous in Thy sight; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

Ancient: in P.B. and B.W.

REMEMBER, O Lord, what Thou hast wrought in us, and not what we deserve; and as Thou hast called us to Thy service, make us worthy of our calling, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

Prayer for the Bible Lesson.

BLESSED Lord, Who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience, and comfort of Thy Holy Word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which Thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ. *AMEN.* *P.B. 1549: in B.W.*

Duty.

WE come before Thee, O Lord, with thanksgiving. As the day brings us the round of concerns and duties, help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Deliver us from fear and favour, from mean hopes and cheap pleasures. Have mercy on each of us in our weakness, support the stumbling on the way, let us not be discouraged: help us to persevere. If there be in front of us any painful duty, strengthen us with the grace of courage: if any act of mercy, teach us tenderness and patience. Give us grace to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonoured,

and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ. *AMEN.*

R. L. Stevenson: slightly adapted.

3. General.

Consecration.

O THOU Who hast taught us that we are most truly free when we lose our wills in Thine, help us to gain this liberty by continual surrender to Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

Ancient.

Love and Knowledge.

GRANT, O Lord, that our love may abound yet more and more in all knowledge and in all judgment; that we may approve things that are excellent; that we may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto Thy praise and glory. *AMEN.*

From Philipp. I. 9–11.

A Clean Heart.

O ETERNAL God, Who hast taught us by Thy Holy Word that our bodies are temples of Thy Spirit, keep us, we most humbly beseech Thee, temperate and holy in thought, word, and deed, that at the last we, with all the pure in heart, may see Thee, and be made like unto Thee in Thy heavenly kingdom; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

Bishop B. F. Westcott.

Humility.

TAKE from us, O heavenly Father, all pride and vanity, all boasting and forwardness, and

give us the true courage that shows itself by gentleness; the true wisdom that shows itself by simplicity; and the true power that shows itself by modesty and thought for others; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.* *Charles Kingsley.*

Friendships.

O ETERNAL God, Who watchest over us all, grant that the friendships formed between us here may neither through sin be broken, nor hereafter through worldly cares be forgotten, but that, bound together by the unseen chain of Thy love, we may be drawn nearer to Thee and nearer to each other; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

School Prayers for Week-day Mornings.

Dumb Animals.

O ETERNAL Father, Who hast made man to have dominion over Thy works, touch our hearts with pity for all dumb animals, especially those which minister to our needs or pleasures, that we may treat them with tenderness and consideration, and that we may see Thee the Creator in all created things; for the sake of Jesus Christ. *AMEN.* *School Prayers for Week-day Mornings.*

Faith.

ALMIGHTY God, Who in Thy wisdom hast so ordered our earthly life that we should walk by faith and not by sight: grant us such faith in Thee, that, amid all the things that pass our understanding, we may believe in Thy Fatherly care, and be ever led and strengthened by the assurance

that underneath are the everlasting arms, and that Thy mercy endureth for ever; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.* *B.W.*

Hope.

ALMIGHTY God, Who through faith in Thy Son Jesus Christ hast given to us the grace wherein we stand, that we may rejoice in hope of the glory of God: grant that having this hope in us, we may purify ourselves even as He is pure, in Whom we are begotten unto an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away. And this we ask through the same Jesus Christ our Saviour. *AMEN.* *B.W.*

Love.

O LORD, Who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth; Send Thy Holy Ghost, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before Thee: Grant this for Thine only Son Jesus Christ's sake. *AMEN.*

P.B. 1549: in B.W.

True Religion.

LORD of all power and might, Who art the Author and Giver of all good things; Graft in our hearts the love of Thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

Ancient: in P.B. and B.W.

A Prayer for those at sea.

ALMIGHTY and eternal God, we commend to Thy Fatherly care all that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters. Help them, in whatever lies before them, to quit themselves like men. If there be any duty, may they do it with cheerfulness: if any danger, may they face it with courage: knowing that Thy hand is in all things, and all things are in Thy hand. We ask it for Thy Name's sake. *AMEN.*

A Prayer for all conditions of men.

O GOD, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech Thee for all sorts and conditions of men; that Thou wouldest be pleased to make Thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health unto all nations. More especially, we pray for the good estate of the Universal Church; that it may be so guided and governed by Thy good Spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally, we commend to Thy fatherly goodness all those, who are any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate; (*especially . . .,*) that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And this we beg for Jesus Christ His sake. *AMEN.*

P.B. 1661: in B.W.

4. Games and Sports.

Playing the Game.

OUR heavenly Father, whose beloved Son watched boys and girls at play, keep us mindful of Thee in our pleasures. Be with us in our games as also in our daily tasks; help us to keep the rules of honour. Gallant and good-tempered in the field, may we love the game above the prize. Enable us to lose, when that must be, without sullenness; and when we win, make us generous to those who are defeated. So may courage abound with cheerfulness, and the day end well; for Thy Name's sake. *AMEN.* *B.W.*

5. Thanksgivings.

A Thanksgiving for Nature.

WE praise Thy Name, O Father, for the beauty of the spring-time and the summer, the glory of the sky by day and night, the healthful wind and quickening rain. We thank Thee for the bloom and fragrance of the flowers, the songs of happy birds, the joyousness of every living thing. In all that Thou hast made we see the wonder of Thy wisdom and Thy care, Who clothest the grass of the field and takest thought for the sparrows. Help us to trust Thy never-failing goodness, the love which is beyond our understanding, and surrounds our lives with blessing. For Thy Name's sake. *AMEN.* *B.W.*

A General Thanksgiving
(*may be said all together*)

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we Thine unworthy servants do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men. We bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we shew forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. *AMEN.*

P.B. 1661: in B.W.

IV

Prayers for Optional Use at Certain Times and Seasons

The Opening Year.

ETERNAL God, Who makest all things new, and abidest for ever the same: Grant us to begin this year in Thy faith, and to continue it in Thy favour; that, being guided in all our doings, and guarded all our days, we may spend our lives in Thy service, and finally, by Thy grace, attain the glory of everlasting life; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.* *B.W.*

The Closing Year.

LORD God, Who art the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, Whose throne is established in righteousness, Whose compassions fail not, and Whose love endureth unto all generations: Lift the light of Thy countenance upon us, pilgrims as all our fathers were, that thanking Thee for all the way by which Thou hast led us, we may as Thy children set our faces toward eternity and our affections on things above, ere we pass hence and are no more seen; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

B.W.

Advent.

ALMIGHTY God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal

life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when He shall come again in His glorious Majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through Him Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit, now and ever. *AMEN.* *P.B. 1549: in B.W.*

Christmas.

ETERNAL Father, Who by the birth of Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, didst give Thyself to mankind: Grant that, being born in our hearts, He may save us from all our sins, and restore within us the image and likeness of our Creator, to Whom be everlasting praise and glory, world without end. *AMEN.* *B.W.*

Epiphany.

ALMIGHTY and Everlasting God, the brightness of faithful souls, Who didst bring the Gentiles to Thy light, and madest known unto them Him Who is the true Light and the bright and morning Star; fill, we beseech Thee, the world with Thy glory, and shew Thyself by the radiance of Thy Light unto all nations; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

Ancient: in B.W.

Lent.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, Who hatest nothing that Thou hast made, and dost forgive the sins of all them that are penitent; Create and make in us new and contrite hearts, that we worthily lamenting our sins, and acknowledging our wretched-

ness, may obtain of Thee, the God of all mercy, perfect remission and forgiveness; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.* *P.B. 1549: in B.W.*

ALMIGHTY God, Who seest that we have no power of ourselves to help ourselves; Keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls; that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

Ancient: in P.B. and B.W.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, Who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; Pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. *AMEN.* *Ancient: in P.B. and B.W.*

Holy Week.

ALMIGHTY and everlasting God, Who, of Thy tender love towards mankind, hast sent Thy Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ, to take upon Him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross, that all mankind should follow the example of His great humility; Mercifully grant, that we may both follow the example of His patience, and also be made partakers of His resurrection; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.* *Ancient: in P.B.*

ALMIGHTY God, we beseech Thee graciously to behold this Thy family, for which our Lord Jesus Christ was contented to be betrayed, and given up into the hands of wicked men, and to suffer death upon the cross, Who now liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *AMEN.* *Ancient: in P.B.*

Eastertide.

ALMIGHTY God, Who through Thine only-begotten Son Jesus Christ hast overcome death, and opened unto us the gate of everlasting life; We humbly beseech Thee, that, as by Thy special grace preventing us Thou dost put into our minds good desires, so by Thy continual help we may bring the same to good effect; through Jesus Christ our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. *AMEN.*

Ancient: in P.B. and B.W.

Ascension.

O GOD the King of glory, Who hast exalted Thine only Son Jesus Christ with great triumph unto Thy kingdom in heaven; We beseech Thee, leave us not comfortless; but send to us Thine Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *AMEN.*

From the Latin of the Sarum Breviary: in P.B.

Whitsuntide.

GOD, Who as at this time didst teach the hearts of Thy faithful people, by the sending to them

the light of Thy Holy Spirit; Grant us by the same Spirit to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in His holy comfort; through the merits of Christ Jesus our Saviour, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the same Spirit, one God, world without end. *AMEN.*

Ancient: in P.B. and B.W.

Harvest (also Daily Benefits).

OUR heavenly Father, Who openest Thy hand to supply the need of every living thing: We bless Thee for our food and clothing, for our homes and all the wealth of life. Help us to remember Thee in all Thy bounty, and pray for those by whom Thy gifts are gathered both from land and sea, and those who work to prepare them for our use. Grant them fair share and joy in all that they provide. Teach us also to thank Thee, not in word alone, but by working faithfully ourselves, as is well-pleasing in Thy children; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.* *B.W.*

Empire Day

(or other occasions, as required).

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all men, Who hast given us many and widespread lands for our dominion: help us ever to remember that we are but stewards of Thy gifts. Bless our brethren who are scattered afar. Give to them and to us the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord. Make us ever true and just in all our dealings with other peoples: and keep all

the nations of this Empire united in one bond of fellowship and service: to the glory of Thy Name. *AMEN.*

The League of Nations.

ALMIGHTY God, Who dost call all nations unto Thy Kingdom, we beseech Thee to draw together all peoples of the world into the League of Nations. In the dealings of people with people, and men with men, may goodwill and respect for others take the place of jealousy and war. Increase our faith in one another and in the power of Thy righteous will: so may justice, mercy, and peace prevail among the nations, and Thy Name be glorified; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *AMEN.*

Book of Prayers for Students.

(For Armistice Day the following, among others, may be found suitable: Commemoration, p. 37 (slightly adapted by the teacher); Empire Day, p. 49; The League of Nations; A General Thanksgiving, p. 44; Psalm 46; Hymn 99.)

(For musical settings to the Amen see Hymn-book, pages 296 and 297.)

V

Ancient Psalms and Hymns

(*See Hymn-book, page 288 foll.*)

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Psalm xlvi.

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,

Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Psalm ciii.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

(ALL) *Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.*

Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

Te Deum.

WE praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee: the Father everlasting.

To Thee all Angels cry aloud: the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To Thee Cherubin, and Seraphin: continually do cry,

(ALL) *Holy, Holy, Holy: Lord God of Sabaoth;*
Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty: of Thy Glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles: praise Thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets: praise Thee.

The noble army of Martyrs: praise Thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world: doth acknowledge Thee;

(ALL) *The Father: of an infinite Majesty;*
Thine honourable, true: and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost: the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory : O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man : Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death : Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God : in the Glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come : to be our Judge.

We therefore pray Thee, help Thy servants : whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints : in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people : and bless Thine heritage.

Govern them : and lift them up for ever.

(ALL) *Day by day : we magnify Thee ;*
And we worship Thy Name : ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy lighten upon us : as our trust is in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.

(*IVth or Vth cent.*)

Gloria in Excelsis.

(To be said all together, or in responses as printed.)

Glory be to God on high,

And in earth peace, good will towards men.

(ALL) *We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.*

O Lord, the only-begotten Son Jesu Christ; O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father, that takest away the sins of the world,

Have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world,

Have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world,

Receive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father,

Have mercy upon us.

(ALL) *For Thou only art holy; Thou only art the Lord; Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. AMEN.*

(*IVth cent.—and probably much earlier.*)

HYMNS

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NOTES

THE numbers in brackets refer to the tunes in *Songs of Praise* (Oxford University Press), where the full accompaniment will be found.

Verses marked with an asterisk may be omitted.

Amen is only printed after hymns which end with a doxology. Its indiscriminate use obscures its real meaning.

The tunes in this book have been selected with a full realization that, in the formation of character, music has a very definite part to play. The aim has been to produce a book with wholesome and manly tunes, and to avoid those which are weak or sentimental. The fact that some tunes with these latter qualities are popular does not outweigh the sense of their defects, and therefore they have not been included.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SINGING.

1. As far as possible, breathe only once for each line of the words.

2. Avoid sudden contrasts of soft and loud. Of course, certain verses may be sung softly, and others more loudly, but generally keep to a broad and even medium tone.

3. Articulate the consonants distinctly, particularly at the beginnings of words.

4. In every line there is generally some predominating word. This may be sung with more significance or even strength, giving variety to the performance. It will add interest to the practice if the class be asked to suggest such word.

NOTES

The Hymns have been carefully subdivided in order to make reference as easy as possible. Without any desire to limit the choice of the teacher, which will be determined by various considerations, the following sections are suggested as specially suitable for the prayers on different days of the week.

Monday (A Service of Thanksgiving).
The Glory of God (1–9); The Revelation of God (10–33); the Communion of Saints (95–108); Faith (109–119); Praise (140–151); Thanksgiving (222–226).

Tuesday (Our duty to God and man).
Obedience (130–135); Fellowship (162–170); certain parts of Special Occasions (e.g. the School, Hospitals, For those at Sea, Social Service, Service Oversea, National and International Hymns).

Wednesday (Our Lord and Master).
Jesus Christ our Lord (29–88), and other hymns.

Thursday.
1 (The perfect life). Christian Discipleship (109–170).
2 (The Giver of life). The Revelation by the Holy Spirit (89–94), and others, e.g. 2, 156, 198, 207, 226, and the Doxologies 227, 229, 235.

Friday (1. The Way of the Cross; and 2. A service of intercession).
Passion Hymns (61–70); also 29–33. Courage (120–129); Obedience (130–135); The Reward (136–139); Prayer (152–161); Service (202–207).

Saturday (The Sovereignty of God).
See suggestions for Monday.

The list suggested above is intentionally wide, and the teacher will doubtless make it still wider. There are some hymns (e.g. for Morning and Evening, and for Seasons) which cannot be classified in this manner.

THE GLORY OF GOD

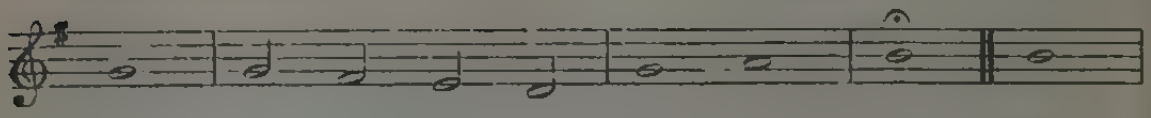
1 (202)

OLD HUNDREDTH. (L.M.)

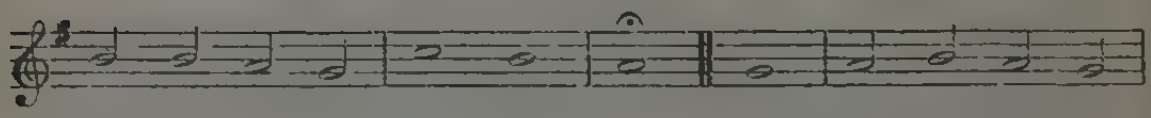
W. Kethe, Day's Psalter (1560–1).
Psalm 100.

Melody from *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.
(English form of final line.)

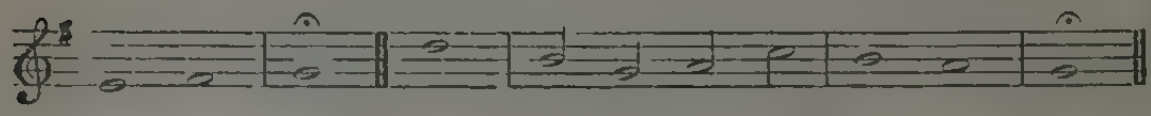
Slow and dignified.



1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing



to the Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with fear, his



praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore him, and re - joice.

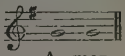
(*Descant*) 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

(*Descant*) 4 For why? the Lord our God is good:
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

1 (*continued*)

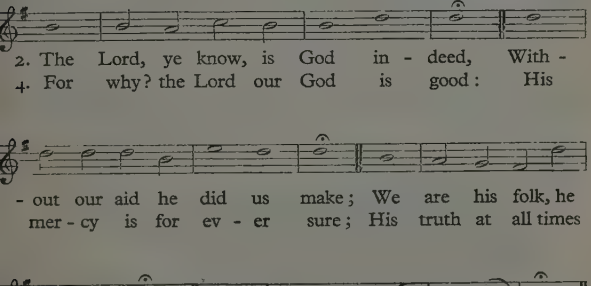
5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.



ALTERNATIVE VERSION.

DESCANT.

Fa-burden by J. DOWLAND, *Ravenscroft's Psalter*, 1621.

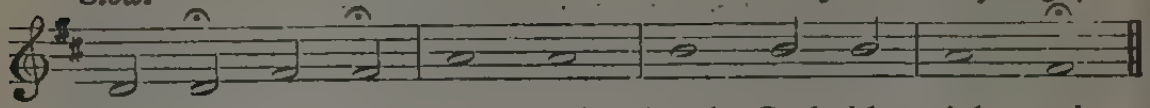

2. The Lord, ye know, is God in - deed, With -
4. For why? the Lord our God is good: His
- out our aid he did us make; We are his folk, he
mer - cy is for ev - er sure; His truth at all times
doth us feed, And for his sheep he doth us take.
firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

(NOTE.—*This alternative version may be used in connexion with the first for these two verses, half the voices singing the melody as usual.*)

2 (259)

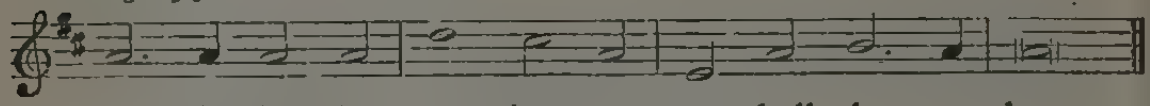
NICAEA. (11 12. 12 10.) *Bishop R. Heber*, 1783–1826.
J. B. DYKES, 1823–76.

Slow.

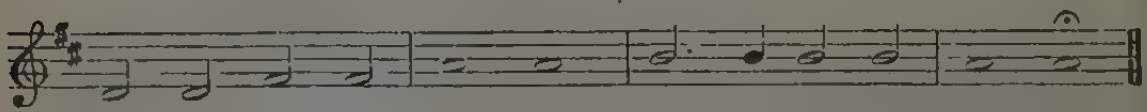


1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!

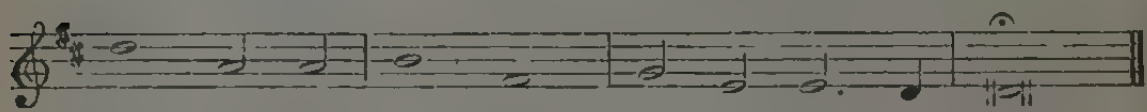
Slightly faster.



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to thee;



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and migh - ty!



God in three Per - sons, bles - sed Trin - i - ty!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the Saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

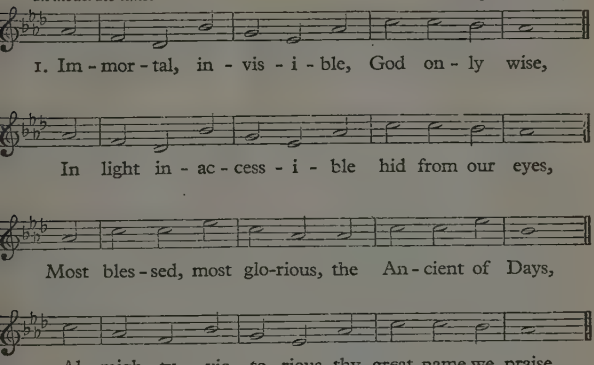
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

3 (271)

ST. DENIO. (11 11. 11 11.) *W. Chalmers Smith*, 1824–1908.

In moderate time. Welsh Hymn Melody.


1. Im - mor - tal, in - vis - i - ble, God on - ly wise,
In light in - ac - cess - i - ble hid from our eyes,
Most bles - sed, most glo-rious, the An - cient of Days,
Al - migh - ty, vic - to - rious, thy great name we praise.

2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and love.

3 To all life thou givest—to both great and small;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but nought changeth thee.

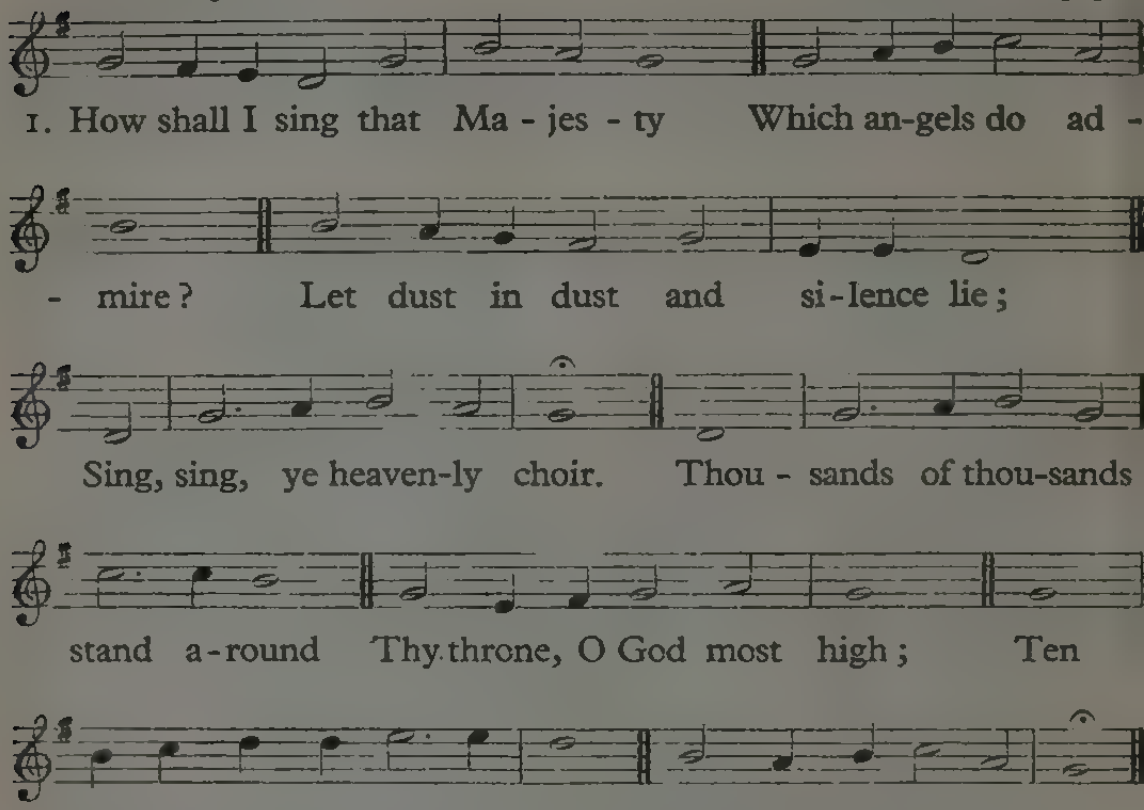
4 Great Father of glory, pure Father of light,
Thine Angels adore thee, all veiling their sight;
All laud we would render: O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

4 (264)

OLD 137TH. (D.C.M.)

Moderately slow.

John Mason, c. 1645–94.
Day's Psalter, 1563.


1. How shall I sing that Ma - jes - ty Which an-gels do ad -
- mire? Let dust in dust and si-lence lie;
Sing, sing, ye heaven-ly choir. Thou - sands of thou-sands
stand a-round Thy throne, O God most high; Ten
thou-sand times ten thou-sand sound Thy praise; but who am I?

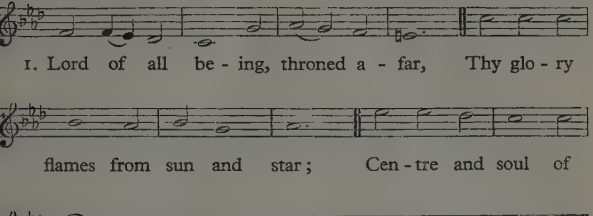
2 Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I thy footsteps trace;
A sound of God comes to my ears,
But they behold thy face.
They sing because thou art their Sun;
Lord, send a beam on me;
For where heaven is but once begun
There Alleluyas be.

3 Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
Inflame it with love's fire;
Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my fire and light;
Yet when thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.

4 How great a being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all beings keep!
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.
Thou art a sea without a shore,
A sun without a sphere;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

5 (295)

UFFINGHAM. (L.M.) *O. Wendell Holmes*, 1809–94.
Slow. J. CLARK, 1670–1707.


1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry
flames from sun and star; Cen - tre and soul of
ev - ery sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

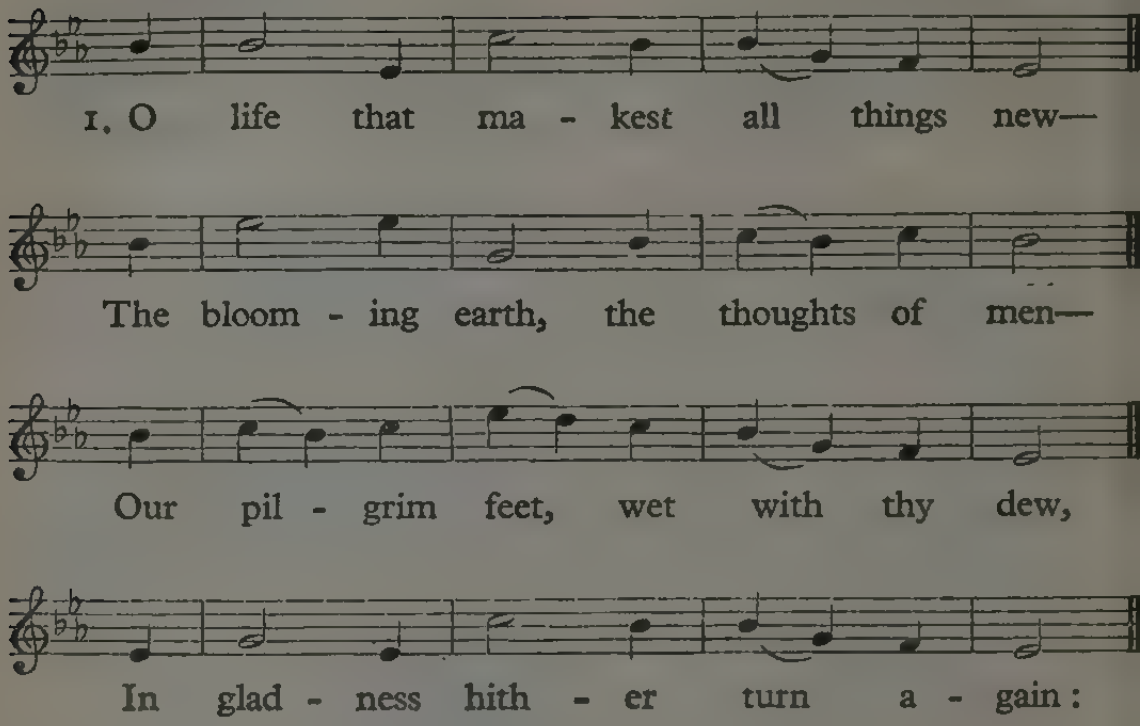
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

6 (321)

HERONGATE. (L.M.) *S. Longfellow*, 1819–92.

In moderate time. English Traditional Melody.


1. O life that ma - kest all things new—
The bloom - ing earth, the thoughts of men—
Our pil - grim feet, wet with thy dew,
In glad - ness hith - er turn a - gain:

2 From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows—
The seekers of the light are one:

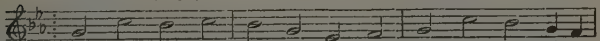
3 One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God:

4 The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death—
The life that maketh all things new!

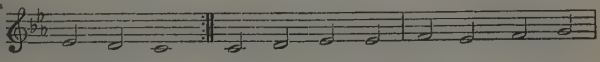
7 (375)

LLANSANNAN. (8 7. 8 7. D.) *F. W. Faber, 1814–63.*

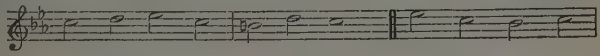
In moderate time, dignified. Welsh Hymn Melody.



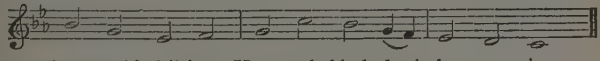
1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness
There's a kind - ness in his jus-tice, Which is more than



of the sea;
li - ber - ty. There is no place where earth's sor-rows



Are more felt than up in heaven; There is no place



where earth's fail-ings Have such kind - ly judge-ment given.

2 There is grace enough for thousands
Of new worlds as great as this;
There is room for fresh creations
In that upper home of bliss.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

3 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would all be sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

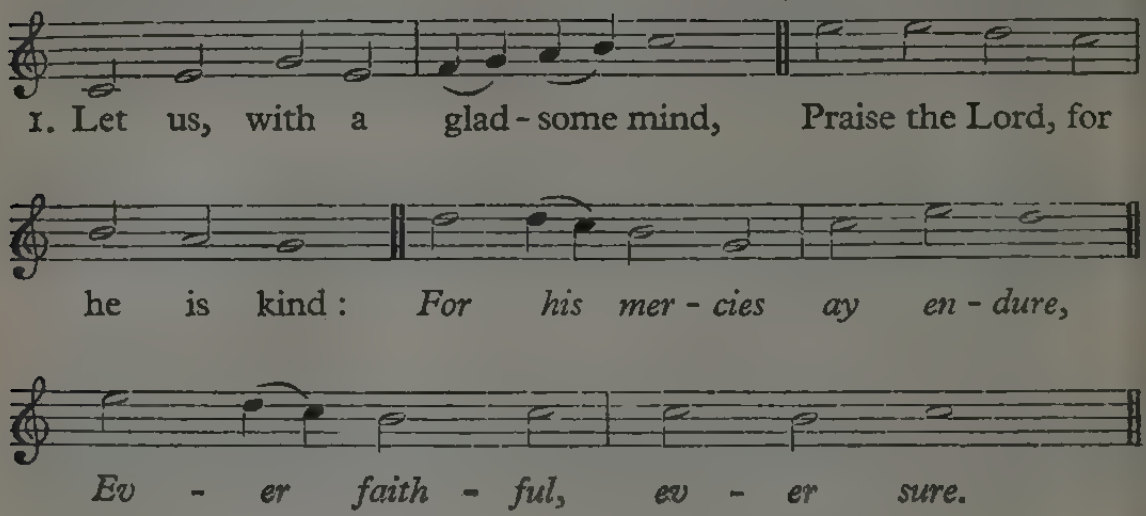
8 (417)

MONKLAND. (77.77.)

J. Milton, 1608–74.
Psalm 136.

Origin unknown.
Arranged by J. WILKES (1861).

In moderate time.



2 Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:

3 He with all-commanding might
Filled the new-made world with light:

4 He the golden-tressèd sun
Caused all day his course to run:

5 The hornèd moon to shine by night,
'Mid her spangled sisters bright:

6 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:

7 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:

For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

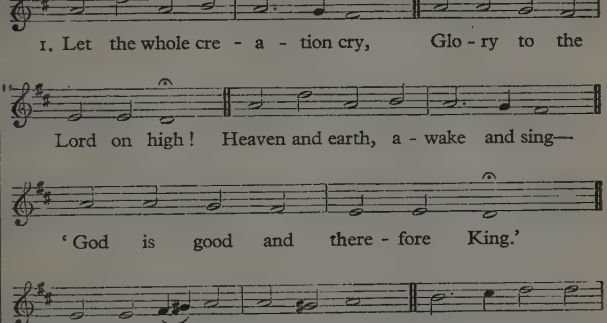
9 (416)

SALZBURG. (7 7. 7 7. D.)

Stopford A. Brooke, 1832–1916.

Melody from J. HINTZE, 1622–1702.
Harmonized by J. S. BACH.

Moderately slow, dignified.


1. Let the whole cre - a - tion cry, Glo - ry to the
Lord on high! Heaven and earth, a - wake and sing—
'God is good and there - fore King.'
Praise him, all ye hosts a - bove, Ev - er bright and
fair in love! Sun and moon, up - lift your voice,
Night and stars, in God re - joice.

2 Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with his word,
Those to whom the arts belong,
Add their voices to the song.
Kings of knowledge and of law,
To the glorious circle draw
All who work and all who wait,
Sing, 'The Lord is good and great.'

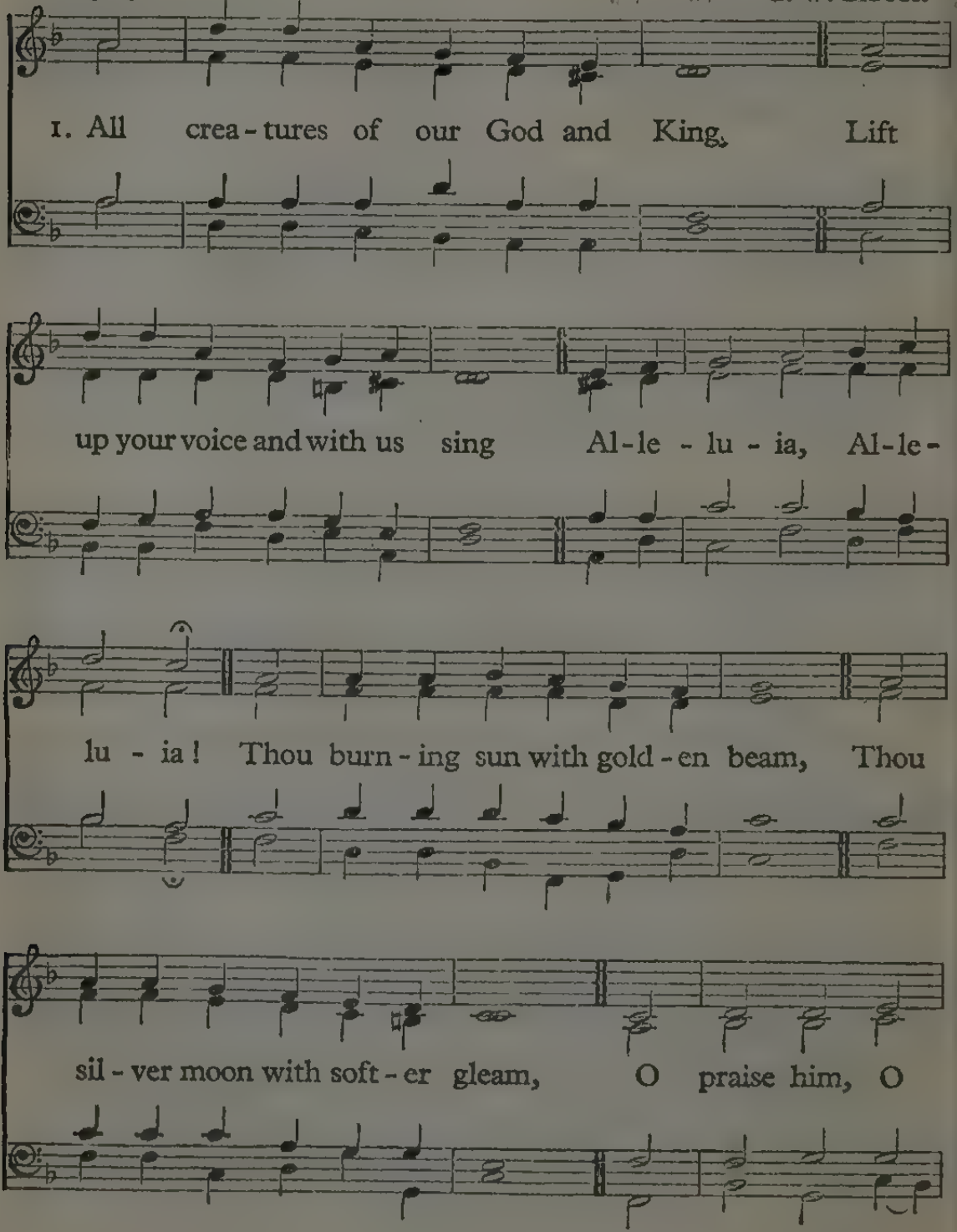
3 Men and women, young and old
Raise the anthem manifold;
And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts,
From the north to southern pole
Let the mighty chorus roll—
Holy, holy, holy One.
Glory be to God alone.

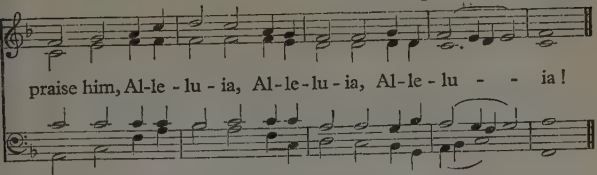
(*See also Hymns* 222–226.)

10*

ST. FRANCIS. (8 8. 8 8. and Alleluias.) *St. Francis of Assisi, 1182–1226, tr. W. H. Draper.*

Brightly. G. W. BRIGGS.


1. All crea - tures of our God and King, Lift
up your voice and with us sing Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le -
lu - ia! Thou burn - ing sun with gold - en beam, Thou
sil - ver moon with soft - er gleam, O praise him, O



2 *Thou rushing wind that art so strong,*
Ye clouds that sail in heaven along,
O praise him, Alleluia!
Thou rising morn, in praise rejoice,
Ye lights of evening, find a voice.
O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

3 *Thou flowing water, pure and clear,*
Make music for thy Lord to hear,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Thou fire so masterful and bright,
That givest man both warmth and light,
O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

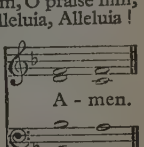
4 *Dear mother earth, who day by day*
Unfoldest blessings on our way,
O praise him, Alleluia!
The flowers and fruits that in thee grow,
Let them his glory also show.
O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

5 *And all ye men of tender heart,*
Forgiving others, take your part,
O sing ye, Alleluia!
Ye who long pain and sorrow bear,
Praise God and on him cast your care.
O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

*6 *And thou most kind and gentle death,*
Waiting to hush our latest breath,
O praise him, Alleluia!
Thou leadest home the child of God,
And Christ our Lord the way hath trod.
O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

7 Let all things their Creator bless,
And worship him in humbleness,
O praise him, Alleluia!
Praise, praise the Father, praise the Son,
And praise the Spirit, Three in One.
O praise him, O praise him,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia!

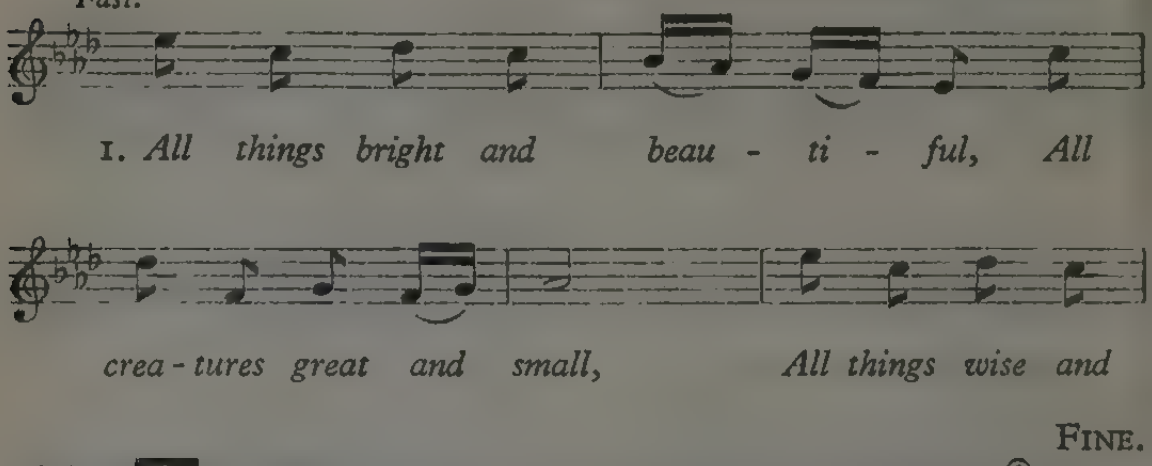
(NOTE.—*The parts in italics may be sung by a semi-chorus.*)



11 (203)

ROYAL OAK. (7 6. 7 6. and refrain.) *Mrs. C. F. Alexander*, 1823–95.

From an English Traditional Melody.


Fast.
1. All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All
crea - tures great and small, All things wise and
FINE.
won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all.
2. Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, Each
lit - tle bird that sings, He made their glow - ing
D.C.
col - ours, He made their ti - ny wings:

[*Copyright*, 1915, *by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.*]

(NOTE.—*The pause* (𝄐) *is for the last time only.*)

1 *All things bright and beautiful,*
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings:

3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky:

4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one:

5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows for our play,
The rushes by the water,
To gather every day:

6 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well:

12 (305)

ST. FLAVIAN. (C.M.)

J. Keble, 1792–1866.
Adapted from Psalm 132 in *Day's Psalter*, 1563.

Moderately slow.

1. There is a book who runs may read, Which

heaven-ly truth im - parts, And all the lore its

scho-lars need, Pure eyes and Chris - tian hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

(*Descant*) 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

12 (*continued*)

5 The raging fire, the roaring wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentler breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

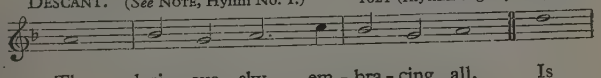
(*Descant*) 6 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

7 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION.

Fa-burden by T. RAVENSCROFT in his *Psalter*, 1621 (rhythm slightly adapted).

DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, Hymn No. 1.)


3. The glori - ous sky, em - bra - cing all, Is
6. Two worlds are ours: 'tis on - ly sin For -
like the Ma - ker's love, Where - with en-com-passed,
bids us to des - cry The mys - tic heaven and
great and small In peace and or - der move.
earth with - in, Plain as the sea and sky.

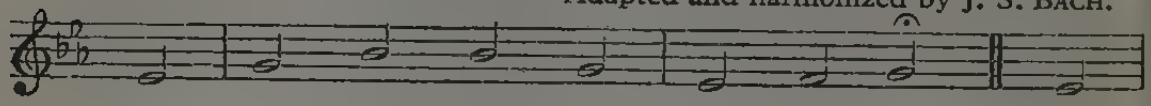
13 (385)

DAS WALT' GOTT VATER. (L.M.)

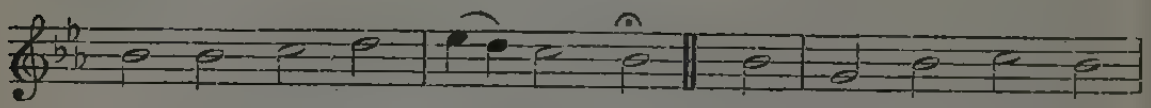
Thomas Moore, 1779–1852.

Melody by D. VETTER, *c.* 1713.
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. BACH.

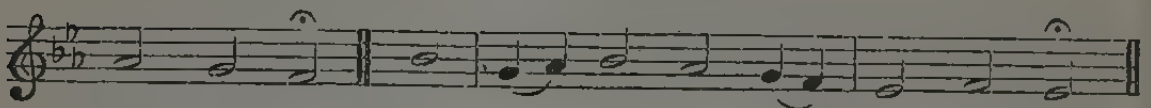
Slow.



1. Thy Heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look, Shall



be my pure and shin-ing book, Where I shall read, in



words of flame, The glo - ries of thy won-drous name.

2 There 's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity :

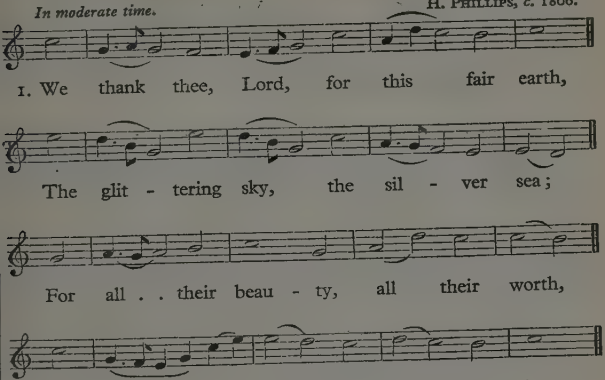
3 There 's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

14 (393)

NEW SABBATH. (L.M.)

Bishop Cotton, 1813–66.
H. PHILLIPS, *c.* 1806.

In moderate time.


1. We thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glit - tering sky, the sil - ver sea;
For all . . their beau - ty, all their worth,
Their light . . and glo - ry, come from thee.

2 Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As thou dost gird thine own with love.

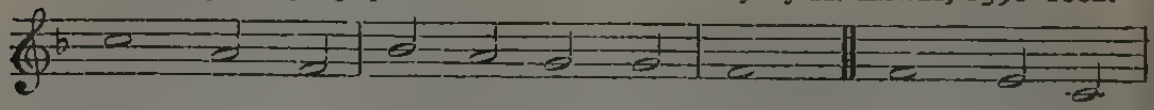
3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns thy Spirit's might.

4 So, while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts thy love has given,
Help us in thee to live and die,
By thee to rise from earth to heaven.

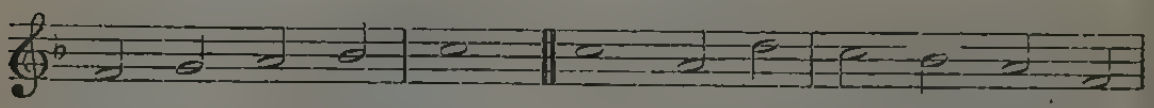
15 (269)

FALKLAND. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) *Bishop R. Heber*, 1783–1826.

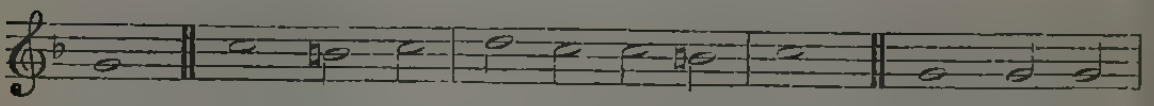
Moderately slow, dignified. Melody by H. LAWES, 1596–1662.



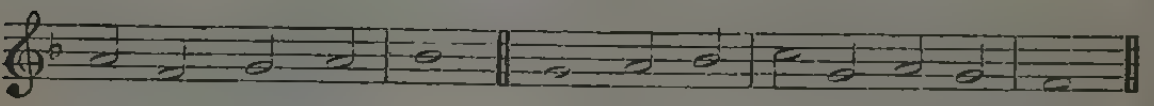
1. I praised the earth, in beau - ty seen, With gar - lands



gay of va - rious green; I praised the sea, whose am - ple



field Shone glo-rious as a sil - ver shield; And earth and



o - cean seemed to say, 'Our beau-ties are but for a day.'

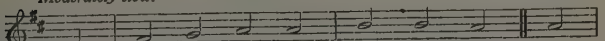
2 I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
'Our days of light are numbered.'

3 O God, O good beyond compare,
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy beauties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee!

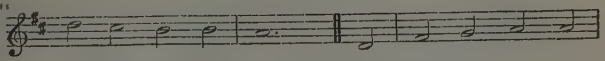
16 (374)

TALLIS' ORDINAL (' 9th Tune '). (C.M.) *J. G. Whittier*, 1807–92.
T. Tallis, *c.* 1515–85.

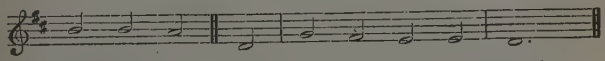
Moderately slow.



1. O Paint - er of the fruits and flowers, We



own thy wise de - sign, Where - by these hu - man



hands of ours May share the works of thine!

2 And, North and South, and East and West,
The pride of every zone;
The fairest, rarest, and the best,
May all be made our own.

3 Its earliest shrines the young world sought,
In hill-groves and in bowers;
The fittest offerings thither brought
Were thy own fruits and flowers.

4 And still with reverent hands we cull
Thy gifts each year renewed;
The good is always beautiful,
The beautiful is good.

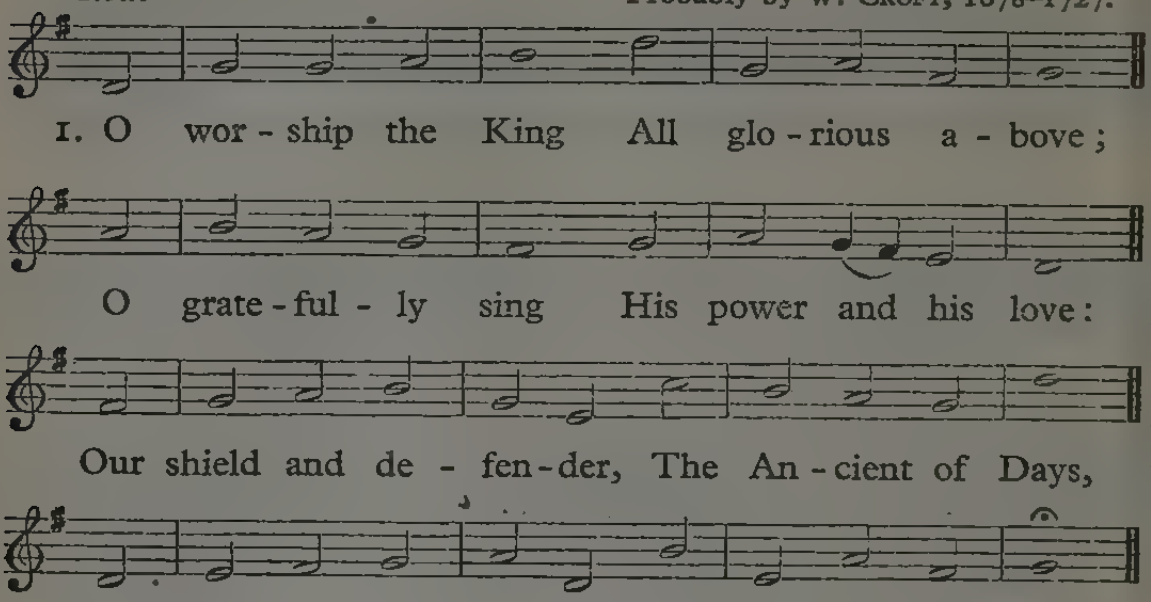
17 (337)

HANOVER. (5 5. 5 5. 6 5. 6 5.)

Sir R. Grant, 1785–1838.
Ps. 104.

Slow.

Probably by W. CROFT, 1678–1727.


1. O wor - ship the King All glo - rious a - bove;
O grate - ful - ly sing His power and his love:
Our shield and de - fen - der, The An - cient of Days,
Pa - vi - lioned in splen-dour, And gird - ed with praise.

2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

(*Descant*) 3 This earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old:
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

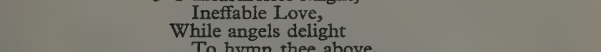
17 (*continued*)

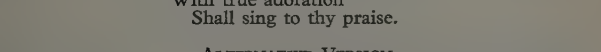
(*Descant*) 5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!—
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

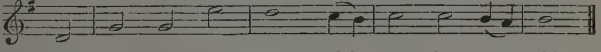
6 O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While angels delight
To hymn thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to thy praise.

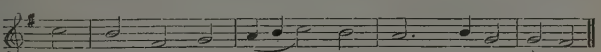
ALTERNATIVE VERSION.

DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, Hymn No. 1.) Fa-burden by HARVEY GRACE.







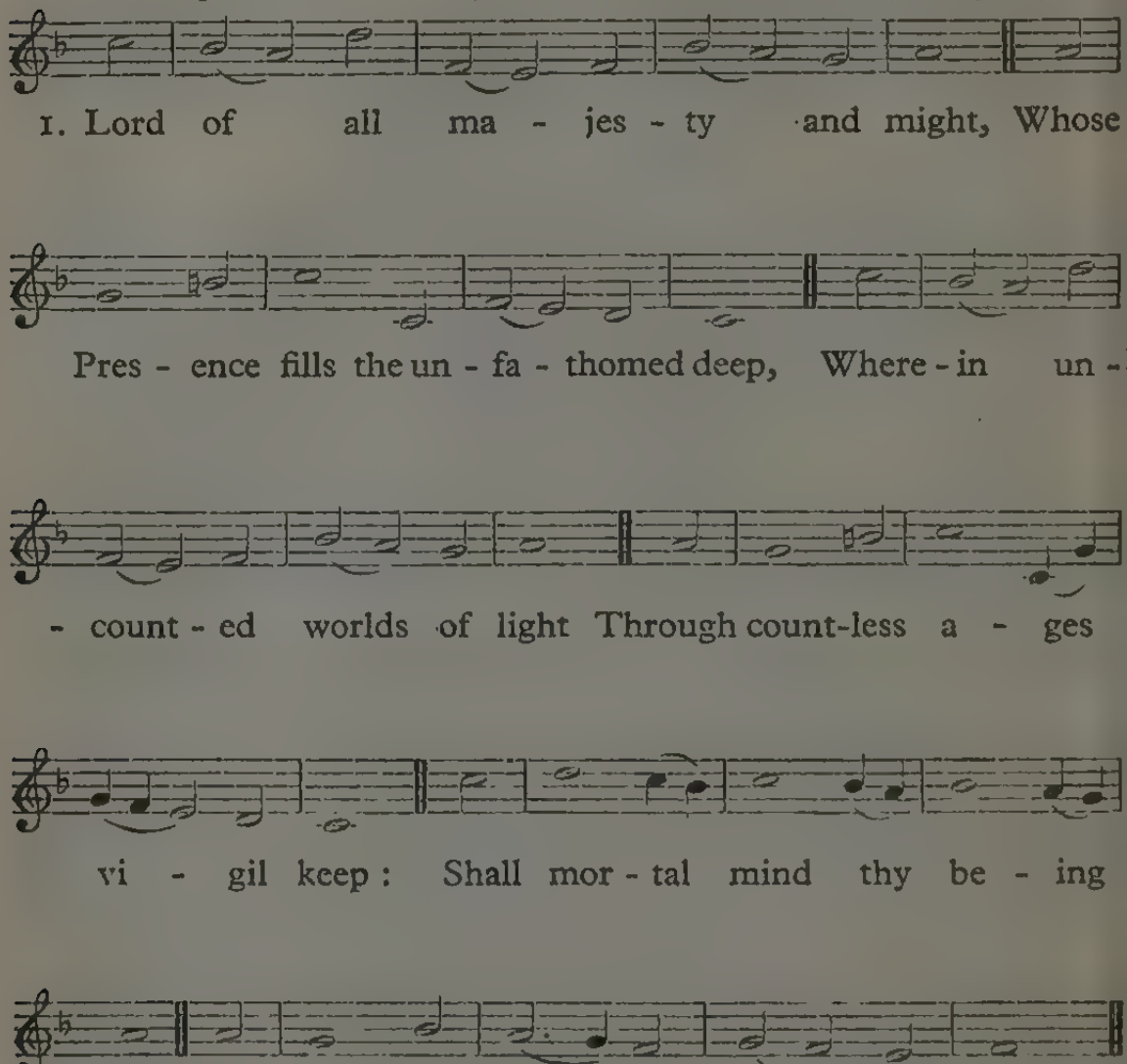


(*See also Hymns* 144, 145, 186–192.)

18* (368)

SURREY. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) *G. W. Briggs.*

Moderately slow. H. CAREY, *c.* 1690–1743.


1. Lord of all ma - jes - ty and might, Whose
Pres - ence fills the un - fa - thomed deep, Where - in un -
- count - ed worlds of light Through count-less a - ges
vi - gil keep: Shall mor - tal mind thy be - ing
trace, Or mor - tal eye be - hold thy face?

1 Lord of all majesty and might,
Whose Presence fills the unfathomed deep,
Wherein uncounted worlds of light
Through countless ages vigil keep:
Shall mortal mind thy being trace,
Or mortal eye behold thy face?

2 Beyond all knowledge thou art wise,
With wisdom that transcends all thought :
Yet still we seek with straining eyes,
Yea, seek thee as our fathers sought :
Nor will we from the quest depart
Till we shall know thee as thou art.

*3 Frail though our form, and brief our day,
Our mind has bridged the gulf of years :
Our puny balances can weigh
The magnitude of starry spheres :
Within us is eternity :
Whence comes it, Father, but from thee ?

4 For, when thy wondrous works we scan,
And Mind gives answer back to mind,
Thine image stands revealed in man :
And, seeking, he shall surely find :
Thy sons, our heritage we claim :
Shall not thy children know thy name ?

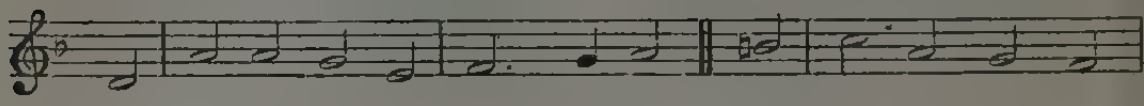
5 We know in part : enough we know
To walk with thee, and walk aright :
And thou shalt guide us as we go,
And lead us into fuller light :
Till, when we stand before thy throne,
We know at last as we are known.

(This hymn may also be sung to FOLKINGHAM.
See Hymn 210, Songs of Praise, 186.)

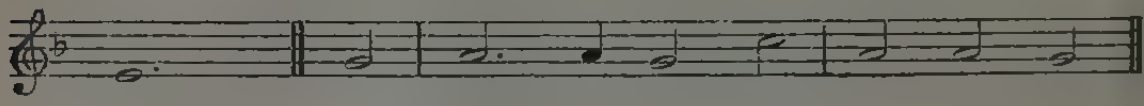
19 (373)

EMAIN MACHA. (8 6. 8 6. 8 8.) *G. Dearmer.*

In moderate time. CHARLES WOOD.

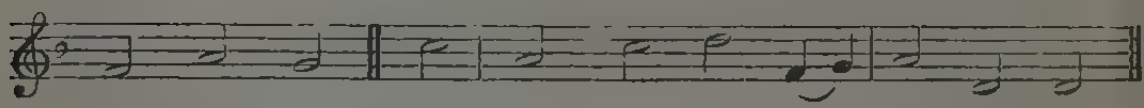


1. There are a my-riad means, O Lord, By which we hear and



see The ech - o of thy liv - ing word,

The sha-dow thrown by thee; Thy glo - ry is be -



yond the powers Of an - y in - stru-ment of ours.

1 There are a myriad means, O Lord,
By which we hear and see
The echo of thy living word,
The shadow thrown by thee;
Thy glory is beyond the powers
Of any instrument of ours.

2 The hueless wind is all thy breath,
And every stream a vein;
Time is the heart that beats beneath
The organ of thy brain,
Which is the unbounded vast of space,
And every open flower thy face.

3 The world's wide arches heavenward fly
From pillars of the air;
Behold now in the Eastern sky
The great rose window flare,
As day reveals beneath the dome
The old familiar streets of home:

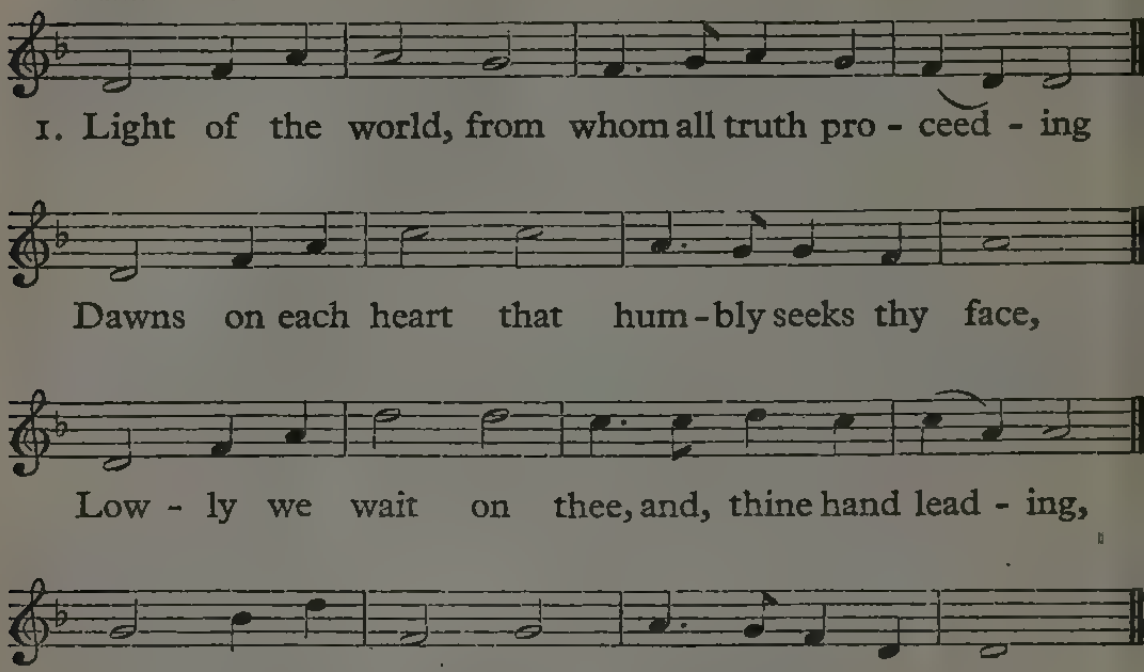
4 We have the power to make or mar
This heritage and home:
Lord, look not on us as we are
But as we shall become,
When we have made on Earth complete
Thy Kingdom where all kingdoms meet.

5 To thee, O young and princely Heart,
All living things return:
We love not them and thee apart,
For through that love we learn
In them to feel and hear and see
The radiant certainty of thee.

20* (399)

LOMBARD STREET. (11 10. 11 10.) *G. W. Briggs.*

Rather slow. F. G. Russell.


1. Light of the world, from whom all truth pro - ceed - ing
Dawns on each heart that hum - bly seeks thy face,
Low - ly we wait on thee, and, thine hand lead - ing,
Fol - low thy guid - ance to thy ho - ly place.

2 In thee, O Lord, had all things their beginning,
In thee, the same, shall all things find their end:
Thou knowest all: and we, our knowledge winning,
By thee alone our widening bounds extend.

3 How marvellous the wonders thou hast taught us,
And still dost teach us each succeeding day!
From darkness into light thine hand hath brought us,
To fuller light directeth all our way.

4 Not ours to know all knowledge: lie around us
Unmeasured heights above and depths below:
Thee would we know: thy love which sought and found us
Shall teach what else 'tis meet that we should know.

5 Though dark the path before us, brightly burning
Lights up thy lamp our footsteps through the night:
From thee we came, and unto thee returning,
Light of the world, we find in thee our light.

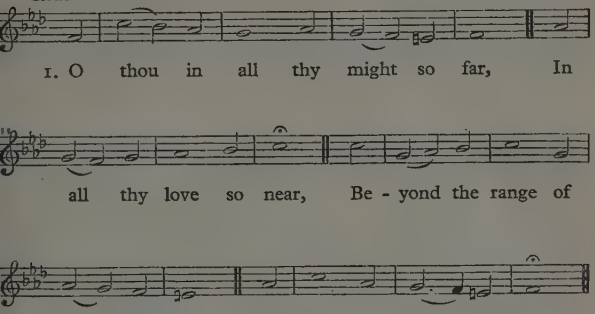
21 (333)

CROWLE. (C.M.)

F. L. Hosmer.

Slow.

M. GREENE, 1696–1755.



2 What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or searching find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about?

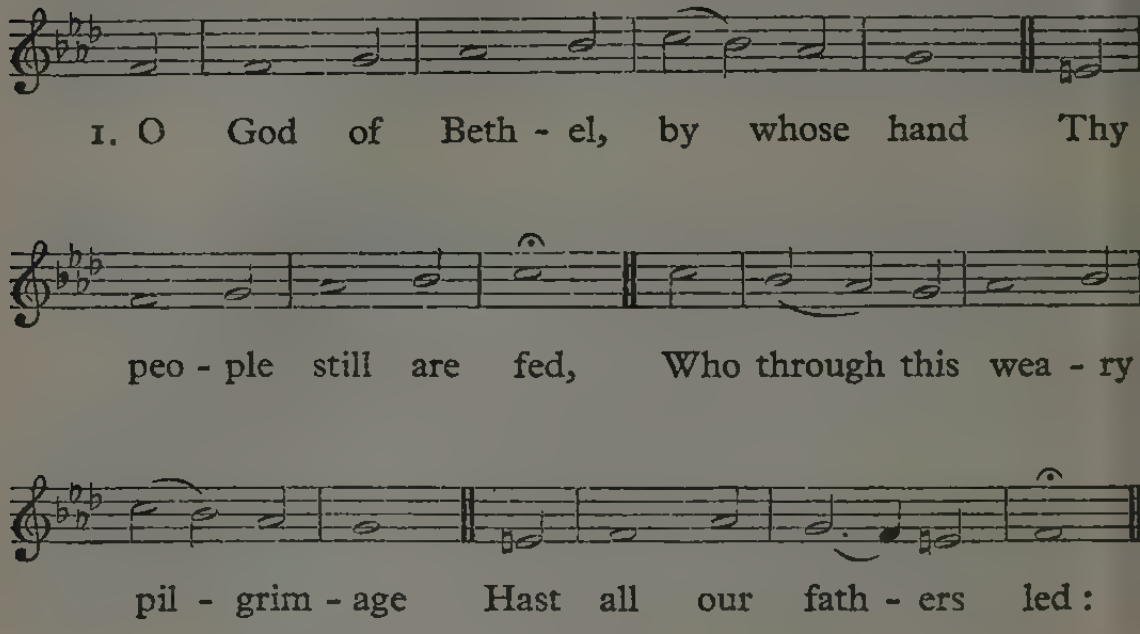
3 Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more;
Enough for me to know thou art,
To love thee, and adore.

4 And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to thee.

22 (317)

BURFORD. (C.M.) *P. Doddridge, 1702–51, and J. Logan.*

Slow. H. PURCELL, 1658–95.



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

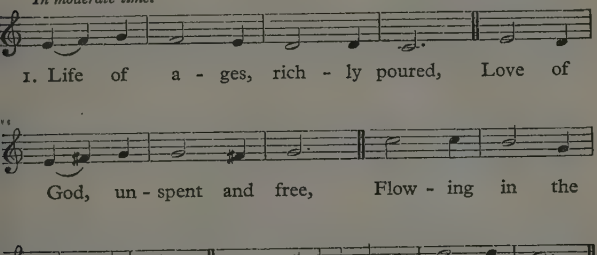
3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

23 (290)

KEINE SCHÖNHEIT HAT DIE WELT. (7 7. 7 7.) *S. Johnson*, 1822–82.

In moderate time. Scheffler's *Seelenlust*, 1657.



2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine are every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind;

3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving noblest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

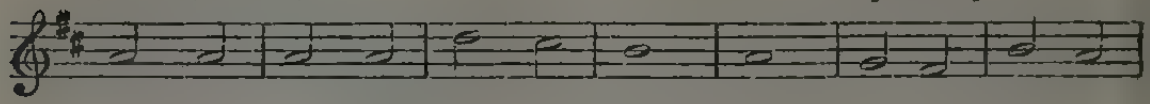
4 Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim way,
Quelling strife and tyrant wrong,
Widening freedom's sacred sway.

5 Life of ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!

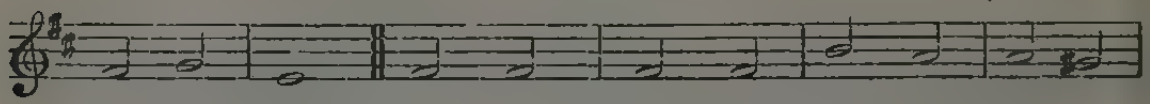
24 (342)

PRAISE MY SOUL. (8 7. 8 7. 8 7.) *H. F. Lyte*, 1793–1847. *Ps.* 103.

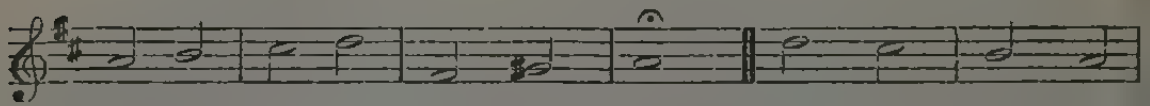
In moderate time. J. Goss, 1800–80.



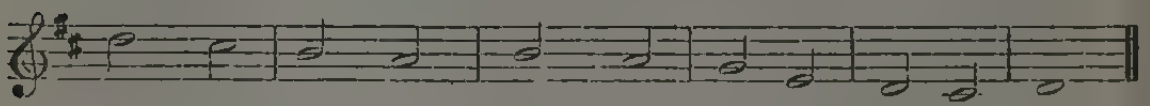
1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To his feet thy



tri - bute bring. Ran-somed, healed, re - stored, for - giv - en,



Who like me his praise should sing? Praise him! Praise him!



Praise him! Praise him! Praise the ev - er - last - ing King.

2 Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Praise him! Praise him!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Praise him! Praise him!
Widely as his mercy flows.

4 Angels, help us to adore him;
Ye behold him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before him;
Dwellers all in time and space.
Praise him! Praise him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

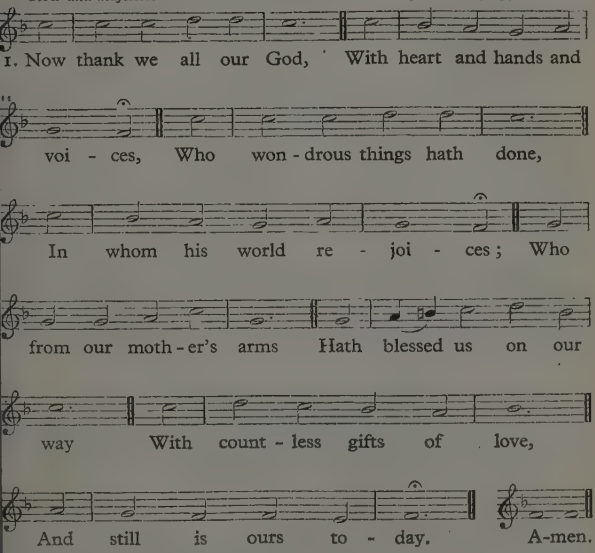
25 (418)

NUN DANKET. (6 7. 6 7. 6 6. 6 6.)

M. Rinkart, 1586–1649.
Tr. C. Winkworth.

Present form of melody by J. CRÜGER, 1598–1662.

Slow and majestic.


1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and
voi - ces, Who won - drous things hath done,
In whom his world re - joi - ces; Who
from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our
way With count - less gifts of love,
And still is ours to - day. A-men.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.
Amen.

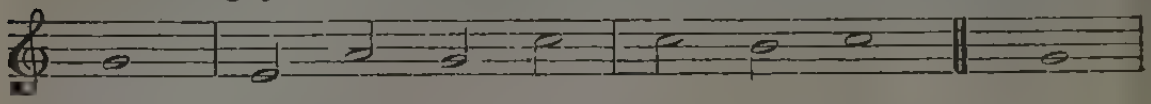
26 (319)

ST. ANNE. (C.M.)

I. Watts, 1674–1748.
Ps. 90.

Melody from the *Supplement to the New Version*, 1708. Probably by W. CROFT, 1671–1727.

Slow and dignified.



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our

hope for years to come, Our shel - ter from the

storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home;

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

(*Descant*) 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

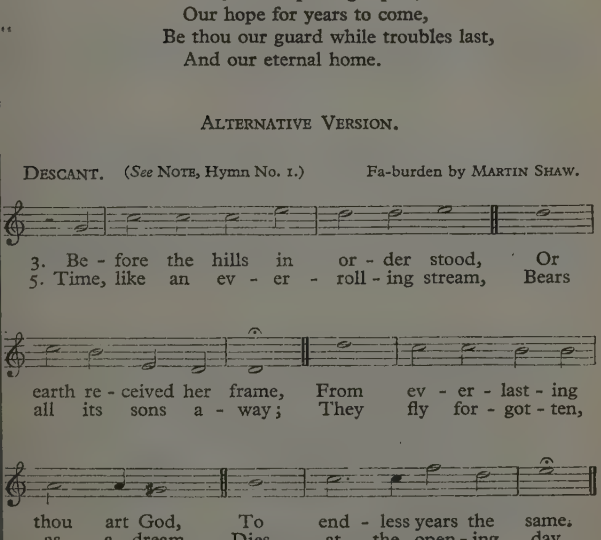
4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

(*Descant*) 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION.

DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, Hymn No. 1.) Fa-burden by MARTIN SHAW.


3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or
5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears
earth re - ceived her frame, From ev - er - last - ing
all its sons a - way; They fly for - got - ten,
thou art God, To end - less years the same.
as a dream Dies at the open - ing day.

[*Copyright, 1915, by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.*]

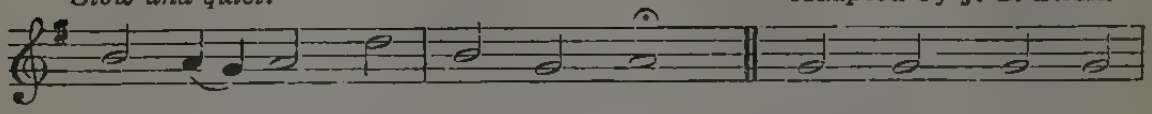
[*See also Hymns* 113, 114, 124.]

27 (209)

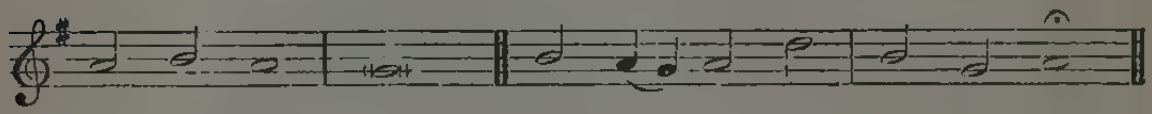
LIEBSTER JESU. (7 8. 7 8. 8 8.) *P. Dearmer.*

Melody by J. AHLE, 1625–73.
Adapted by J. S. BACH.

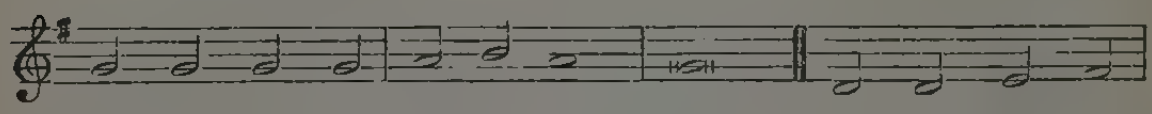
Slow and quiet.



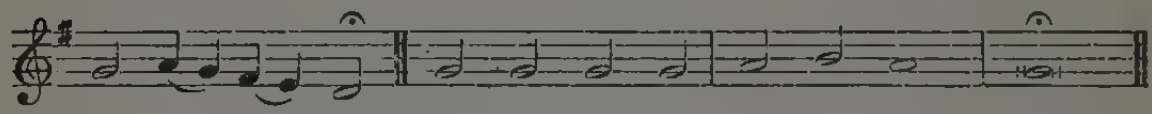
1. Book of books, our peo-ple's strength, States-man's, teach-er's,



he - ro's trea - sure, Bring-ing free-dom, spread-ing truth,



Shed-ding light that none can mea - sure! Wis-dom comes to



those who know thee, All the best we have we owe thee.

2 Thank we those who toiled in thought,
Many diverse scrolls completing,
Poets, prophets, scholars, saints,
Each his word from God repeating;
Till they came, who told the story
Of the Word, and showed his glory.

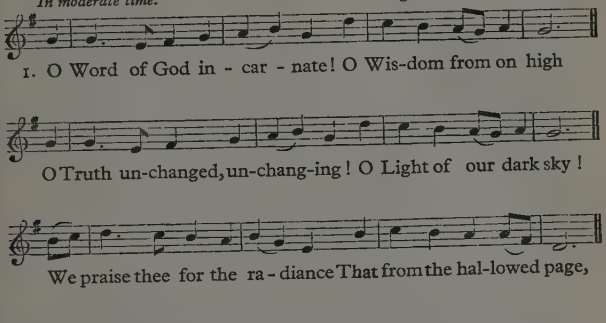
3 Praise we God, who hath inspired
Those whose wisdom still directs us,
Praise him for the Word made flesh,
For the Spirit who protects us.
Light of Knowledge, ever burning,
Shed on us thy deathless learning!

28* (107)

GOSTERWOOD. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

Bishop W. W. How, 1823-97.
English Traditional Melody.

In moderate time.


1. O Word of God in - car - nate! O Wis-dom from on high
O Truth un-changed, un-chang-ing! O Light of our dark sky!
We praise thee for the ra - diance That from the hal-lowed page,
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine:
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine:
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored:
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled:
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world:
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guide, O Christ, to thee.

4 O make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old:
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

In Jesus Christ Our Lord

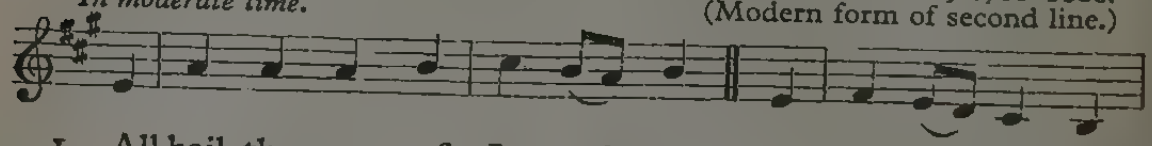
29 (201)

MILES LANE. (C.M.)

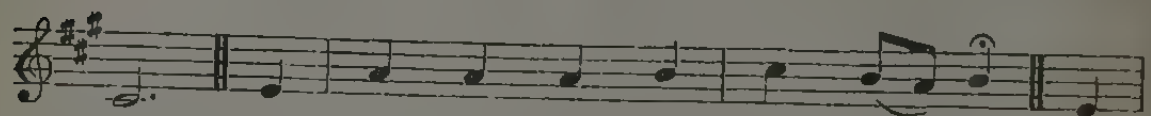
E. Perronet, 1726–92; and others.

In moderate time.

W. SHRUBSOLE, 1760–1806.
(Modern form of second line.)



1. All hail the power of Je - su's name; Let an - gels pros-trate



fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem To

crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Praise him whose way of pain ye trod,
And crown him Lord of all.

*4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown him Lord of all.

*5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let every tribe and every tongue
To him their hearts enthral,
Lift high the universal song,
And crown him Lord of all.

30 (325)

HYMNUS EUCHARISTICUS (L.M.) *H. Bonar*, 1808–89.
B. Rogers, 1641–98.

Slow.

1 O love of God, how strong and true!
Eternal, and yet ever new,
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought!

2 O heavenly Love, how precious still,
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

3 O wide-embracing, wondrous Love,
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

4 We read thee in the flowers, the trees,
The freshness of the fragrant breeze,
The songs of birds upon the wing,
The joy of summer and of spring.

5 We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

6 O Love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal Love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

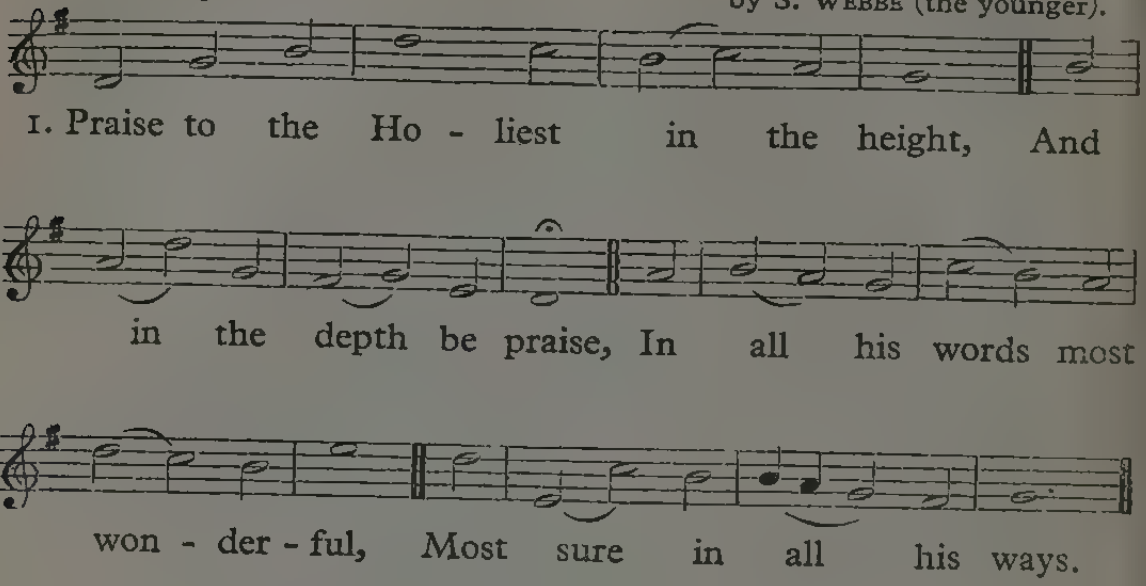
31 (216)

RICHMOND. (C.M.)

J. H. Newman, 1801–90.

Moderately slow.

Adapted from T. HAWEIS, 1734–1820, by S. WEBBE (the younger).



2 O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

(*Descant*) 3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very self,
And essence all-divine.

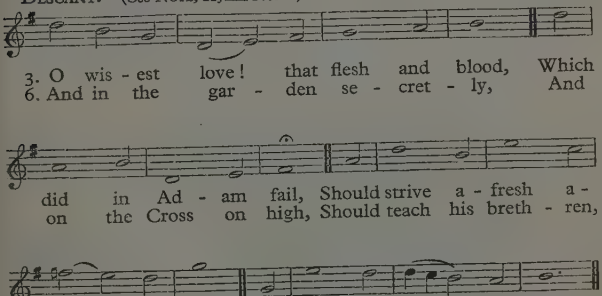
5 O generous love! that he who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo;

(*Descant*) 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION.

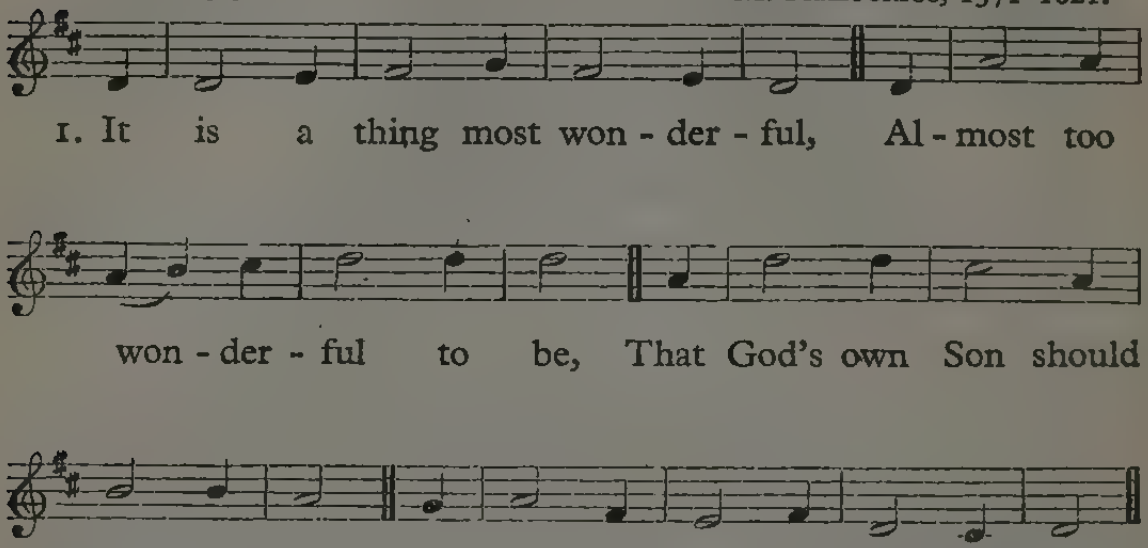
DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, Hymn No. 1.) Fa-burden by MARTIN SHAW.


3. O wis - est love! that flesh and blood, Which
6. And in the gar - den se - cret - ly, And
did in Ad - am fail, Should strive a - fresh a -
on the Cross on high, Should teach his breth - ren,
- gainst their foe, Should strive and should pre - vail;
and in - spire To suf - fer and to die.

32 (428) *For young children only.*

PUER NOBIS NASCITUR. (L.M.) *Bishop W. W. How, 1823–97.*

Moderately fast. Composed or adapted by M. PRAETORIUS, 1571–1621.


1. It is a thing most won - der - ful, Al - most too
won - der - ful to be, That God's own Son should
come from heaven, And die to save a child like me.

2 And yet I know that it is true:
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
For love of those who loved him not.

3 I sometimes think about the cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.

4 But even could I see him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in his heart.

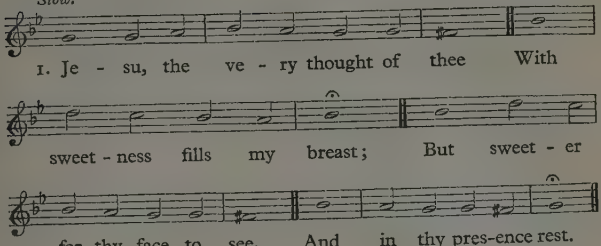
5 And yet I want to love thee, Lord;
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love thee more and more,
Until I see thee as thou art.

33 (278)

WINDSOR. (C.M.)

From the Joyful Rhythm of St. Bernard (1091–1153). *Tr. E. Caswall.*

Melody from *Damon's Psalter*, 1591, rhythm according to the *Scottish Psalter*, 1633.


Slow.
1. Je - su, the ve - ry thought of thee With
sweet - ness fills my breast; But sweet - er
far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus! what it is
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesu, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

(*See also Hymns* 108, 115, 117, 149, 161, 173, *and others.*)

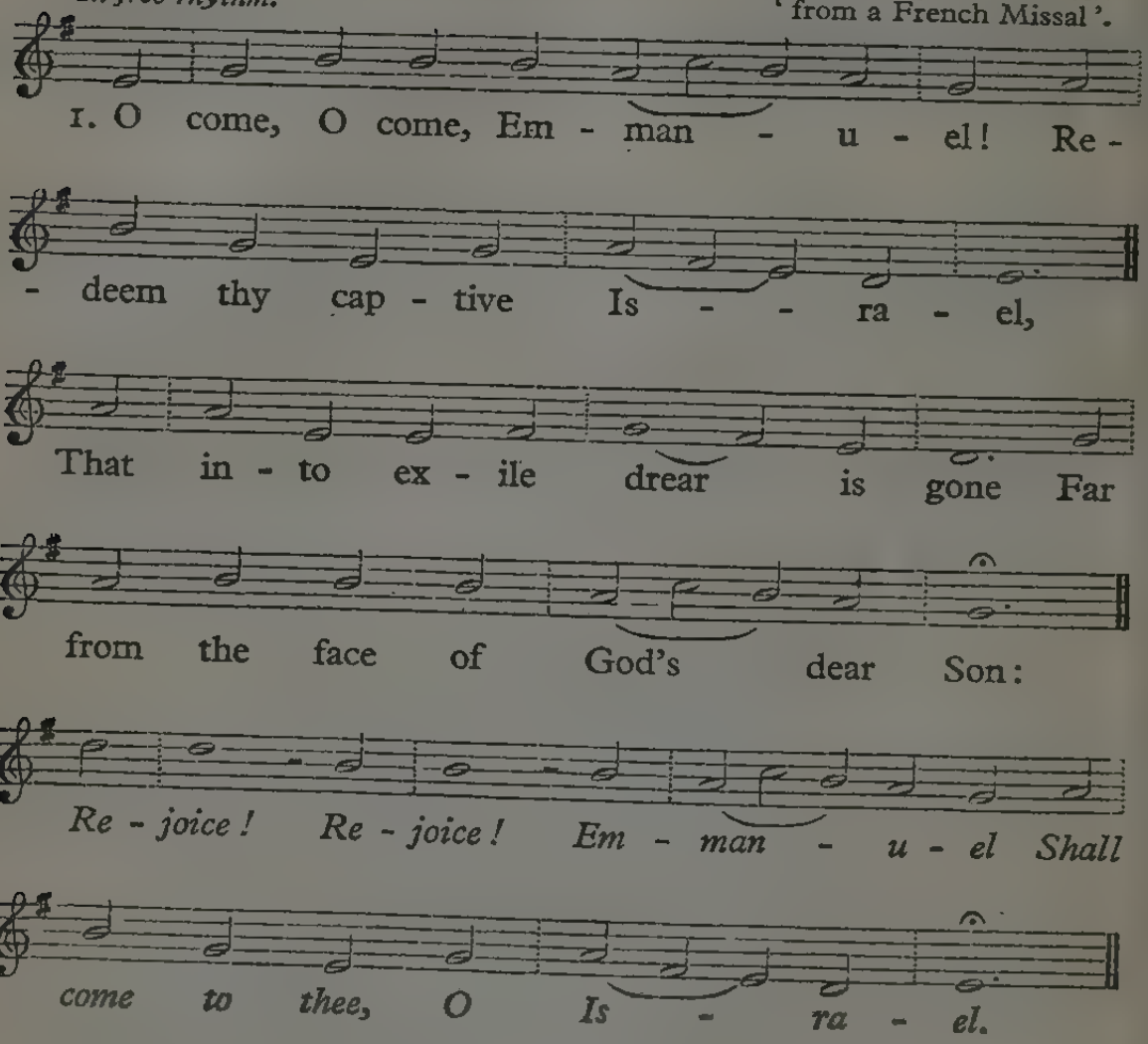
34 (44)

VENI EMMANUEL. (8 8. 8 8. 8. 8.)

18th cent. Tr. T. A. Lacey.

In free rhythm.

Adapted by T. HELMORE
'from a French Missal'.


1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el! Re -
- deem thy cap - tive Is - - ra - el,
That in - to ex - ile drear is gone Far
from the face of God's dear Son:
Re - joice! Re - joice! Em - man - u - el Shall
come to thee, O Is - ra - el.

2 O come, O come, thou Day-spring bright!
Pour on our souls thy healing [light;
Dispel the long night's linger-ing gloom,
And pierce the shadows of the [tomb:

3 O come, thou Lord of David's key!
The royal door fling wide and [free;
Safeguard for us the heaven-ward road,
And bar the way to death's abode:

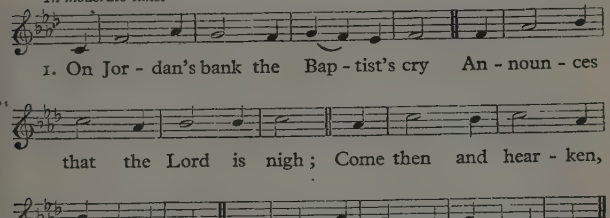
4 O come, O come, Adonäi,
Who in thy glorious majesty
From that high mountain clothed with awe
Gavest thy folk the elder law;

35 (45)

AUCTORITATE SAECULI. (L.M.)

C. Coffin, 1676–1749.
Tr. (1–3) J. Chandler.
Angers Church Melody.

In moderate time.

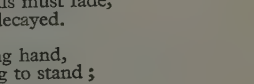

1. On Jor - dan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An - noun - ces
that the Lord is nigh; Come then and hear - ken,
for he brings Glad tid - ings from the King of kings.

2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest!
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.

3 For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward;
Without thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.

4 Lay on the sick thy healing hand,
And make the fallen strong to stand;
Show us the glory of thy face
Till beauty springs in every place.

5 All praise, eternal Son, to thee
Whose advent sets thy people free,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.



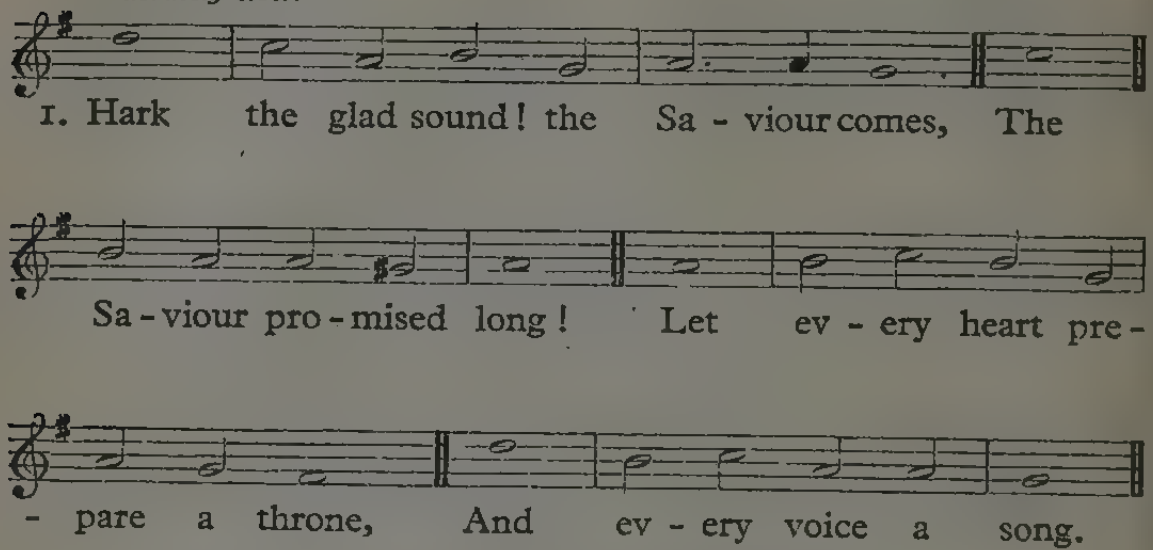
(This hymn may also be sung to WINCHESTER NEW.
See Hymn 62, Songs of Praise, 84.)

36 (250)

BRISTOL. (C.M.)

P. Doddridge, 1702–51.
Melody from *Ravenscroft's Psalter*, 1621.

Moderately slow.



2 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

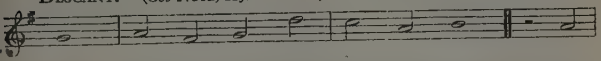
(*Descant*) 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovèd name.

Alternative Version.

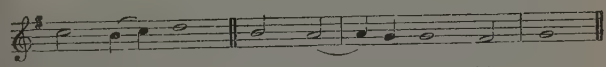
Fa-burden by T. Ravenscroft, in his *Psalter*.

Descant. (*See* Note, Hymn No. 1.)



3. He comes the brok - en hearts to bind, The

bleed - ing soul to cure, And with the trea - sures



of his grace To en - rich the hum - ble poor.

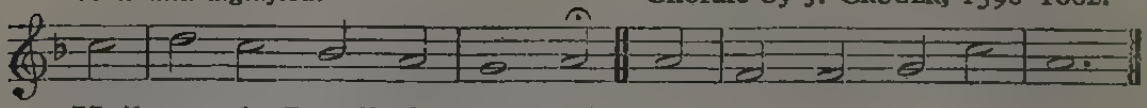
37 (246)

CRÜGER. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

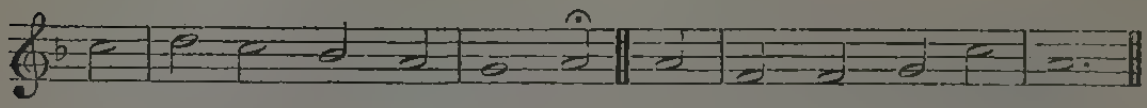
J. Montgomery, 1771–1854.

Adapted by W. H. MONK from a Chorale by J. CRÜGER, 1598–1662.

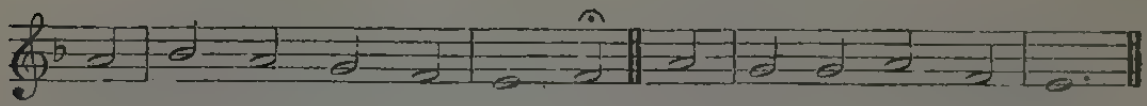
Slow and dignified.



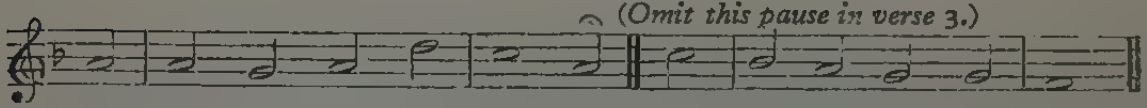
1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint-ed! Great Da-vid's great-er Son;



Hail, in the time ap - point-ed, His reign on earth be - gun!



He comes to break op - pres-sion, To let the cap - tive free;



To take a - way trans-gres-sion, And rule in equ - i - ty.

2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

(*Descant*)

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

*4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

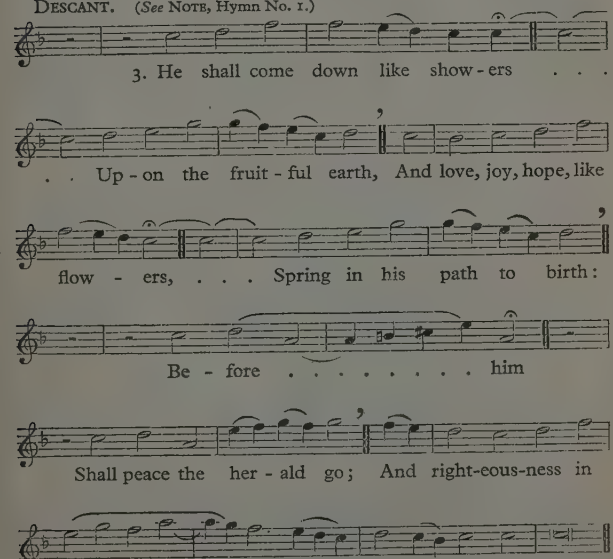
*5 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing;
To him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

6 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION FOR V. 3.

Slow and dignified. Descant by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, Hymn No. 1.)

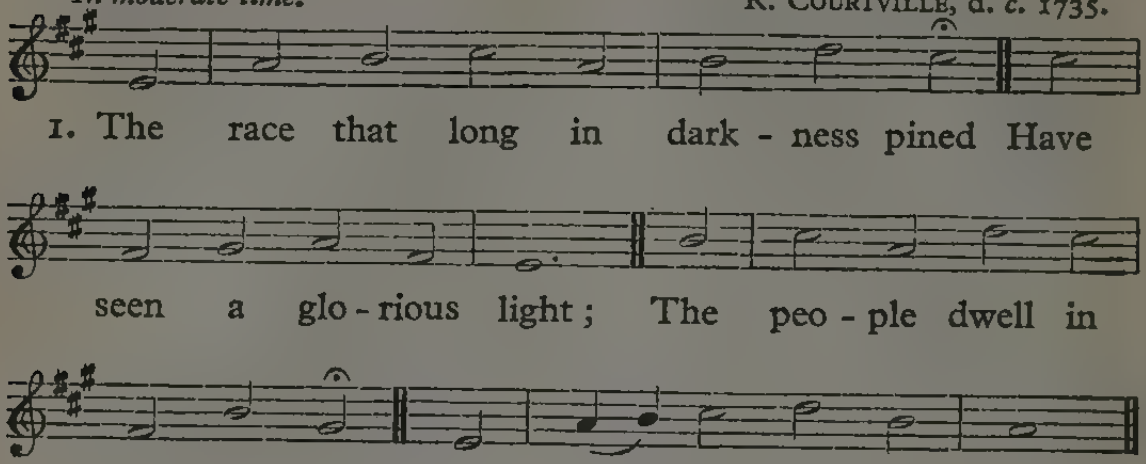

3. He shall come down like show-ers . . .
. . Up-on the fruit-ful earth, And love, joy, hope, like
flow-ers, . . . Spring in his path to birth:
Be-fore . . . . . him
Shall peace the her-ald go; And right-eous-ness in
foun-tains From hill to val-ley flow.

[*Copyright*, 1925, *by R. Vaughan Williams.*]

38 (370)

ST. JAMES. (C.M.) *J. Morison, 1749–98 (Scottish Paraphrases).*

In moderate time. R. COURTVILLE, d. *c.* 1735.


1. The race that long in dark - ness pined Have
seen a glo - rious light; The peo - ple dwell in
day, who dwelt In death's sur - round-ing night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

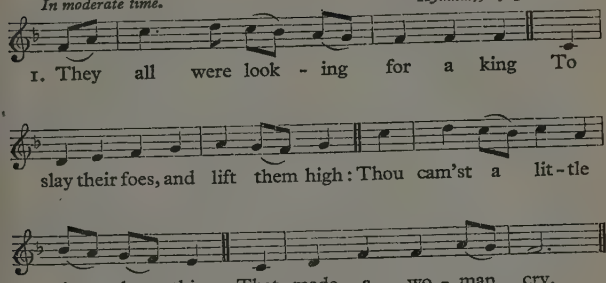
39 (377)

CHILDHOOD. (8 8. 8 6.)

George MacDonald, 1824–1905.

'University of Wales' (*Students' Hymnal*), 1923.

In moderate time.



2 O son of man, to right my lot
Naught but thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea thy sail!

3 My fancied ways why should'st thou heed?
Thou com'st down thine own secret stair;
Com'st down to answer all my need,
Yea, every bygone prayer!

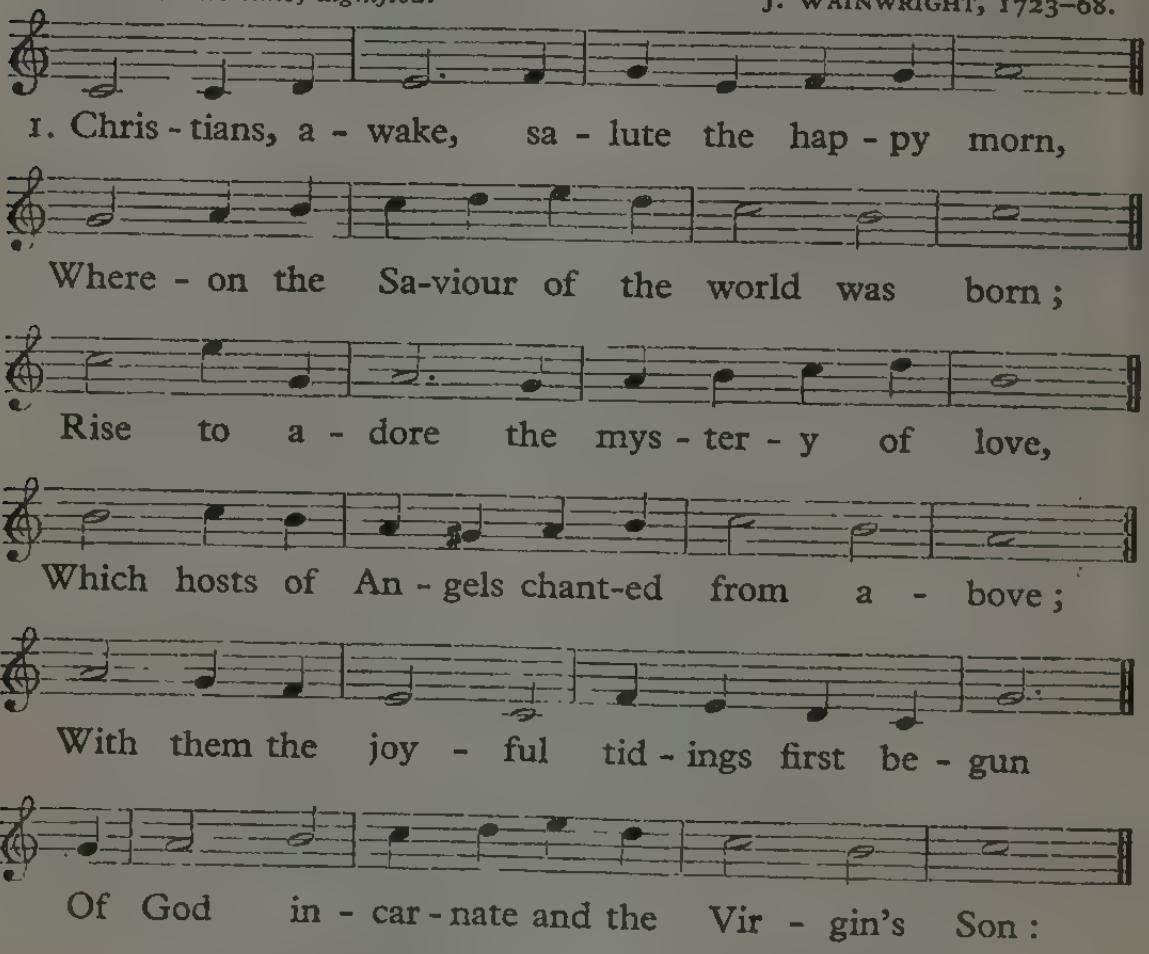
(*See also* '*His Coming Again*', *Hymns* 80–88, *and references on p.* 119.)

40 (48)

YORKSHIRE or STOCKPORT. (10 10. 10 10. 10 10.)

John Byrom, 1690–1763.

In moderate time, dignified. J. WAINWRIGHT, 1723–68.


1. Chris - tians, a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn,
Where - on the Sa-viour of the world was born;
Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love,
Which hosts of An - gels chant-ed from a - bove;
With them the joy - ful tid - ings first be - gun
Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son:

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, 'Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

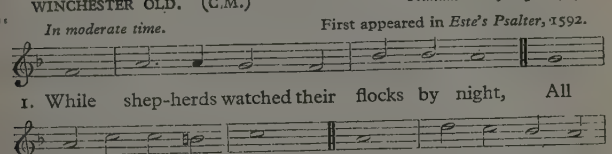
3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire.
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluyas rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and mutual goodwill.

*4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all his glory shall display :
Saved by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

41 (56)

WINCHESTER OLD. (C.M.) *Nahum Tate*, 1652–1715.

In moderate time. First appeared in *Este's Psalter*, 1592.


1. While shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All
seat - ed on the ground, The An - gel of the
Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round.

2 'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign :

4 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

5 Thus spake the Seraph : and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :

6 'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

CHURCH DIVINITY SCHOOL of the PACIFIC LIBRARY

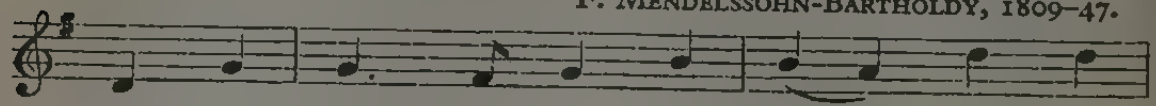
42 (49)

MENDELSSOHN. (7 7 7 7. 7 7 7 7. 7 7.)

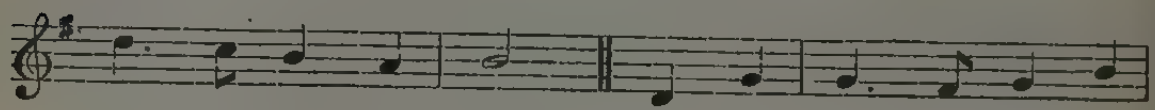
C. Wesley (1743), *G. Whitefield* (1753), *M. Madan* (1760), *and others.*

In moderate time.

Adapted from a Chorus by F. MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY, 1809–47.

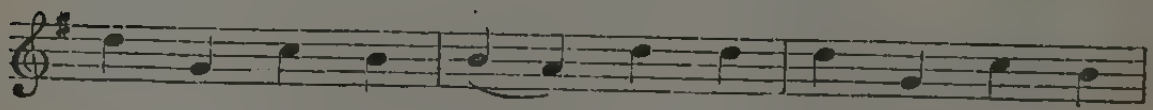


1. Hark! the her - ald An - gels sing Glo - ry

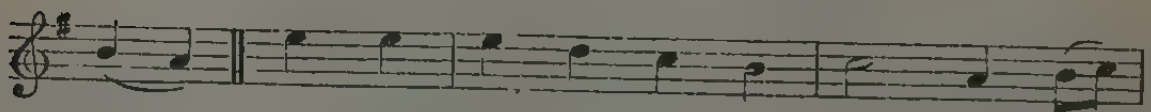


to the new-born King; Peace on earth and mer-cy

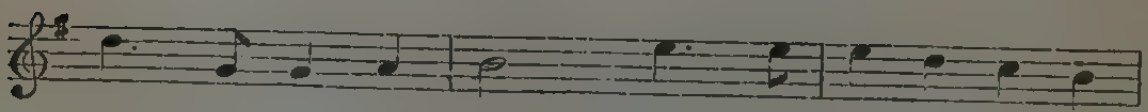
mild, God and sin-ners re-con-ciled: Joy-ful



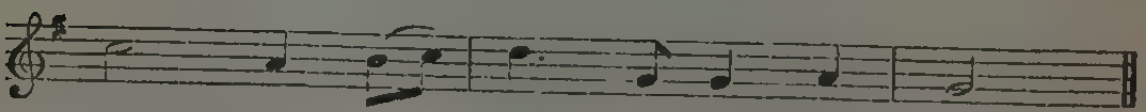
all ye na-tions rise, Join the tri-umph of the



skies, With the an-gel-ic host pro-claim, Christ is



born in Beth-le-hem: *Hark! the he-rald An-gels*



sing Glo-ry to the new-born King.

1 Hark! the herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem:
Hark! the herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

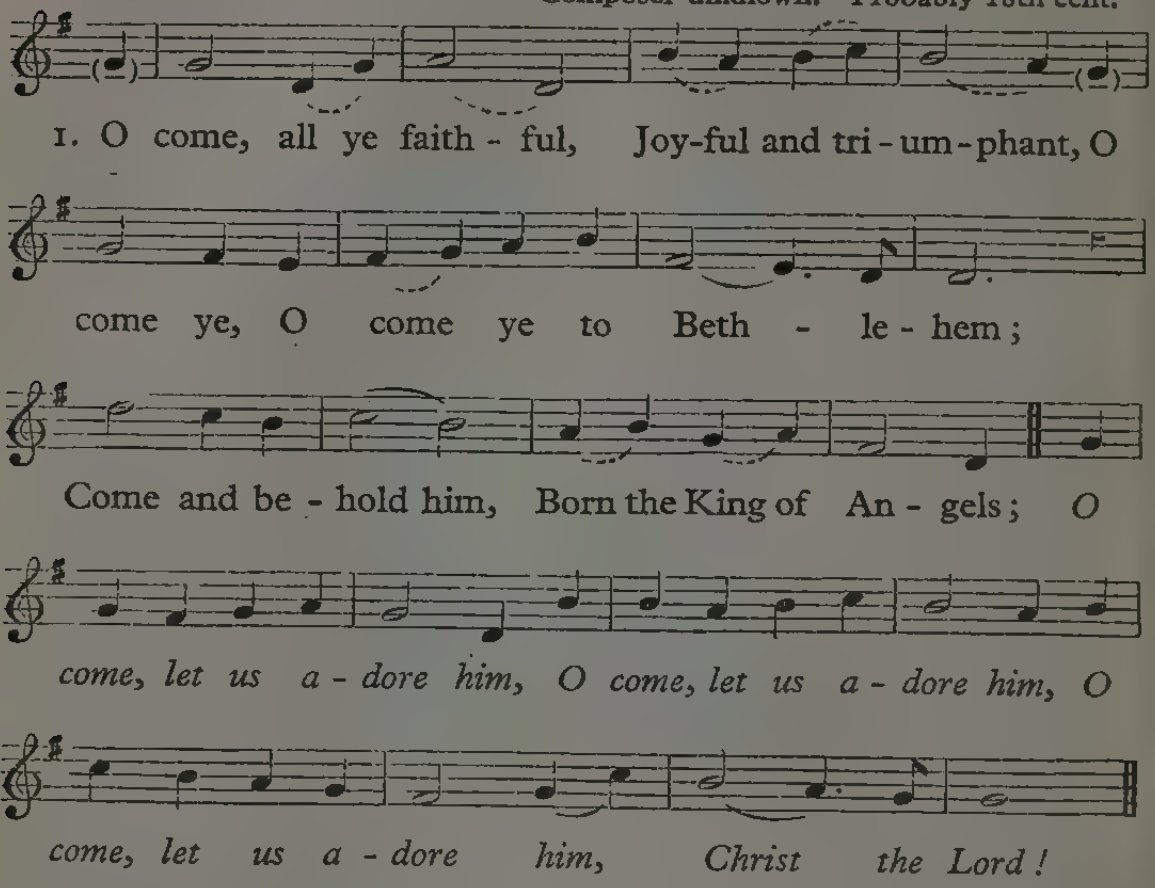
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come
Offspring of a Virgin's womb!
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel:

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth:
Hark! the herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

43 (52)

ADESTE FIDELES. (Irreg.) *18th cent. Tr. F. Oakeley, and others.*

Slow Composer unknown. Probably 18th cent.


1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy-ful and tri - um - phant, O
come ye, O come ye to Beth - le - hem;
Come and be - hold him, Born the King of An - gels; O
come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, O
come, let us a - dore him, Christ the Lord!

*2 See how the Shepherds,
Summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps:

(*Descant*)

*3 Lo! star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer him incense, gold, and myrrh;
We to the Christ Child
Bring our hearts' oblations:

4 Child, for us sinners
Poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love;
Who would not love thee,
Loving us so dearly?

(*Descant*)

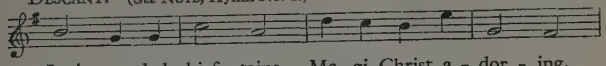
5 Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
Glory to God
In the highest:

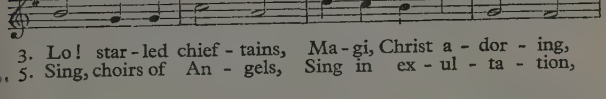
6 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing:

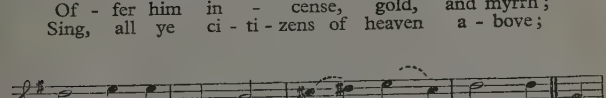
ALTERNATIVE VERSION FOR VERSES 3 AND 5.

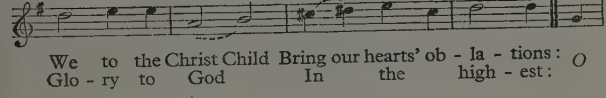
Fa-burden by MARTIN SHAW.

DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, Hymn No. 1.)









[*Copyright*, 1924, *by Martin Shaw.*]

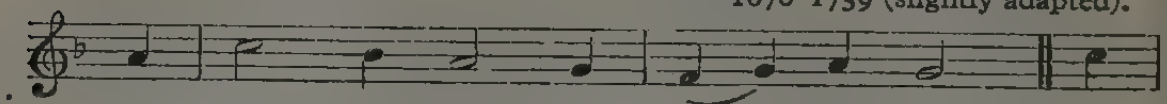
44 (51)

MACHT HOCH DIE THÜR. (8 8 8 8. 8 8 8 8. 6 5.)

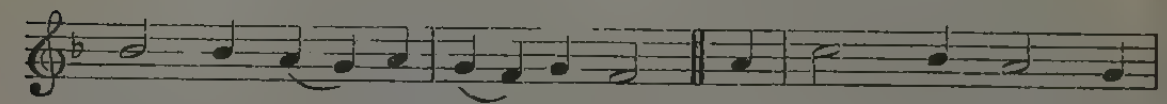
A. Domett, 1811–87.

In moderate time.

Melody by J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1670–1739 (slightly adapted).

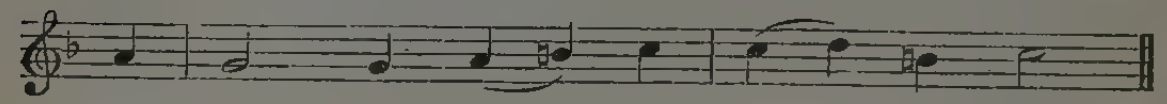


1. It was the calm and si - lent night!— Seven



hun-dred years and fif - ty-three Had Rome been grow - ing

up to might, And now was queen of land and sea!



No sound was heard of clash - ing wars;

Peace brood - ed o'er the hushed do - main;

A - pol - lo, Pal - las, Jove, and Mars

Held un - dis - turbed their an - cient reign,

In the so - lemn mid - night Cen-tu - ries a - go!

HIS BIRTH

1 It was the calm and silent night !—
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea !
No sound was heard of clashing wars ;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

2 O strange indifference !—low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares :
The earth was still—but knew not why ;
The world was listening—unawares ;
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever !
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

3 It is the calm and silent night !
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now !
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given ;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

45 (50)

CRANHAM. (Irreg.) *Christina G. Rossetti*, 1830-94.

GUSTAV HOLST.

In moderate time.

1 In the bleak mid-winter
Frosty wind made moan,
Earth stood hard as iron,
Water like a stone ;
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
Snow on snow,
In the bleak mid-winter,
Long ago.

2 Our God, heaven cannot hold him
Nor earth sustain ;
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When he comes to reign :
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ.

3 Enough for him, whom Cherubim
Worship night and day,
A breastful of milk,
And a mangerful of hay ;
Enough for him, whom Angels
Fall down before,
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore.

4 Angels and Archangels
May have gathered there,
Cherubim and Seraphim
Thronged the air :
But only his mother
In her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Belovèd
With a kiss.

5 What can I give him,
Poor as I am ?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb ;
If I were a wise man
I would do my part ;
Yet what I can I give him—
Give my heart.

46 (273)

NOEL. (D.C.M.) *E. H. Sears, 1810–76.*

Traditional air. Adapted by A. SULLIVAN, 1842-1900.
In moderate time.

1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King!'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing ;
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd Angels sing.

3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring ;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing!

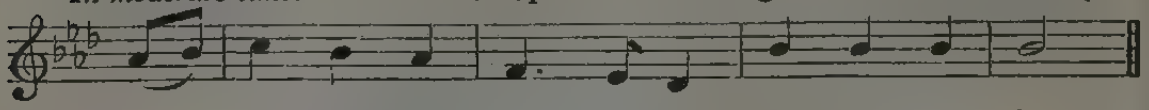
4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing!

5 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the Angels sing.

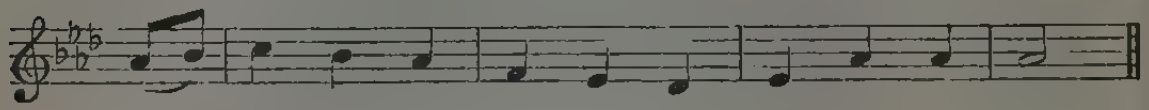
47 (426)

STOWEY. (7 4. 7 4. Irregular.) *Frances Chesterton.*

In moderate time. Adapted from an English Traditional Melody.



1. How far is it to Beth - le-hem? Not ve - ry far.

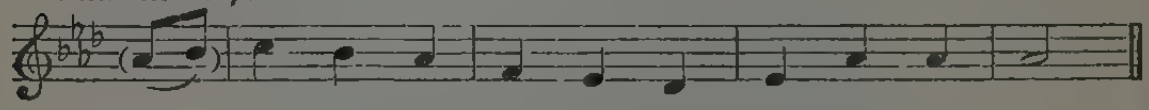


Shall we find the sta - ble-room Lit by a star?

Omit in v. 7.

2. Can we see the lit - tle Child, Is he with - in?

Omit in v. 7.



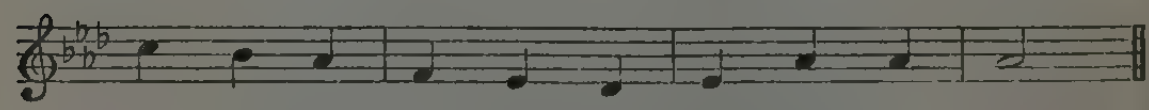
If we lift the wood-en latch May we go in?

Vv. 5 and 6.

5. Great kings have pre - cious gifts, And we have naught,

Lit-tle smiles and lit-tle tears Are all we brought.

6. For all wea - ry chil - dren Ma - ry must weep.



Here, on his bed of straw Sleep, chil-dren, sleep.

For vv. 3 and 4 repeat music of vv. 1 and 2. *For v. 7 repeat music of v. 2.*

1 How far is it to Bethlehem ?
Not very far.
Shall we find the stable-room
Lit by a star ?

2 Can we see the little Child,
Is he within ?
If we lift the wooden latch
May we go in ?

3 May we stroke the creatures there,
Ox, ass, or sheep ?
May we peep like them and see
Jesus asleep ?

4 If we touch his tiny hand
Will he awake ?
Will he know we've come so far
Just for his sake ?

5 Great kings have precious gifts,
And we have naught
Little smiles and little tears
Are all we brought.

6 For all weary children
Mary must weep.
Here, on his bed of straw
Sleep, children, sleep.

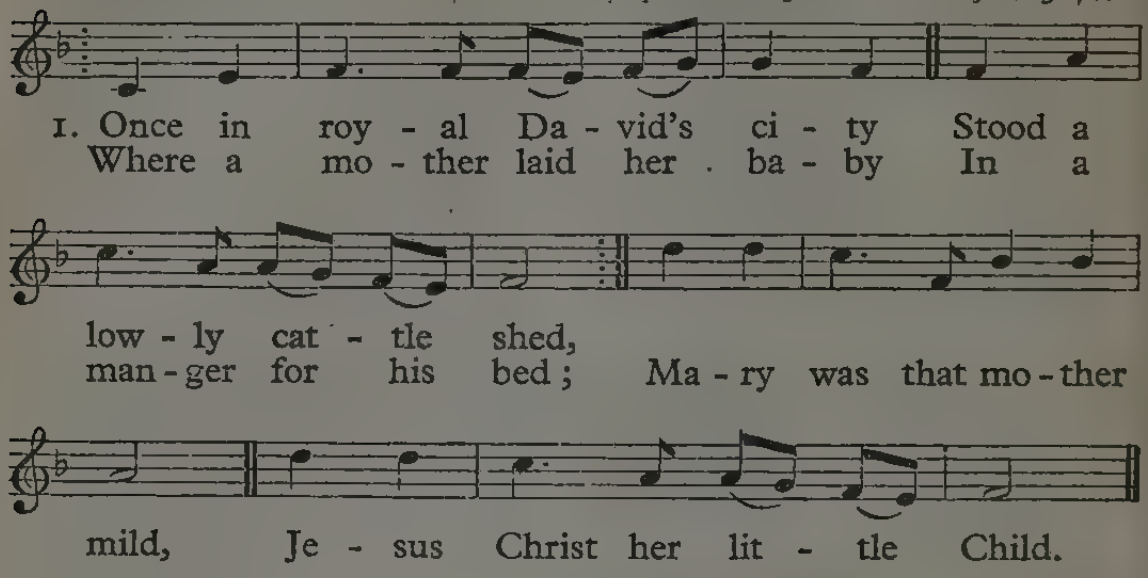
7 God in his mother's arms,
Babes in the byre,
Sleep, as they sleep who find
Their heart's desire.

48 (435)

For young children only.

IRBY. (8 7. 8 7. 7 7.) *Mrs. C. F. Alexander*, 1823–95.

In moderate time. H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.


1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty Stood a
low - ly cat - tle shed,
Where a mo - ther laid her ba - by In a
man - ger for his bed;
Ma - ry was that mo - ther
mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And through all his wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly maiden,
In whose gentle arms he lay;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.

4 For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew;
And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

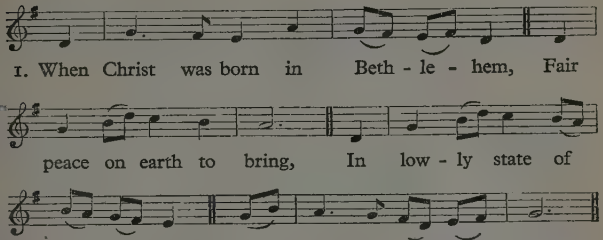
5 And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

49 (441)

RODMELL. (C.M.) *Laurence Housman.*

In moderate time. English Traditional Melody.



2 A mother's heart was there his throne,
His orb a maiden's breast,
Whereby he made through love alone
His kingdom manifest.

3 And round him, then, a holy band
Of children blest was born,
Fair guardians of his throne to stand
Attendant night and morn.

4 And unto them this grace was given
A Saviour's name to own,
And die for him who out of heaven
Had found on earth a throne.

5 O blessèd babes of Bethlehem,
Who died to save our King,
Ye share the martyrs' diadem,
And in their anthem sing!

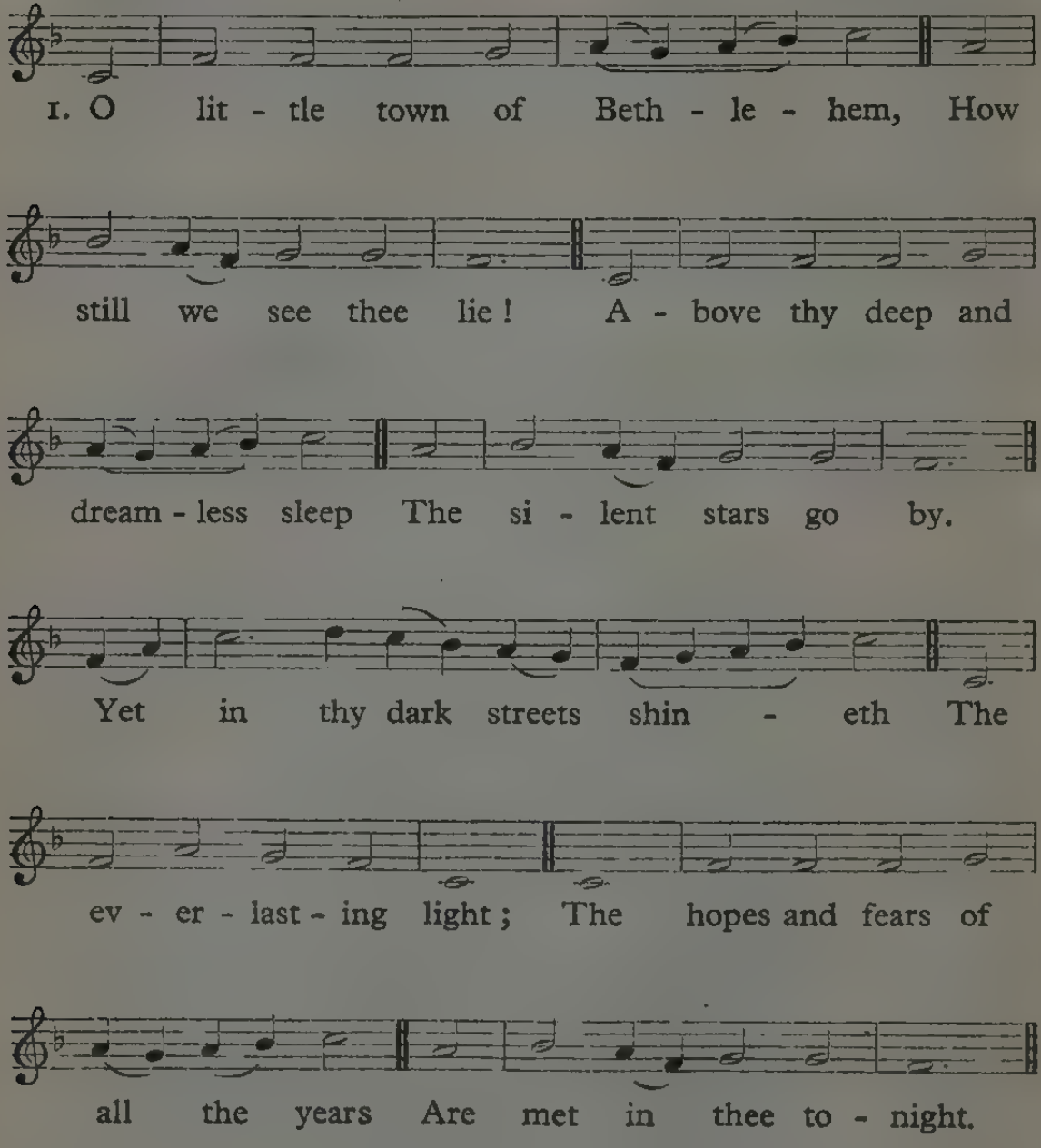
6 Your lips, on earth that never spake,
Now sound the eternal word;
And in the courts of love ye make
Your children's voices heard.

7 Lord Jesus Christ, eternal Child,
Make thou our childhood thine;
That we with thee the meek and mild
May share the love divine.

50 (53)

FOREST GREEN. (D.C.M. Irreg.) *Bishop Phillips Brooks*, 1835–93.

In moderate time. English Traditional Melody.


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How
still we see thee lie! A - bove thy deep and
dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The
ev - er - last - ing light; The hopes and fears of
all the years Are met in thee to - night.

2 O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth ;
For Christ is born of Mary ;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming ;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessèd Child,
Where misery cries out to thee,
Son of the mother mild ;
Where charity stands watching
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.

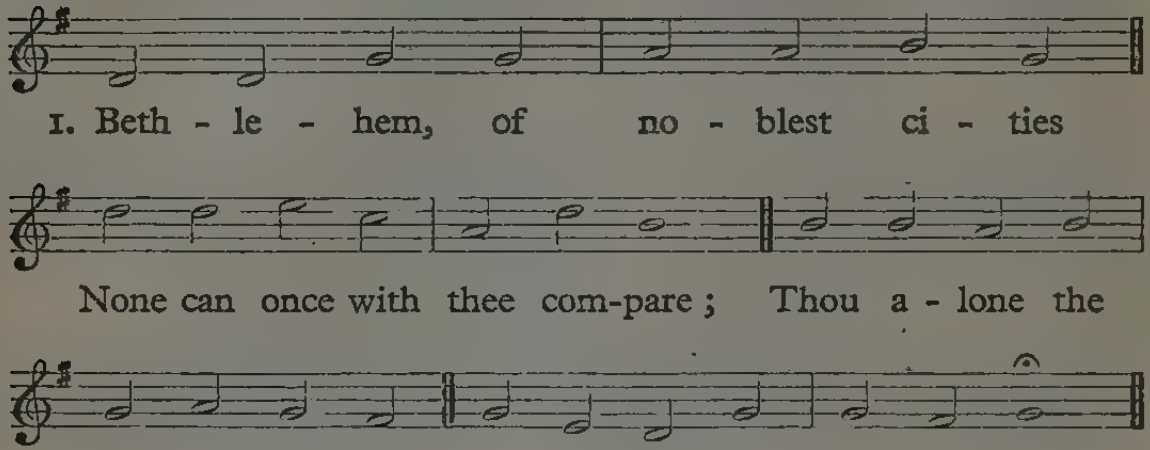
5 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas Angels
The great glad tidings tell :
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

51 (58)

STUTTGART. (8 7. 8 7.) *Prudentius*, b. 348. *Tr. E. Caswall.*

Adapted from a melody in
Psalmodia Sacra, Gotha, 1715.

Moderately slow, majestically.


1. Beth - le - hem, of no - blest ci - ties
None can once with thee com-pare; Thou a - lone the
Lord from hea - ven Didst for us in - car - nate bear.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.

3 By its lambent beauty guided
See the eastern kings appear;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.

4 Solemn things of mystic meaning:
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold a royal child proclaimeth,
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

5 Holy Jesu, in thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit
Endless praise to thee be paid.

52 (59)

LIME STREET. (11. 10. 11. 10.) *Bishop R. Heber*, 1783-1826.
GEOFFREY SHAW.

With vigour.

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall:
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

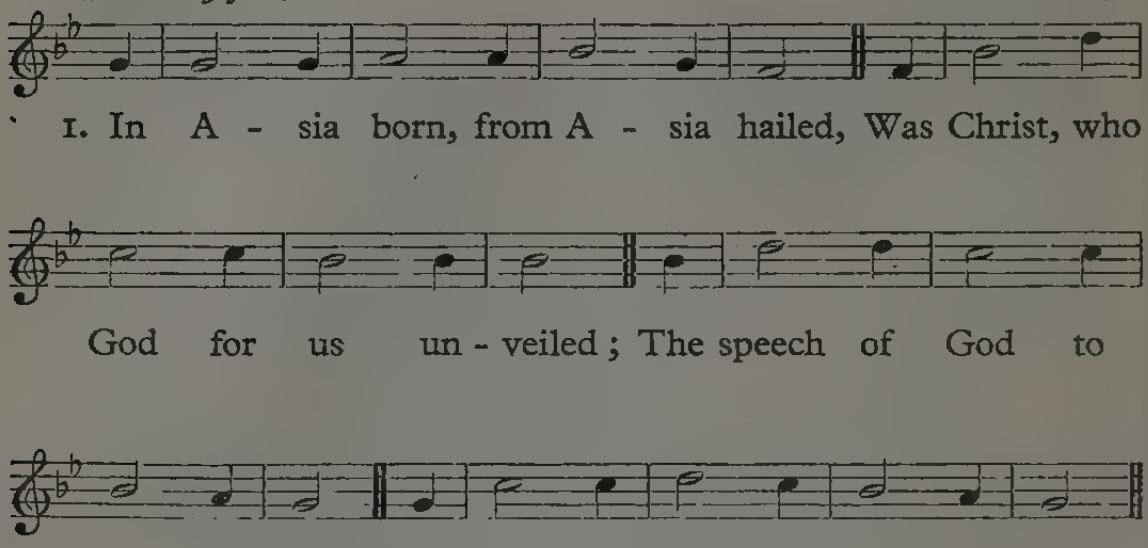
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

53 (60)

EIN KIND GEBOR'N. (L.M.) *P. Dearmer.*

Moderately fast. Old German Carol.


1. In A - sia born, from A - sia hailed, Was Christ, who
God for us un - veiled; The speech of God to
man was he, His life one bright E - pi - phan - y.

2 And still his children come from far,
To hail from east and west his star;
In him all faiths and systems meet,
All partial truth is made complete.

3 Bright Friend, thy face shines out to-day
More real, more vivid, true and gay:
Now show thy goodly Kingdom, Christ,
The leaven, treasure, pearl unpriced!

4 True gifts we'd offer to our King:
Our myrrh as goodness we will bring,
Our incense as the truth shall rise,
Our gold be beauty's sacrifice.

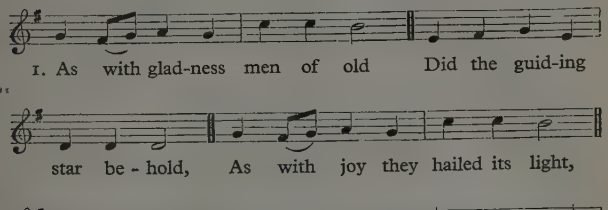
54 (57)

DIX. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.)

W. Chatterton Dix, 1837–98.

Abridged from a Chorale, 'Treuer Heiland', by C. KOCHER, 1786–1872.

In moderate time.


1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing
star be-hold, As with joy they hailed its light,
Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright, So, most gra-cious
God, may we Ev-er-more be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down:
There for ever may we sing
Alleluyas to our King.

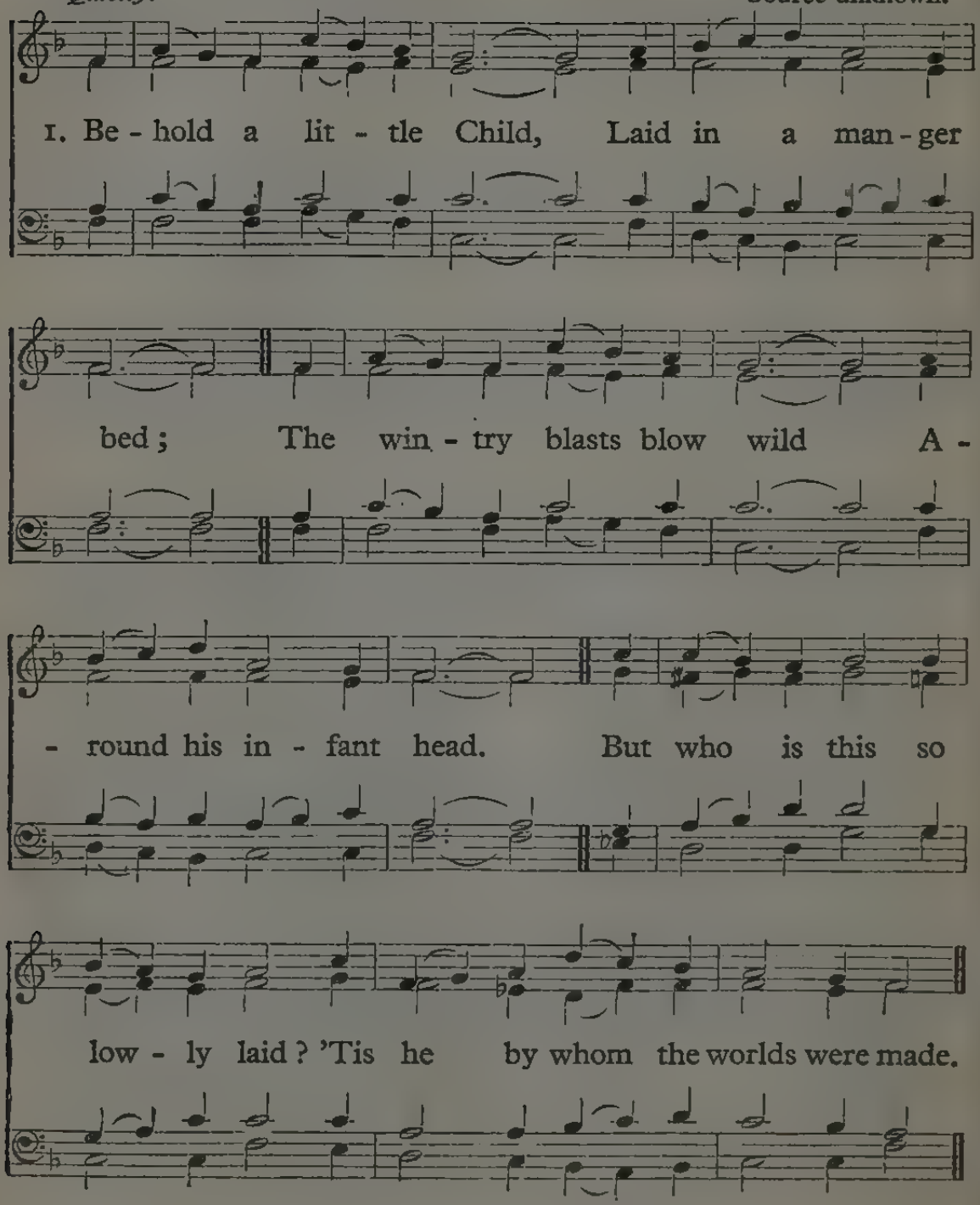
55*

WESLEY. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.)

Bishop W. W. How, 1823–97.

Quietly.

Source unknown.


1. Be - hold a lit - tle Child, Laid in a man - ger
bed; The win - try blasts blow wild A -
- round his in - fant head. But who is this so
low - ly laid? 'Tis he by whom the worlds were made.

1 Behold a little Child,
Laid in a manger bed;
The wintry blasts blow wild
Around his infant head.
But who is this so lowly laid?
'Tis he by whom the worlds were made.

2 Alas! in what poor state
The Son of God is seen;
Why doth the Lord so great
Choose out a home so mean?
That we may learn from pride to flee,
And follow his humility.

3 Where Joseph plies his trade,
Lo! Jesus labours too;
The hands that all things made
An earthly craft pursue,
That weary men in him may rest,
And faithful toil through him be blest.

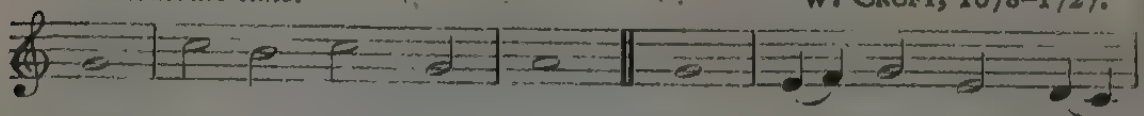
4 Among the doctors see
The Boy so full of grace;
Say, wherefore taketh he
The scholar's lowly place?
That Christian boys, with reverence meet,
May sit and learn at Jesus' feet.

5 Christ! once thyself a boy,
Our boyhood guard and guide;
Be thou its light and joy,
And still with us abide,
That thy dear love, so great and free,
May draw us evermore to thee.

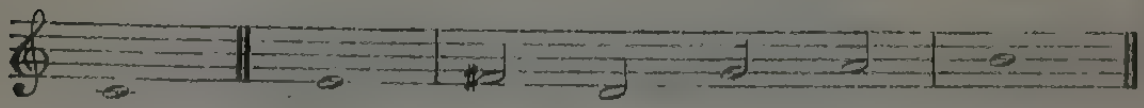
56* (422)

CROFT'S 136TH. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.) *G. W. Briggs.*

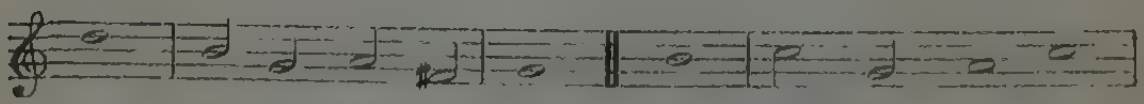
In moderate time. W. CROFT, 1678–1727.



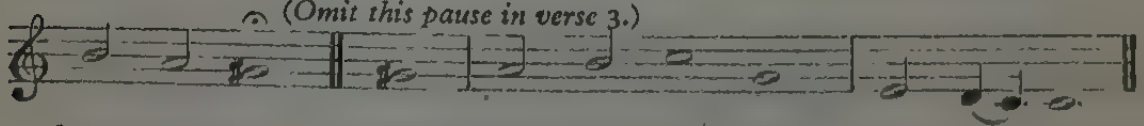
1. Son of the Lord most High, Who gave the worlds their



birth, He laid his glo - ry by,



And came to dwell on earth: In Beth-lehem's sta - ble



born was he, And nur - tured in poor Ga - li - lee.

1 Son of the Lord most High,
Who gave the worlds their birth,
He laid his glory by,
And came to dwell on earth:
In Bethlehem's stable born was he,
And nurtured in poor Galilee.

2 Born in so lowly state,
Schooled in a workman's trade,
Not with the high and great
His home the Highest made:
But, labouring by his brethren's side,
Life's common lot he glorified.

3 Then, when his hour was come,
He heard his Father's call;
And, leaving friends and home,
For all forsook he all:
And gave himself the poor and weak
To succour, and the lost to seek.

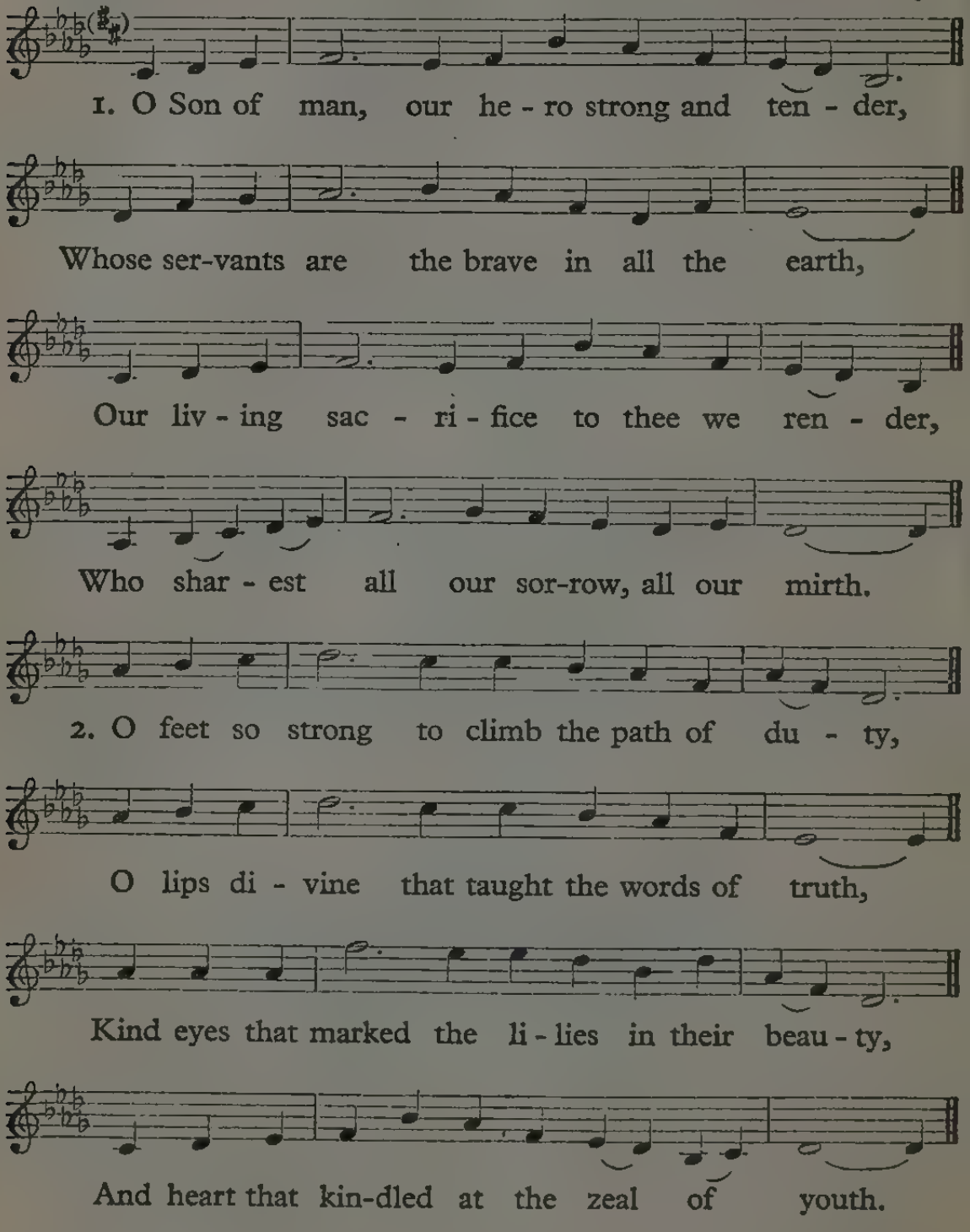
4 Toiling by night and day,
Himself oft burdened sore,
Where hearts in bondage lay,
Himself their burden bore:
Till, scorned by them he died to save,
Himself in death, as life, he gave.

5 O lowly Majesty,
Lofty in lowliness!
Blest Saviour, who am I
To share thy blessedness?
Yet thou hast called me, even me,
Servant Divine, to follow thee.

57 (330)

LONDONDERRY. (11 10. 11 10. D.) *Frank Fletcher.*

Slow. Traditional Irish Melody.


1. O Son of man, our he - ro strong and ten - der,
Whose ser-vants are the brave in all the earth,
Our liv - ing sac - ri - fice to thee we ren - der,
Who shar - est all our sor-row, all our mirth.
2. O feet so strong to climb the path of du - ty,
O lips di - vine that taught the words of truth,
Kind eyes that marked the li - lies in their beau - ty,
And heart that kin-dled at the zeal of youth.

(This may be sung a semitone higher. The alternative key is marked above.)

1 O Son of man, our hero strong and tender,
Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,
Our living sacrifice to thee we render,
Who sharest all our sorrow, all our mirth.

2 O feet so strong to climb the path of duty,
O lips divine that taught the words of truth,
Kind eyes that marked the lilies in their beauty,
And heart that kindled at the zeal of youth.

3 Lover of children, boyhood's inspiration,
Of all mankind the Servant and the King,
O Lord of joy and hope and consolation,
To thee our fears and joys and hopes we bring.

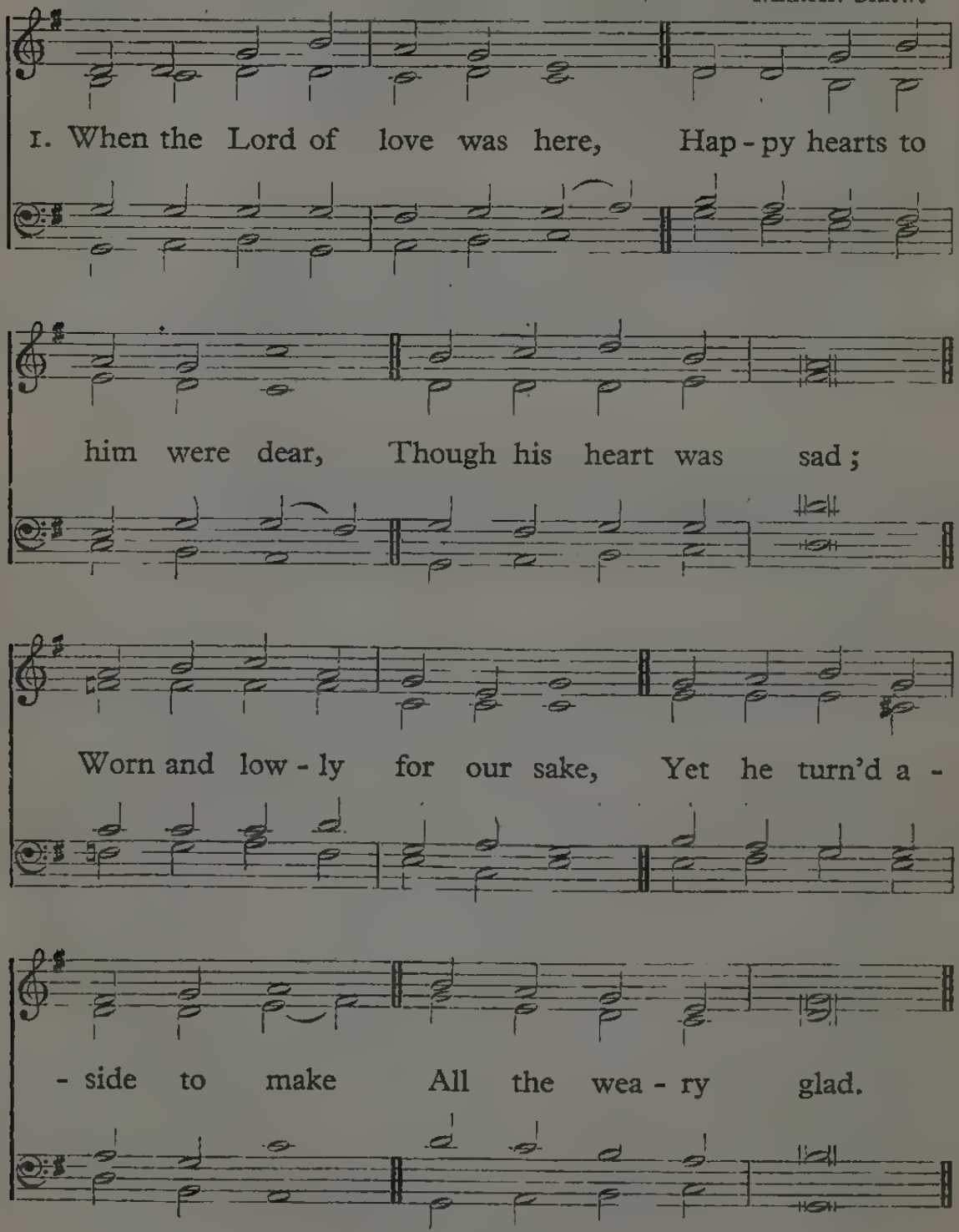
4 Not in our failures only and our sadness,
We seek thy presence, Comforter and Friend;
O rich man's guest, be with us in our gladness!
O poor man's mate, our lowliest tasks attend!

JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD

58*

CHURCH ROW. (7 7 5. 7 7 5.) *Stopford A. Brooke*, 1832–1916.

In moderate time. MARTIN SHAW.


1. When the Lord of love was here, Hap - py hearts to
him were dear, Though his heart was sad;
Worn and low - ly for our sake, Yet he turn'd a -
- side to make All the wea - ry glad.

[*Copyright, 1927, by Oxford University Press.*]

1 When the Lord of love was here,
Happy hearts to him were dear,
Though his heart was sad ;
Worn and lowly for our sake,
Yet he turn'd aside to make
All the weary glad.

2 Meek and lowly were his ways,
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving prayer :
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

3 When he walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers and birds and dew
Parables of God ;
For within his heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had his abode.

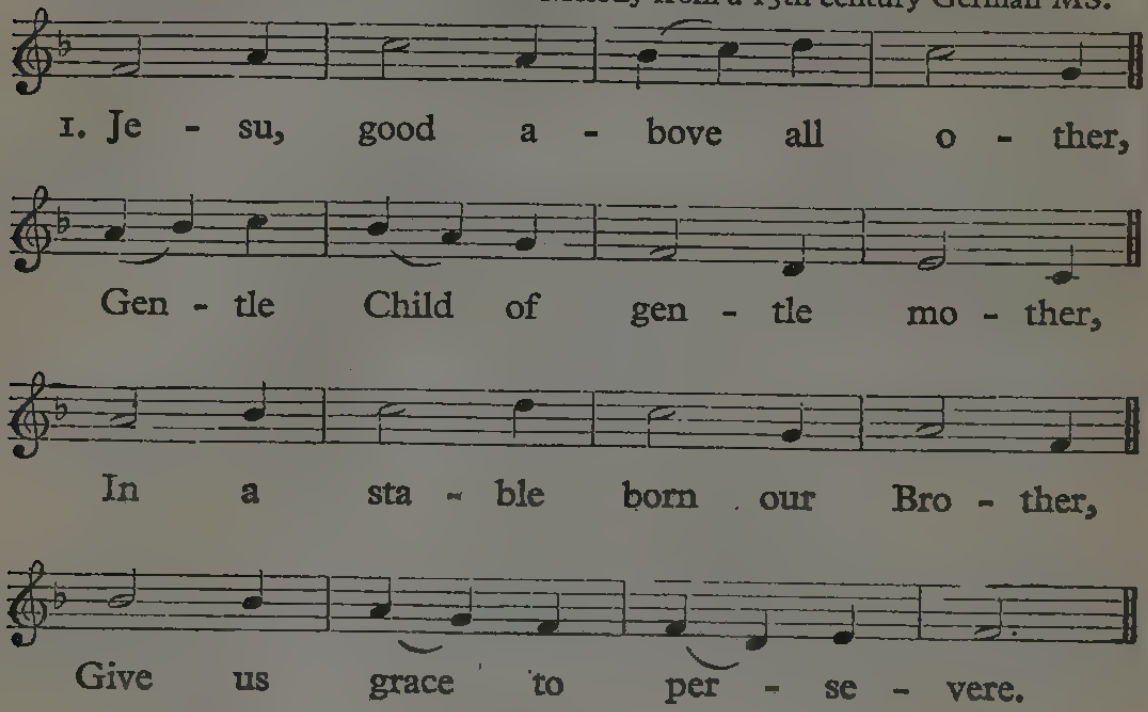
4 Fill us, Lord, with thy desire,
All the sinful to inspire,
With the Father's life :
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret of strife.

5 Lord be ours thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love.
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

59 (429)

QUEM PASTORES LAUDAVERE. (8 8. 8 7.) *P. Dearmer.*

In moderate time. Melody from a 15th century German MS.



2 Jesu, cradled in a manger,
For us facing every danger,
Living as a homeless stranger,
Make we thee our King most dear.

3 Jesu, for thy people dying,
Risen Master, death defying,
Lord in heaven, thy grace supplying,
Keep us to thy Spirit near.

4 Jesu, who our sorrows bearest,
All our thoughts and hopes thou sharest,
Thou to man the truth declarest;
Help us all thy truth to hear.

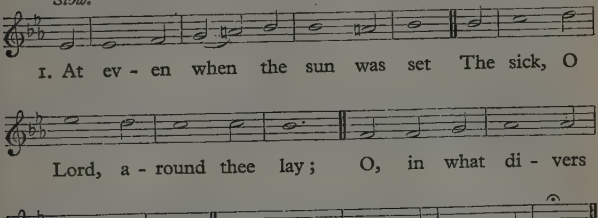
5 Lord, in all our doings guide us;
Pride and hate shall ne'er divide us;
We'll go on with thee beside us,
And with joy we'll persevere!

60 (27)

ANGELUS (DU MEINER SEELEN). (L.M.) *H. Twells*, 1823–1900.

Cantica Spiritualia, 1847 (founded on a melody by G. JOSEPH, 1657).

Slow.



For use at Evening Prayer.

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 O Saviour Christ, thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

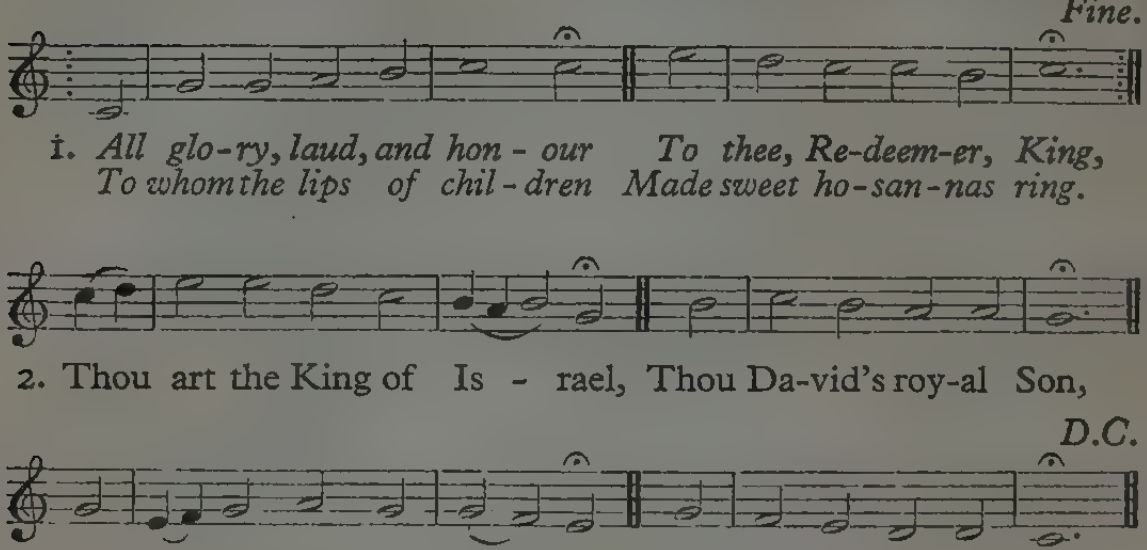
5 Thy touch has still its ancient power,
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD
HIS PATHWAY TO THE CROSS

61 (72)

ST. THEODULPH (VALET WILL ICH DIR GEBEN). (7 6. 7 6. D.)

St. Theodulph of Orleans, d. 821. *Tr. J. M. Neale.*
Melody by M. TESCHNER, *c.* 1613.
Slow and solemn. Adapted and harmonized by J. S. BACH.


Fine.
1. All glo-ry, laud, and hon - our To thee, Re-deem-er, King,
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.
2. Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da-vid's roy-al Son,
D.C.
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bles-sed one:

3 The company of Angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply:

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present:

5 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise:

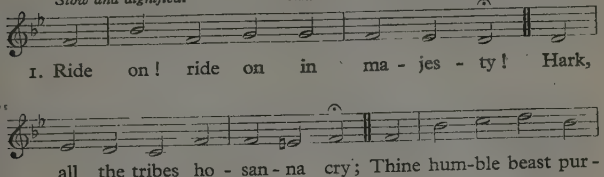
6 Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King:

62 (84)

WINCHESTER NEW. (L.M.)

H. H. Milman, 1791–1868.
Adapted from Chorale in the *Musikalisches Handbuch*, Hamburg, 1690.

Slow and dignified.


1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark,
all the tribes ho - san - na cry; Thine hum-ble beast pur -
- sues his road With palms and scat-tered gar-ments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

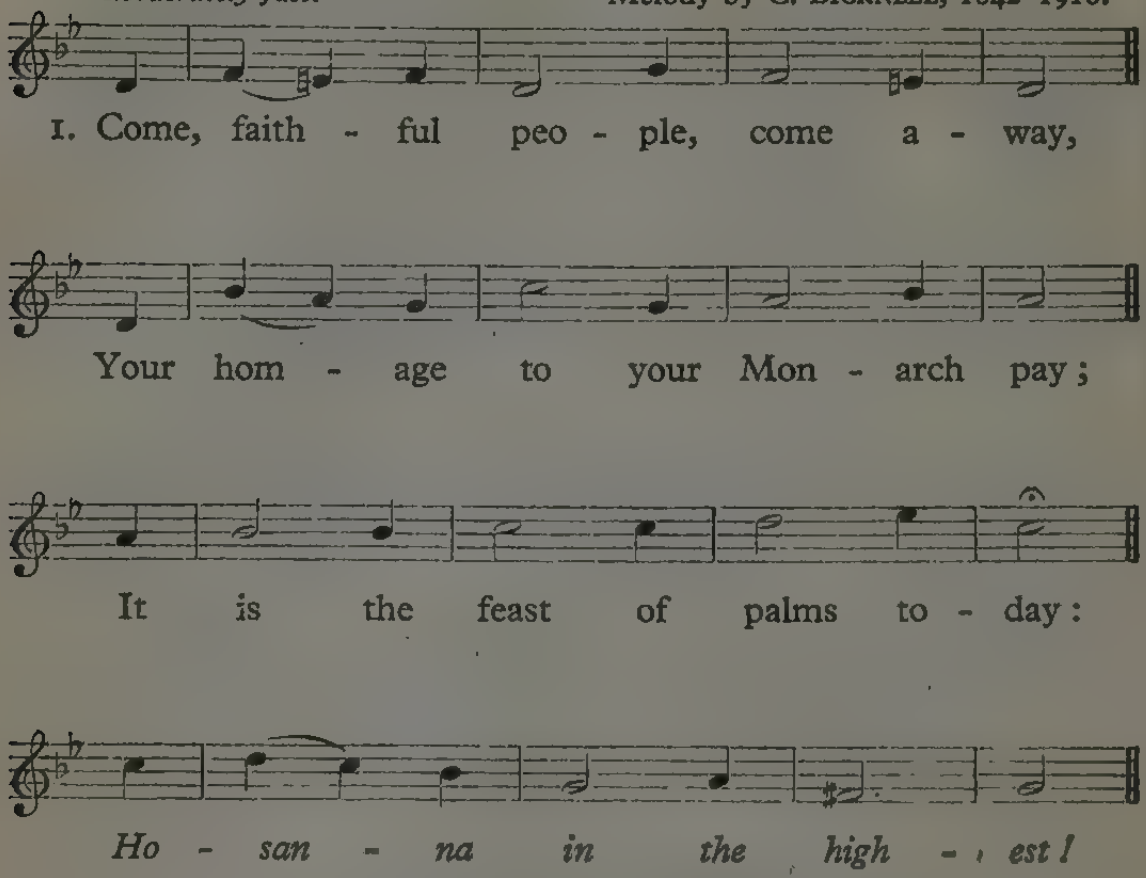
4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on his sapphire throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

63 (75)

COME, FAITHFUL PEOPLE. (8 8 8. 7.) *G. Moultrie*, 1829–85.

Moderately fast. Melody by C. BICKNELL, 1842–1918.



2 When Christ, the Lord of all, drew nigh
On Sunday morn to Bethany,
He called two loved ones standing by:

3 'To yonder village go,' said he,
'An ass and foal tied shall ye see,
Loose them and bring them unto me:'

4 ' If any man dispute your word,
Say, " They are needed by the Lord,"
And he permission will accord : '

5 The two upon their errand sped,
And found the ass as he had said,
And on the colt their clothes they spread :

6 They set him on his throne so rude ;
Before him went the multitude,
And in the way their garments strewed :

*7 Go, Saviour, thus to triumph borne,
Thy crown shall be the wreath of thorn,
Thy royal garb the robe of scorn :

*8 They thronged before, behind, around,
They cast palm-branches on the ground,
And still rose up the joyful sound :

*9 ' Blessèd is Israel's King,' they cry ;
' Blessèd is he that cometh nigh
In name of God the Lord most high : '

10 Thus, Saviour, to thy Passion go,
Arrayed in royalty of woe,
Assumed for sinners here below :
Hosanna in the highest!

(NOTE.—*Certain verses may be sung by different voices : the refrain (and the first and last verses) being sung by all.*)

JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD
HIS CROSS AND PASSION

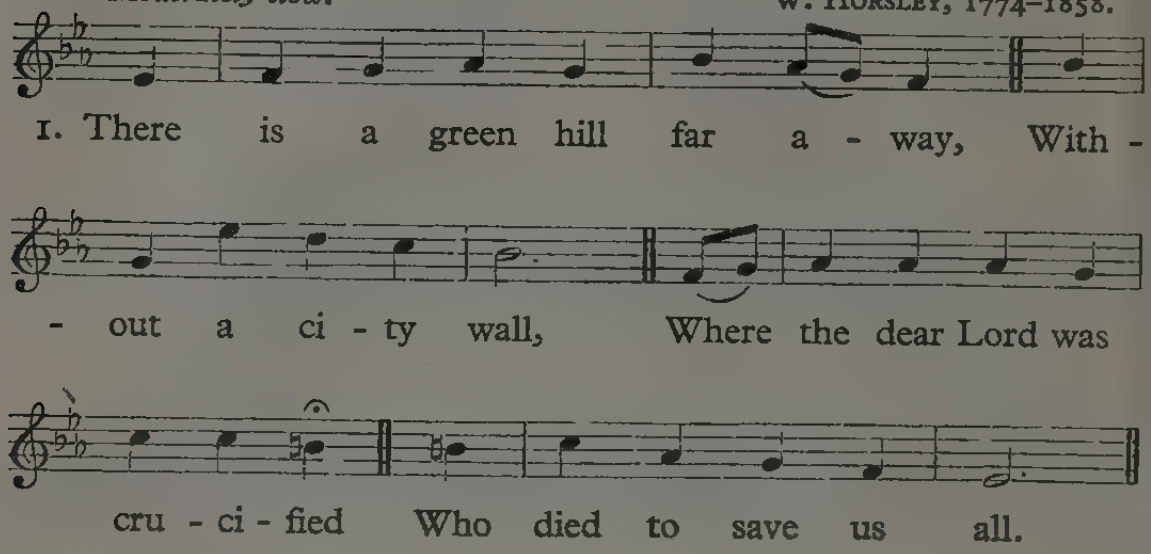
64 (86)

HORSLEY. (C.M.)

Moderately slow.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823–95.

W. HORSLEY, 1774–1858.



2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

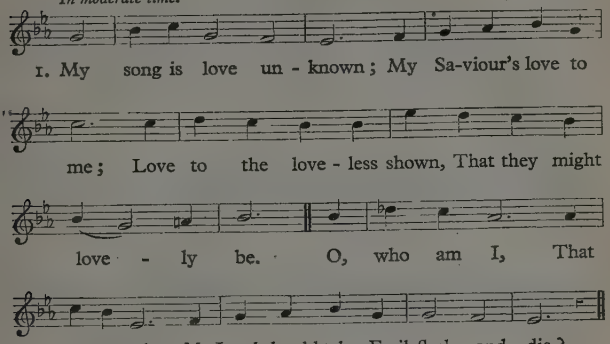
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming Blood,
And try his works to do.

65 (80)

LOVE UNKNOWN. (6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4.) *Samuel Crossman*, 1624–83.

In moderate time. J. IRELAND.


1. My song is love un - known; My Sa-viour's love to
me; Love to the love - less shown, That they might
love - ly be. O, who am I, That
for my sake My Lord should take Frail flesh, and die?

2 He came from his blest throne,
Salvation to bestow;
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know.
But O, my friend,
My friend indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

3 Sometimes they strew his way,
And his sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their king.
Then 'Crucify!'
Is all their breath,
And for his death
They thirst and cry.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst him rise.

5 Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine;
Never was love, dear King!
Never was grief like thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

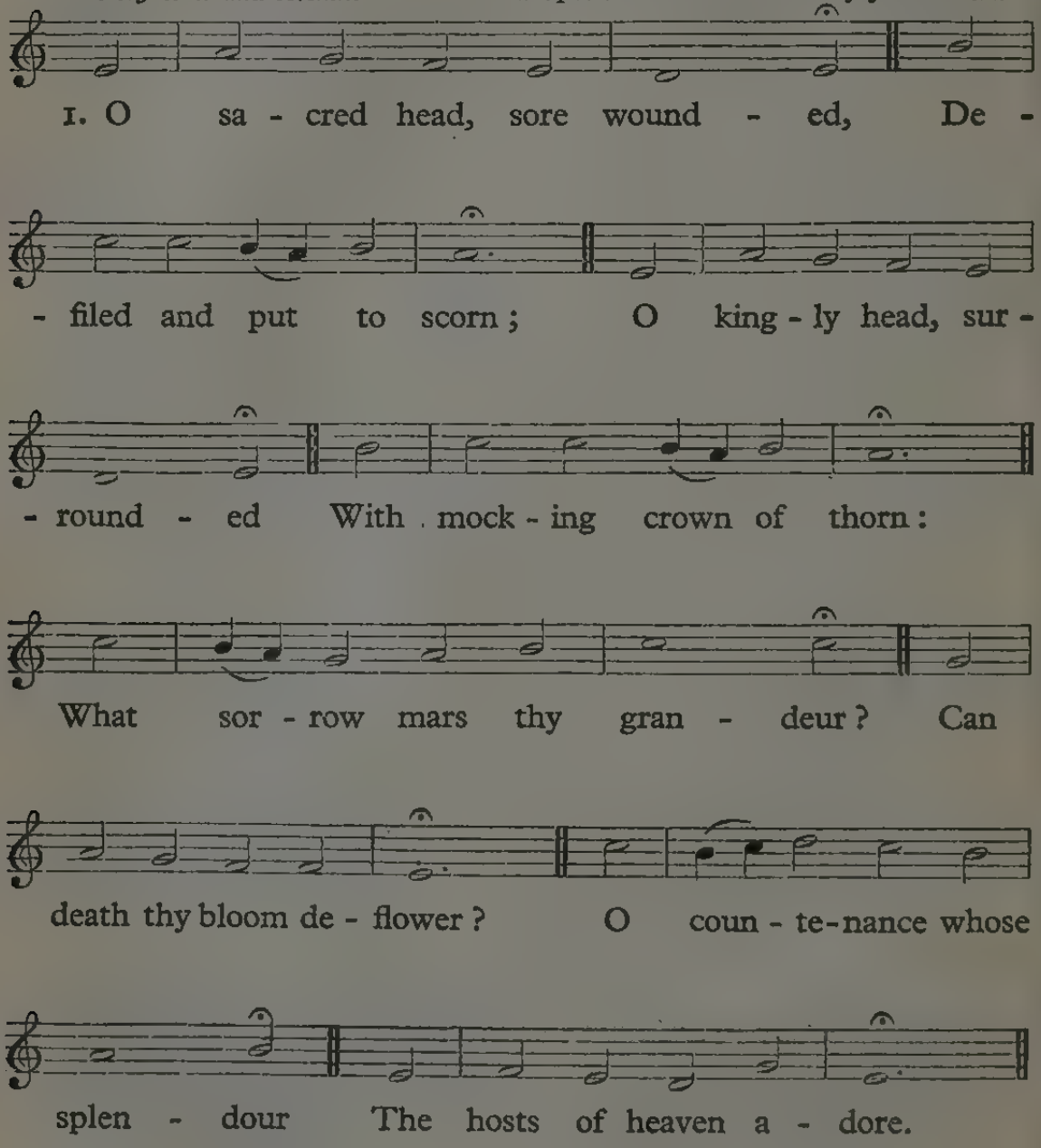
66 (83)

PASSION CHORALE. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

P. Gerhardt, 1607–76, *based on* Salve caput cruentatum (*ascribed to St. Bernard*). *Tr. Y. H.*

Melody by H. L. HASSLER, 1564–1612.
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. BACH.

Very slow and solemn.


1. O sa - cred head, sore wound - ed, De -
- filed and put to scorn; O king - ly head, sur -
- round - ed With mock - ing crown of thorn:
What sor - row mars thy gran - deur? Can
death thy bloom de - flower? O coun - te - nance whose
splen - dour The hosts of heaven a - dore.

1 O sacred head, sore wounded,
Defiled and put to scorn;
O kingly head, surrounded
With mocking crown of thorn:
What sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendour
The hosts of heaven adore.

2 Thy beauty, long-desirèd,
Hath vanished from our sight:
Thy power is all expirèd,
And quenched the light of light.
Ah me! for whom thou diest,
Hide not so far thy grace:
Show me, O Love most highest,
The brightness of thy face.

3 I pray thee, Jesus, own me,
Me, Shepherd good, for thine;
Who to thy fold hast won me,
And fed with truth divine.
Me guilty, me refuse not,
Incline thy face to me,
This comfort that I lose not,
On earth to comfort thee.

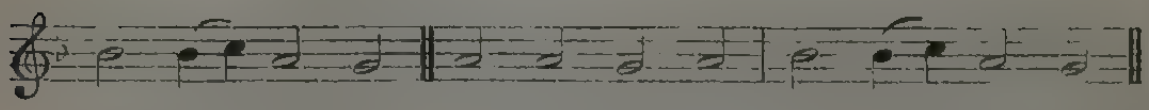
67 (77)

JESU MEINES GLAUBENS ZIER. (7 8. 8 7. 8 7. 8 7.)

Gabriel Gillett.

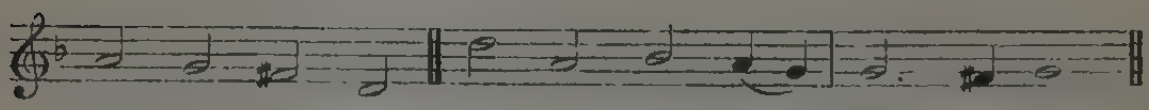
Slow and solemn. J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.

1. It is fin - ished! Christ hath known All the life of



men way - far - ing, Hu - man joys and sor - rows shar-ing,

Mak-ing hu - man needs his own. Lord, in us thy



life re - new - ing, Lead us where thy feet have trod,

Till, the way of truth pur - su - ing,

Hu - man souls find rest in God.

1 It is finished! Christ hath known
All the life of men wayfaring,
Human joys and sorrows sharing,
Making human needs his own.
Lord, in us thy life renewing,
Lead us where thy feet have trod,
Till, the way of truth pursuing,
Human souls find rest in God.

2 It is finished! Christ is slain,
On the altar of creation,
Offering for a world's salvation
Sacrifice of love and pain.
Lord, thy love through pain revealing,
Purge our passions, scourge our vice,
Till, upon the Tree of healing,
Self is slain in sacrifice.

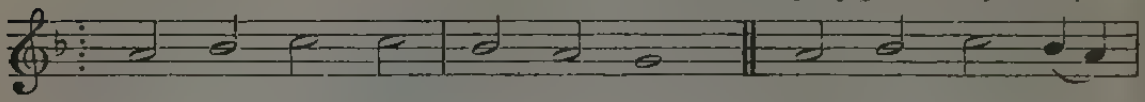
3 It is finished! Christ our King
Wins the victor's crown of glory;
Sun and stars recite his story,
Floods and fields his triumph sing.
Lord, whose praise the world is telling,
Lord, to whom all power is given,
By thy death, hell's armies quelling,
Bring thy saints to reign in heaven.

68 (78)

WERDE MUNTER. (7 6. 7 6. 8 8. 7 7.)

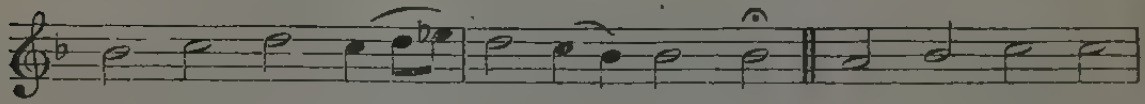
St. Theoctistus, c. 890. *Tr. J. M. Neale.*

Slow. From a melody by J. SCHOP, *c.* 1640.



1. Je - su, name all names a - bove; Je - su, best and
Je - su, fount of per - fect love, Ho - liest, ten - derest,

dear - est;
near - est; Je - su, source of grace com - plet - est;



Je - su pur - est, Je - su sweet - est; Je - su, well of

power di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me thine!

2 Jesu, crowned with thorns for me,
Scourged for my transgression!
Witnessing, through agony,
That thy good confession!
Jesu, clad in purple raiment,
For my evils making payment:
Let not all thy woe and pain,
Let not Calvary be in vain!

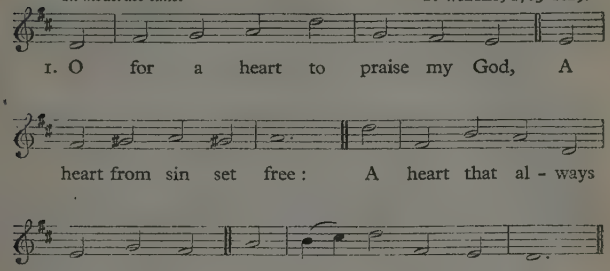
3 Jesu, open me the gate
That of old he entered
Who, in that most lost estate,
Wholly on thee ventured;
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,
And thy Passion interceding,
From my misery let me rise
To a home in Paradise!

69 (66)

STOCKTON. (C.M.) *C. Wesley*, 1707–88.

Original version of melody by T. WRIGHT, 1763–1829.

In moderate time.



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

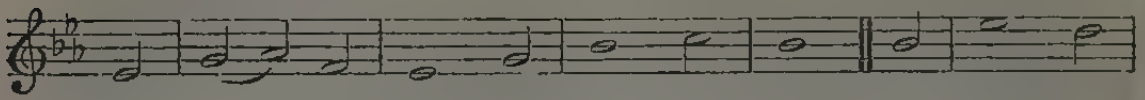
5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of Love.

JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD

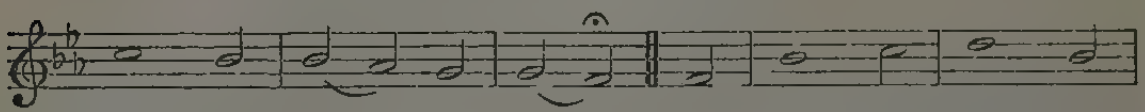
70 (397)

ROCKINGHAM. (L.M.) *I. Watts*, 1674–1748.

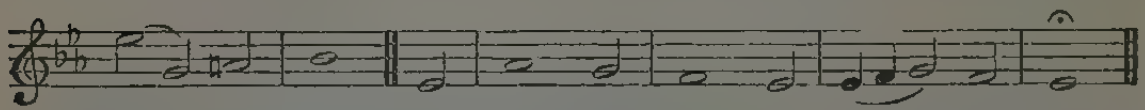
Slow. Adapted by E. MILLER, 1731–1807.



1. When I sur - vey the won-drous Cross, On which the



Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I



count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

Descant. 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

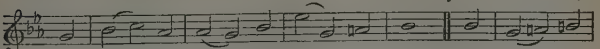
3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Descant. 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

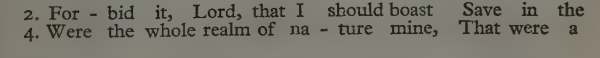
ALTERNATIVE VERSION.

DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, Hymn No. 1.)

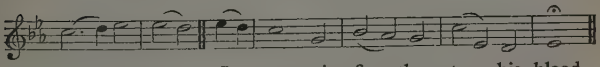
Fa-burden by GEOFFREY SHAW.



2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a



death of Christ my God; All the vain things that
pre - sent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,



charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to his blood.
so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

(*See also for this season Hymns* 29–33.)
(*For the season of Lent in general see the above, and also the section Christian Discipleship*; *Faith*, 110–119; *Courage*, 120–123, 125–129; *the Reward*, 136–139; *Praise*, 140–142, 148, 149; *Fellowship*, 162–170; *and more especially Obedience*, 130–135, *and Prayer*, 152–161.)

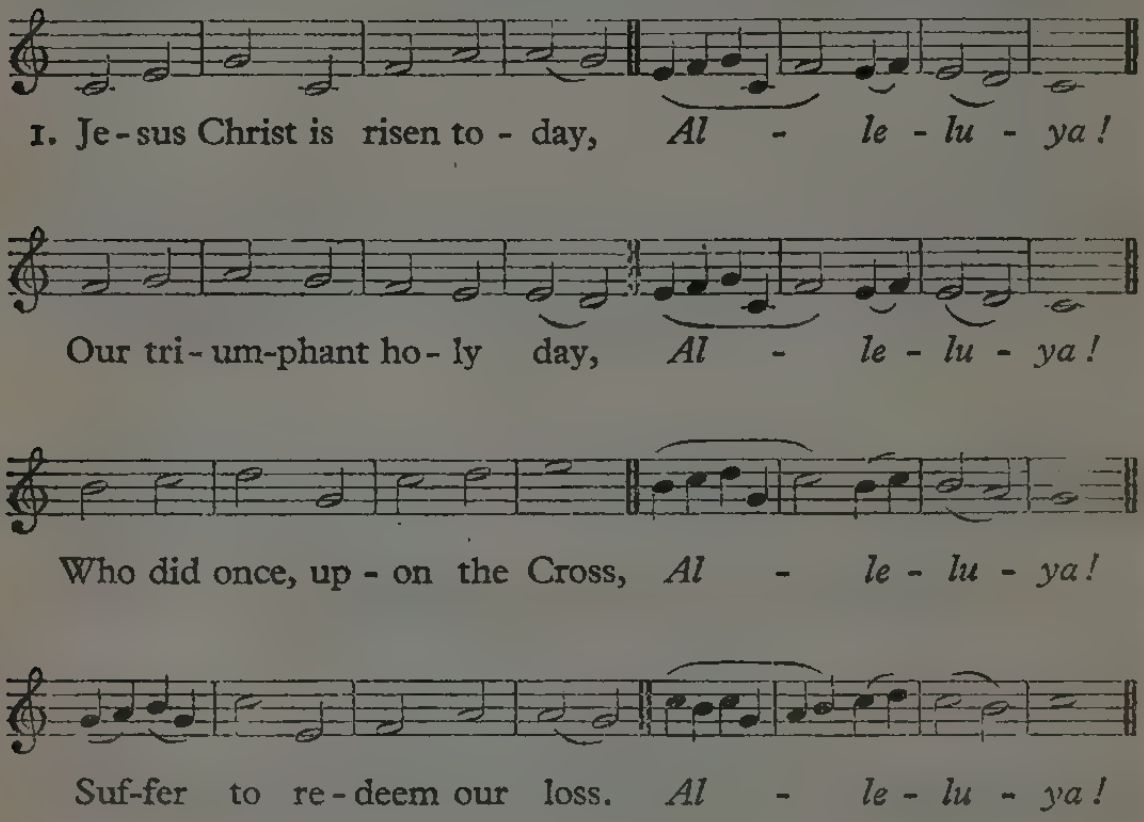
JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD
HIS GLORIOUS RESURRECTION

71 (93)

EASTER HYMN. (7 4. 7 4. D.)

Lyra Davidica (1708), *and the Supplement* (1816).
Based partly on Surrexit Christus hodie, *c. 14th cent.*
Altered from melody in *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

Slow.


1. Je-sus Christ is risen to-day, *Al - le-lu-ya!*
Our tri-um-phant ho-ly day, *Al - le-lu-ya!*
Who did once, up-on the Cross, *Al - le-lu-ya!*
Suf-fer to re-deem our loss. *Al - le-lu-ya!*

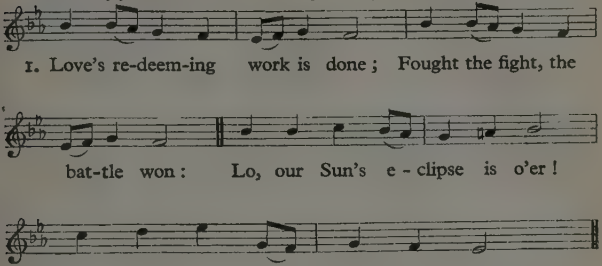
2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the Cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save!

3 But the pains that he endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing:
Alleluya!

72 (94)

SAVANNAH (or HERRNHUT). (7 7. 7 7.) *C. Wesley*, 1707–88.

Moderately fast. J. Wesley's *Foundery Collection*, 1742.



2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened Paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Dying once, he all doth save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

5 Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given:
Thee we greet triumphant now;
Hail, the Resurrection thou!

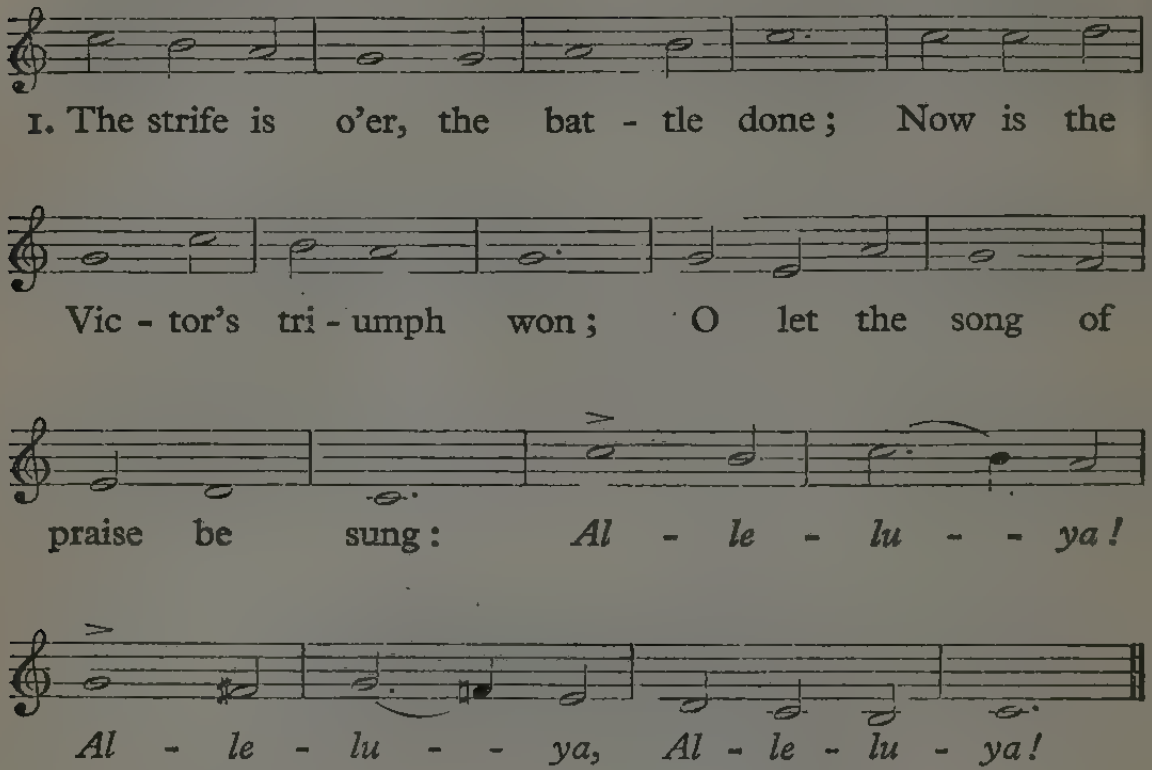
73 (96)

VULPIUS. (8 8. 8 4.)

Ascribed to 18th cent. Tr. F. Pott.

Melody by M. VULPIUS, 1560–1616.
Harmonized by H. G. LEY.

In moderate time.


1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; Now is the
Vic - tor's tri - umph won; O let the song of
praise be sung: *Al - le - lu - - ya!*
Al - le - lu - - ya, Al - le - lu - ya!

[*Copyright, 1925, by Oxford University Press.*]

2 Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst: *Alleluya!*

3 On the third morn he rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain: *Alleluya!*

4 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to thee: *Alleluya!*

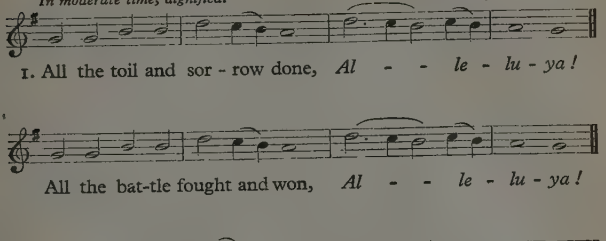
(*For alternative tune by Palestrina see Songs of Praise*, 96.)

74 (88)

LLANFAIR. (7 4. 7 4. D.)

In moderate time, dignified.

A. P. Stanley (cento), 1815–81.
Welsh Hymn Melody.


1. All the toil and sor - row done, Al - - le - lu - ya!
All the bat-tle fought and won, Al - - le - lu - ya!
Now be-hind we leave the past, Al - - le - lu - ya!
For-ward be our glan - ces cast. Al - - le - lu - ya!

2 Still his words before us range, *Alleluya!*
Through the ages as they change; *Alleluya!*
Wheresoe'er the truth will lead, *Alleluya!*
He will give the light we need. *Alleluya!*

3 Evermore in heart and mind, *Alleluya!*
We our life in him will find; *Alleluya!*
To our own eternal Friend, *Alleluya!*
Evermore let us ascend. *Alleluya!*

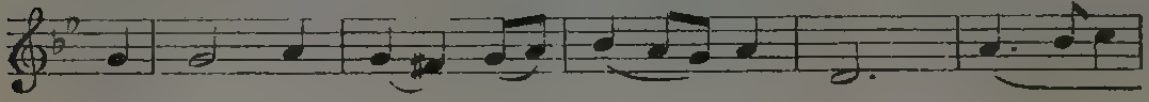
75 (97)

O FILII ET FILIAE (2). (8 8. 8 4. and Alleluyas.)

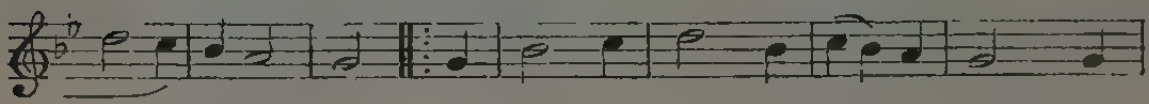
Ascribed to 17th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

Proper melody (modern version) as given in Webbe's *Motetts or Antiphons*, 1792.

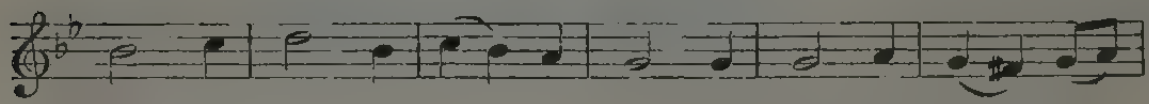
In moderate time.



1. *Al - le - lu - ya! Al - le - lu - ya! Al - -*



- - le-lu - ya! Ye sons and daugh-ters of the King, Whom



heaven - ly hosts in glo - ry sing, To - day the grave hath

lost its sting: *Al - - - le - lu - ya!*

2 On that first morning of the week,
Before the day began to break,
The Marys went their Lord to seek:
Alleluya!

3 An angel bade their sorrow flee,
For thus he spake unto the three:
'Your Lord is gone to Galilee':
Alleluya!

4 That night the Apostles met in fear,
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said : ' Peace be unto you here ' :
Alleluya !

5 When Thomas afterwards had heard
That Jesus had fulfilled his word,
He doubted if it were the Lord :
Alleluya !

6 ' Thomas, behold my side,' saith he,
' My hands, my feet, my body see ;
And doubt not, but believe in me ' :
Alleluya !

7 No longer Thomas then denied ;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side ;
' Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried :
Alleluya !

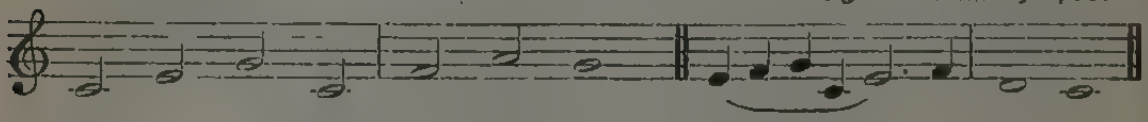
*8 Blessèd are they that have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
In life eternal they shall reign :
Alleluya !

76 (98)

EASTER HYMN.—Original Version. (7 4. 7 4. D.)

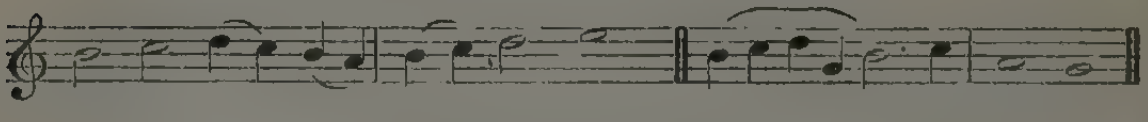
C. Wesley, 1707–88, and T. Cotterill (1820).
Lyra Davidica, 1708.

In moderate time.

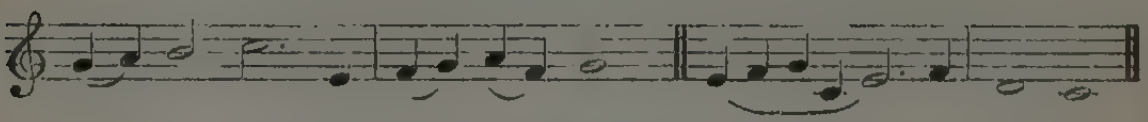


1. Hail the day that sees him rise *Al - - - le - lu - ya!*

Glo-rious to his na - tive skies; *Al - - - le - lu - ya!*



Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, *Al - - - le - lu - ya!*



En-ters now the high - est heaven! *Al - - - le - lu - ya!*

2 There the glorious triumph waits; *Alleluya!*
Lift your heads, eternal gates! *Alleluya!*
Christ hath vanquished death and sin; *Alleluya!*
Take the King of glory in! *Alleluya!*

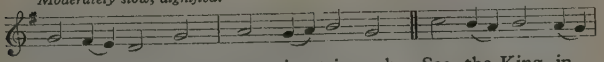
3 See! the heaven its Lord receives, *Alleluya!*
Yet he loves the earth he leaves: *Alleluya!*
Though returning to his throne, *Alleluya!*
Still he calls mankind his own. *Alleluya!*

77 (99)

IN BABILONE. (8 7. 8 7. D.)

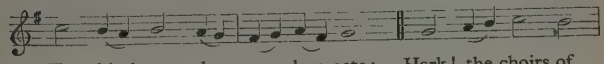
Bishop Chr. Wordsworth, 1807–85.
Dutch Traditional Melody.

Moderately slow, dignified.



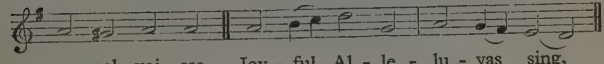
1. See the Con-queror mounts in tri-umph, See the King in
And the por - tals high are lift - ed To re - ceive their

roy - al state
heaven-ly King. Rid - ing on the clouds his cha - riot



To his heaven-ly pa - lace gate; Hark! the choirs of

D.C.



an - gel voi - ces Joy - ful Al - le - lu - yas sing,

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

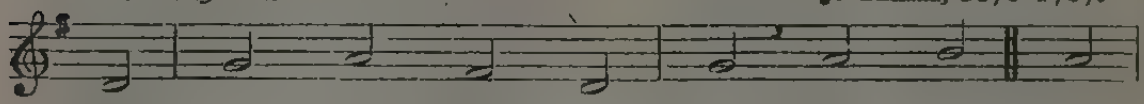
3 Thou hast raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in thine Ascension
We by faith behold our own.

(For alternative tune see Songs of Praise 99, *Second tune.)*

78 (364)

ST. MAGNUS (NOTTINGHAM). (C.M.) *T. Kelly*, 1769–1854.

Moderately slow. J. CLARK, 1670–1707.



1. The head that once was crowned with thorns Is

crowned with glo - ry now: A roy - al di - a -

- dem a - dorns The migh - ty Vic - tor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
  Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
  And heaven's eternal Light;

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
  The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
  And grants his name to know.

4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
  With all its grace is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
  Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
  They reign with him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
  The mystery of his love.

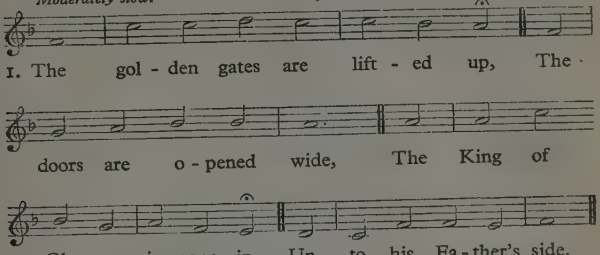
6 The Cross he bore is life and health,
  Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
  Their everlasting theme.

79 (363)

PRAETORIUS (FÜR DEIN EMPFANGEN SPEIS UND TRANK). (C.M.)

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823–95.

Moderately slow. Melody from the *Görlitz Gesangbuch*, 1599.



2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let thy dear grace be given,
That, while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That, where thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love, may be.
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee.

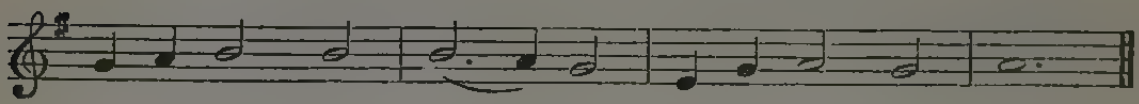
JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD
HIS COMING AGAIN

80 (443)

KINGS WESTON. (6 5. 6 5. D.) *Caroline M. Noel*, 1817–77.

Moderately slow. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

1. At the name of Je - sus Ev-ery knee shall bow,

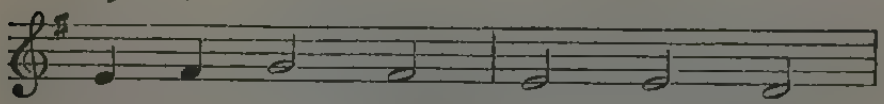


Ev-ery tongue con - fess him King of glo - ry now;

'Tis the Fa-ther's plea - sure We should call him Lord,

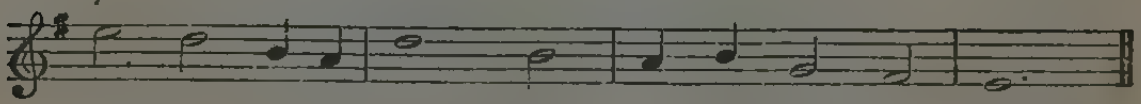
Who from the be - gin - ning Was the migh - ty Word.

v. 2, *l.* 1.



Name him, bro - thers, name him, With

ll. 7 *and* 8.



Ev - er to be wor-shipped, Trust-ed, and a - dored.

[*Copyright*, 1925, *by R. Vaughan Williams.*]

2 Name him, brothers, name him,
With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.

3 In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown him as your captain
In temptation's hour;
Let his will enfold you
In its light and power.

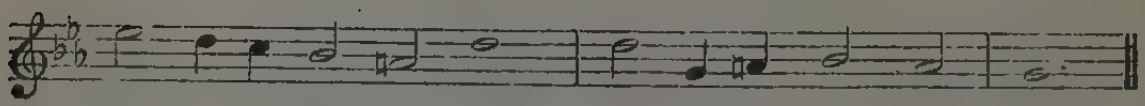
4 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With his Father's glory,
With his angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon his brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

81 (258)

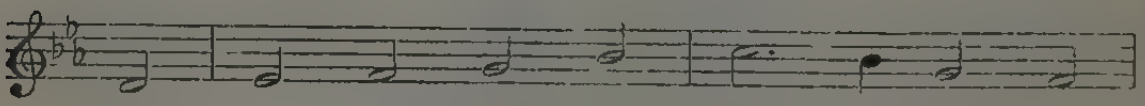
LITTLE CORNARD. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.) *Charles E. Oakley*, 1832–65.

With vigour. MARTIN SHAW.

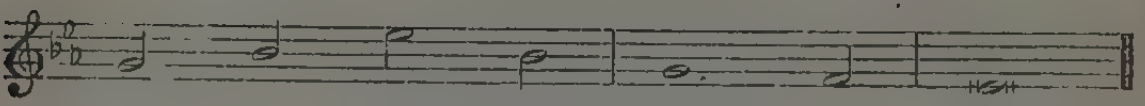
1. Hills of the North, re - joice; Ri - ver and moun-tain-spring,



Hark to the ad - vent voice; Val - ley and low - land, sing;



Though ab - sent long, your Lord is nigh; He



judge - ment brings and vic - to - ry.

[*Copyright*, 1915, *by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.*]

2 Isles of the Southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves:
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And makes your wastes his great highway.

3 Lands of the East, awake,
Soon shall your sons be free ;
The sleep of ages break
And rise to liberty.
On your far hills, long cold and grey,
Has dawned the everlasting day.

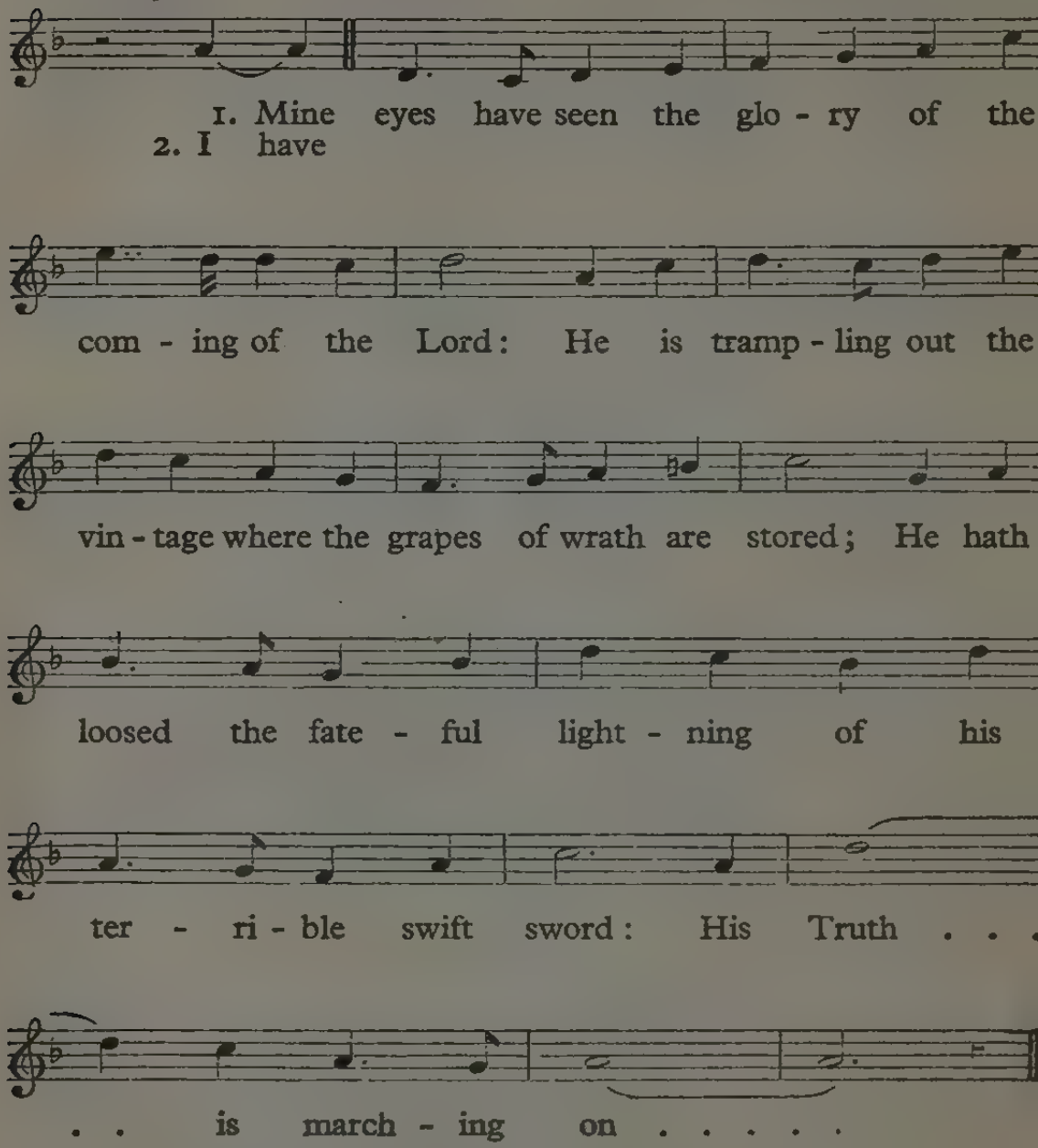
4 Shores of the utmost West,
Ye that have waited long,
Unvisited, unblest,
Break forth to swelling song ;
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.

5 Shout, while ye journey home ;
Songs be in every mouth ;
Lo, from the North we come,
From East, and West, and South.
City of God, the bond are free,
We come to live and reign in thee !

82 (304)

BATTLE SONG. (Irregular.) *Julia Ward Howe*, 1819–1910.

With life. MARTIN SHAW.


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the
2. I have
com - ing of the Lord: He is tramp - ling out the
vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his
ter - ri - ble swift sword: His Truth . . .
. . is march - ing on . . . . .

[*By permission of J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.*]

(*For alternative tune see Songs of Praise*, 304.)

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword :
His Truth is marching on.

*2 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :
His Day is marching on.

*3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel :
' As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal ;
Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.'

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgement-seat ;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him ; be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

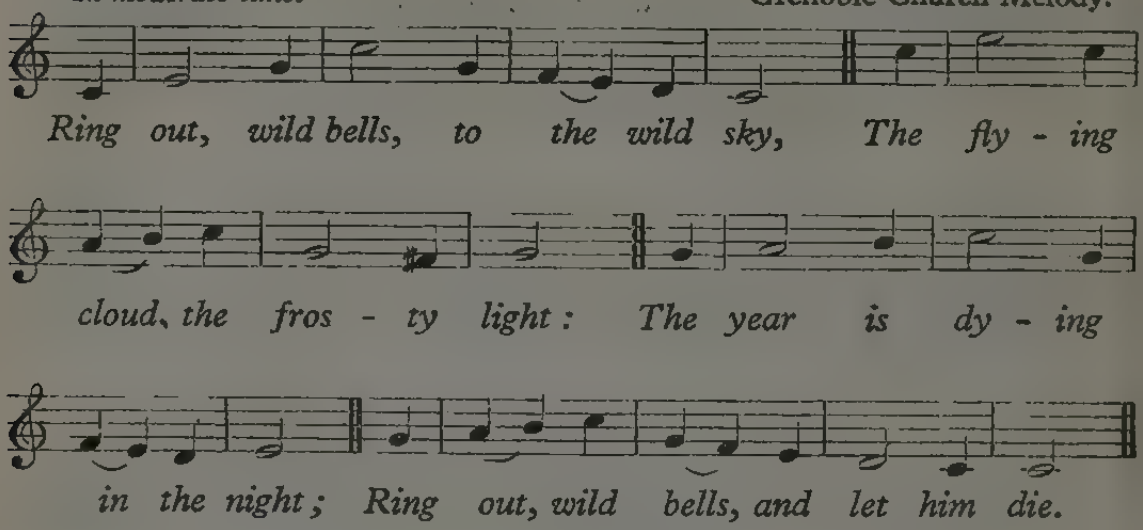
5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

6 He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave ;
He is wisdom to the mighty, he is succour to the brave ;
So the world shall be his footstool, and the soul of time his slave:
Our God is marching on.

83 (348)

DEUS TUORUM MILITUM. (L.M.) *Alfred Tennyson*, 1809–92.

In moderate time. Grenoble Church Melody.


Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The fly - ing
cloud, the fros - ty light: The year is dy - ing
in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

1 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

2 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

3 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

4 Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

5 Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

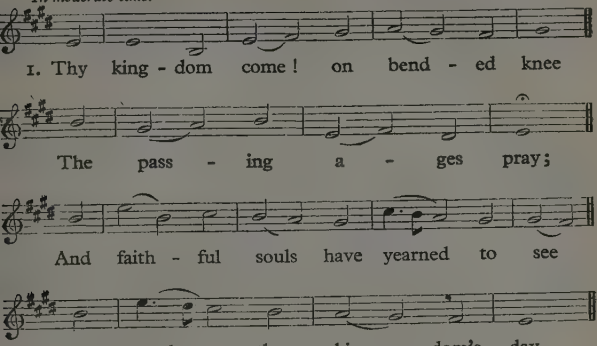
84 (386)

IRISH. (C.M.)

F. L. Hosmer.

Melody from *A Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems*, Dublin, 1749.

In moderate time.



2 But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong;
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

3 And lo, already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near:

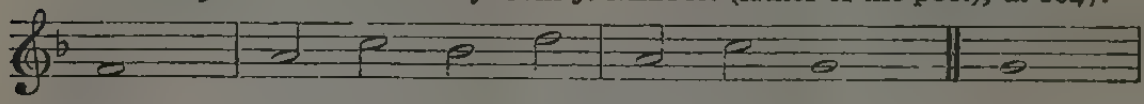
4 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed;

5 When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad;—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

85 (344)

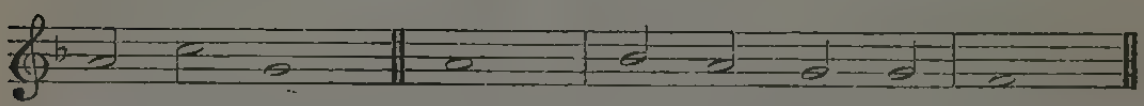
YORK. (C.M.)

J. Milton (*cento*), 1608–74.
Melody from *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.
Moderately slow. Harmony from J. MILTON (father of the poet), d. 1647.



1. The Lord will come and not be slow, His

foot-steps can-not err; Be - fore him right-eous-



-ness shall go, His roy-al har-bin-ger.

(*Descant*) 2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then;
And justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.

3 Rise, God, judge thou the earth in might,
This wicked earth redress;
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.

(*Descant*) 4 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
To glorify thy name.

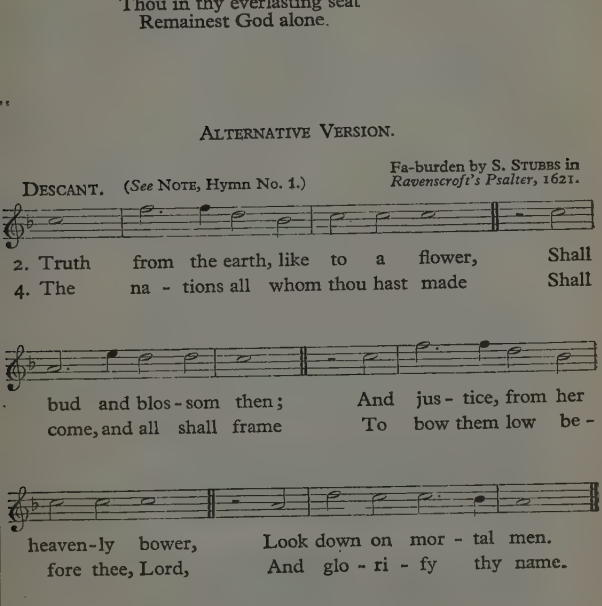
85 (*continued*)

5 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou in thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION.

Fa-burden by S. STUBBS in *Ravenscroft's Psalter*, 1621.

DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, Hymn No. 1.)


2. Truth from the earth, like to a flower, Shall
bud and blos - som then; And jus - tice, from her
heaven-ly bower, Look down on mor - tal men.
4. The na - tions all whom thou hast made Shall
come, and all shall frame To bow them low be -
fore thee, Lord, And glo - ri - fy thy name.

86 (399)

LOMBARD STREET. (11 10. 11 10.) (*See Hymn* 20.)

F. G. RUSSELL.

G. A. Studdert-Kennedy.

Slow.

1 When through the whirl of wheels, and engines humming,
Patiently powerful for the sons of men,
Peals like a trumpet promise of his coming
Who in the clouds is pledged to come again ;

2 When through the night the furnace fires a-flaring,
Shooting out tongues of flame like leaping blood,
Speak to the heart of Love, alive and daring,
Sing of the boundless energy of God ;

3 When in the depths the patient miner striving,
Feels in his arms the vigour of the Lord,
Strikes for a kingdom and his King's arriving,
Holding his pick more splendid than the sword ;

4 When on the sweat of labour and its sorrow,
Toiling in twilight flickering and dim,
Flames out the sunshine of the great to-morrow,
When all the world looks up because of him—

5 Then will he come with meekness for his glory,
God in a workman's jacket as before,
Living again the eternal gospel story,
Sweeping the shavings from his workshop floor.

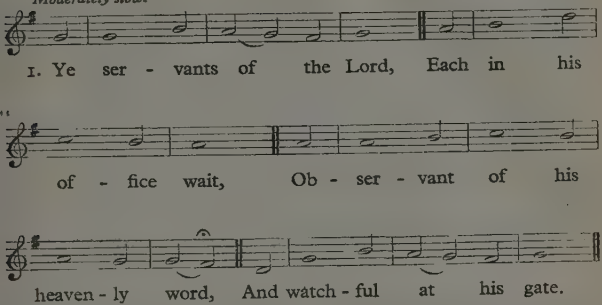
87 (402)

ST. EDMUND. (S.M.)

P. Doddridge, 1702–51.

Adapted from Hymn Melody by E. GILDING, d. 1782.

Moderately slow.



2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he 's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

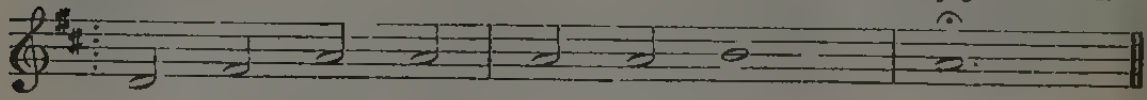
88 (391)

WACHET AUF ! (8 9 8. 8 9 8. 6 6 4. 8 8.)

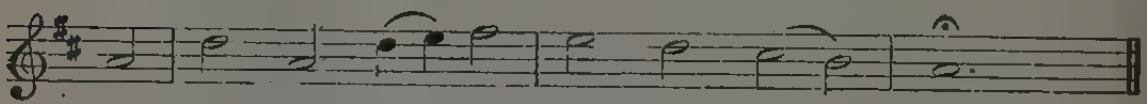
P. Nicolai, 1556–1608. *Tr. P. Dearmer.*

Melody by P. NICOLAI, 1556–1608.
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. BACH.

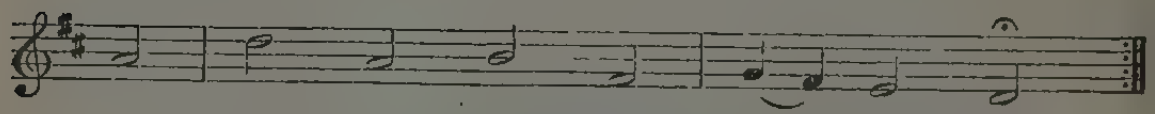
Slow and solemn.



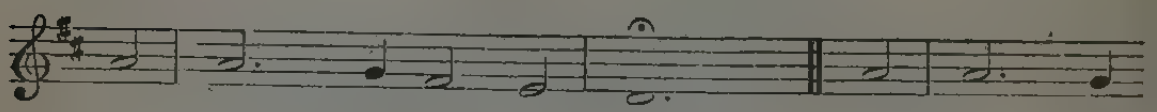
1. Wake, O wake ! for night is fly - ing !
Mid-night's past, the saints are say - ing,



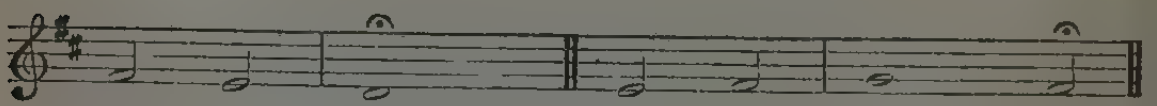
The watch-men from the heights are cry - ing,
The hour is come—no more de - lay - ing !



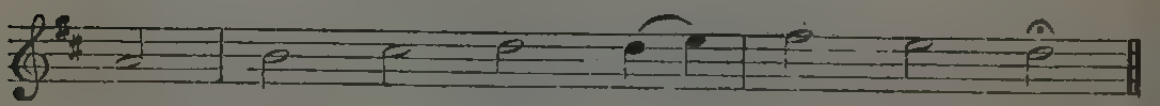
Come all ye peo - ple to the tryst.
To arms, all ye that love the Christ !



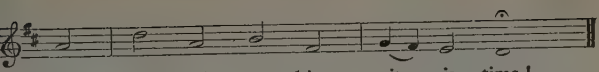
Be - hold he comes in sight, Raise high your



cres - sets bright ! Al - le - lu - ya !



Ring out the chime In buoy - ant rime ;



2 Now we hear the heralds singing,
And all our hearts with joy are springing;
We leap to arms with eager eyes;
Light shines clear, our star is blazing;
Comes forth our Friend with grace amazing,
His beauty, strength, and truth are ours.
All hail! thou radiant Lord,
Our Crown and our Reward!
Hosianna!
Lo, great and small,
We answer all,
We follow where thy voice shall call!

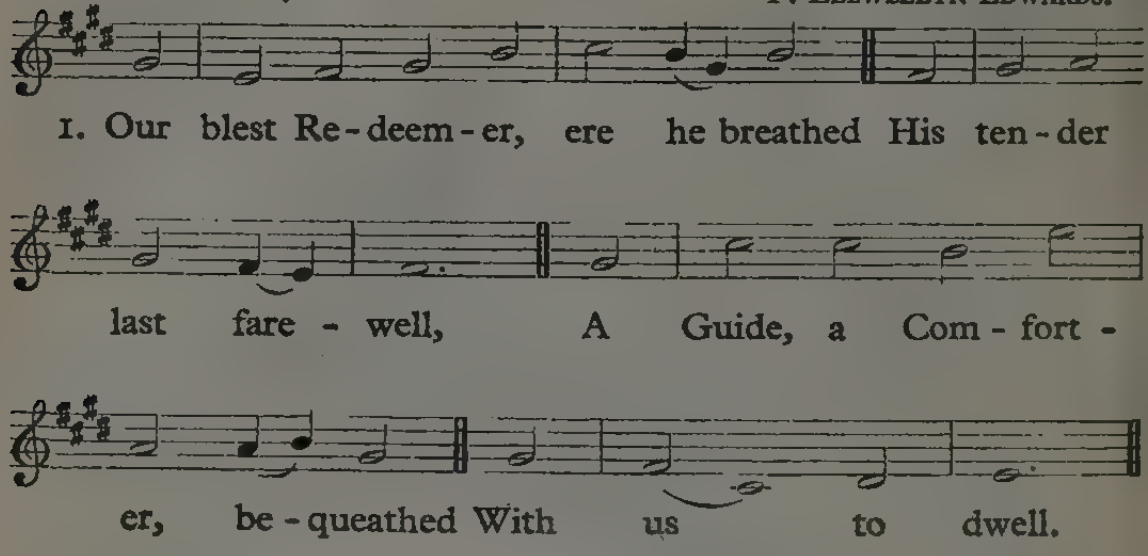
3 Honour, fame, to thee the Giver,
From men and angel-choirs, for ever!
We see thy coming, and give praise.
Gates are open, saints receive us;
Thy Kingdom never more shall leave us,
'Twill lie about us all our days:
No pearl hath ever bought,
Nor eye nor ear hath caught
Such a rapture!
The Advent song
Shout loud and strong,
Come all and join the festal throng!

(*See also Hymns* 148, 154, 204, 218, 219–221, *and Advent Hymns*, 34–39.)

89 (339) *Whitsuntide.*

KINGTON. (8 6. 8 4.) *Harriet Auber*, 1773–1862.

Slow and smooth. F. LLEWELLYN EDWARDS.



2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

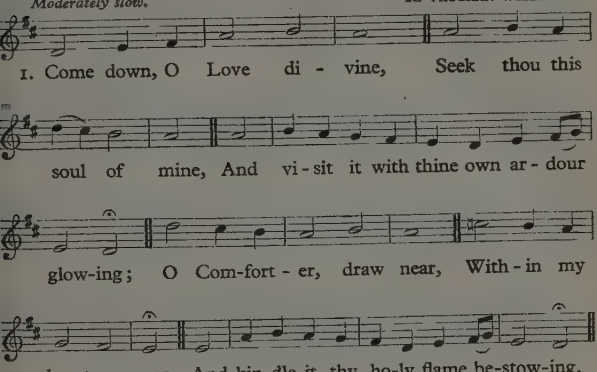
90 (217)

DOWN AMPNEY. (6 6. 11. D.)

Bianco da Siena, d. 1434. *Tr. R. F. Littledale.*

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

Moderately slow.


1. Come down, O Love di - vine, Seek thou this
soul of mine, And vi - sit it with thine own ar - dour
glow-ing; O Com-fort - er, draw near, With - in my
heart ap - pear, And kin-dle it, thy ho-ly flame be-stow-ing.

2 O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming;
And let thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

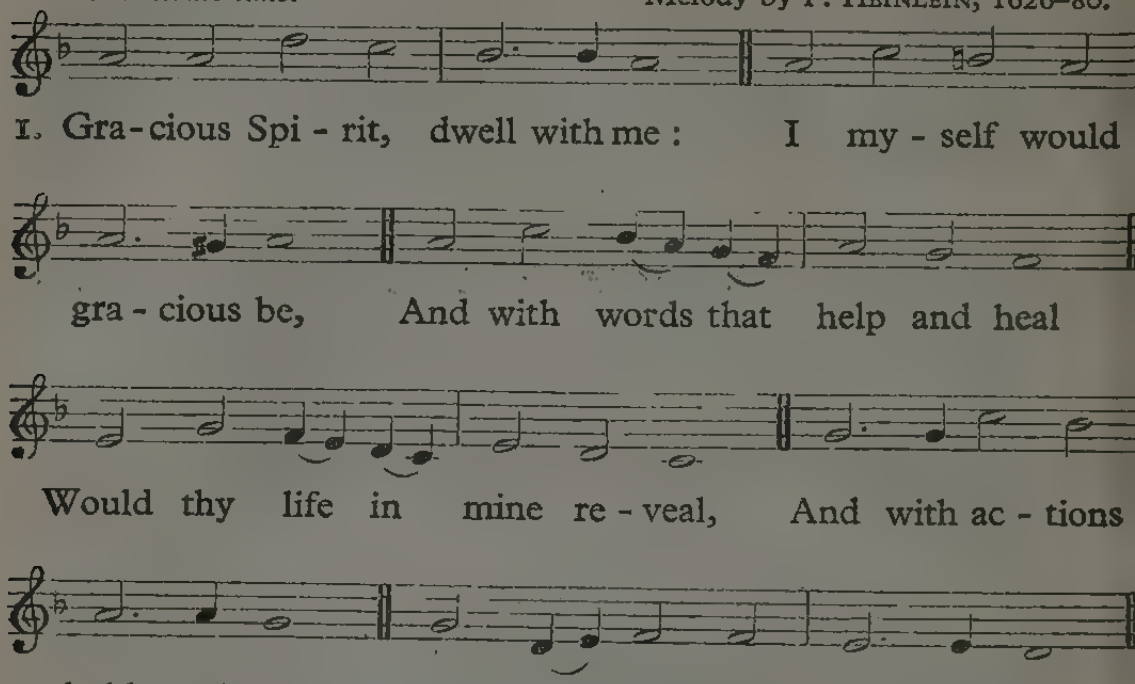
3 Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing;
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

4 And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling.

91 (243)

JESU, JESU DU MEIN HIRT. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.) *T. T. Lynch*, 1818–71.

In moderate time. Melody by P. HEINLEIN, 1626–80.


1. Gra-cious Spi-rit, dwell with me: I my-self would
gra-cious be, And with words that help and heal
Would thy life in mine re-veal, And with ac-tions
bold and meek Would for Christ my Sa-viour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would truthful be,
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let thy life in mine appear,
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

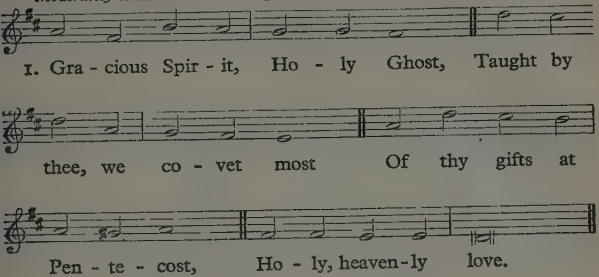
3 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would mighty be—
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

4 Holy Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be,
Give to him who gave me thee.

92 (244)

CAPETOWN. (7 7. 7 5.) *Bishop Chr. Wordsworth*, 1807–85.

Moderately slow. Adapted from a Chorale by F. FILITZ, 1804–76.



2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore give us love.

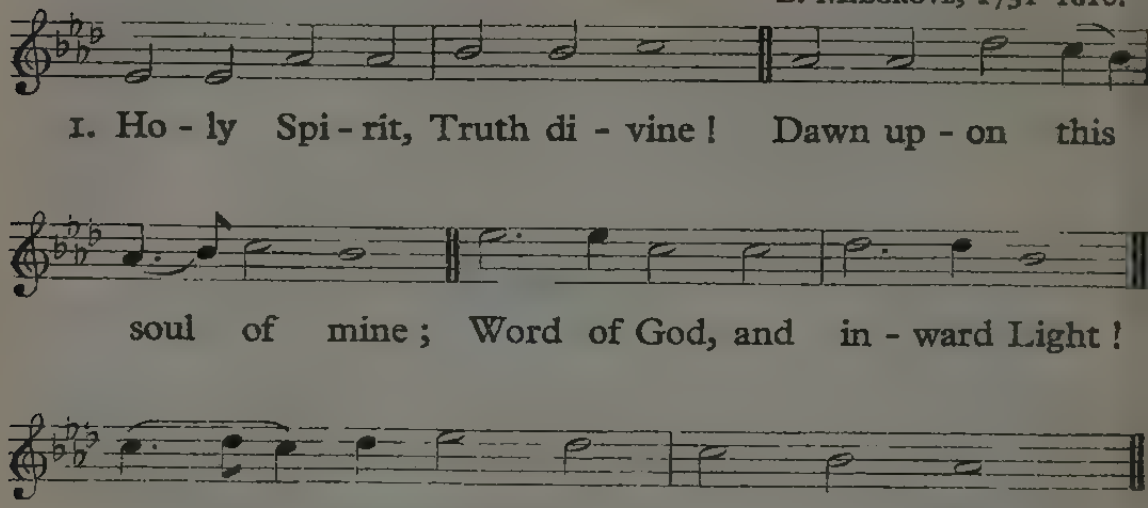
5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

93 (260)

HARTS. (7 7. 7 7.) *S. Longfellow*, 1819–92.

In moderate time. B. MILGROVE, 1731–1810.



2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire!

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear, and nobly strive.

4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!
King within my conscience reign;
Be my law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, for ever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Peace divine!
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

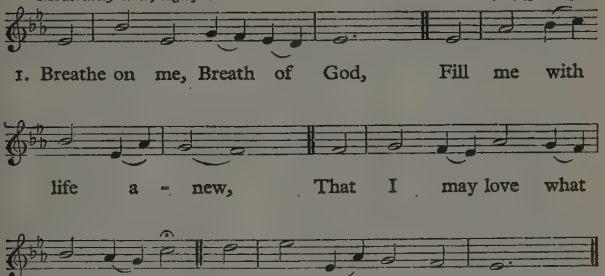
6 Holy Spirit, Joy divine!
Gladden thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing,
Spring, O Well, for ever spring!

94 (210)

CARLISLE. (S.M.)

Moderately slow, dignified.

Edwin Hatch, 1835–89.
C. LOCKHART, 1745–1815.



2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Blend all my soul with thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

NOTE.—*For Trinity Hymns see especially* 2, 156, *and the doxologies* 227, 229, 235; *also* 198, 207, 226. *And as the Trinity is also the Unity of God, Hymns* 3–6, 8–18, 24, 26, 222–224 *are not unsuitable, particularly for the weeks following this season.*

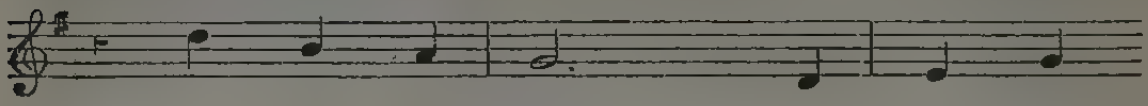
THE CHURCH IN HEAVEN AND EARTH

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

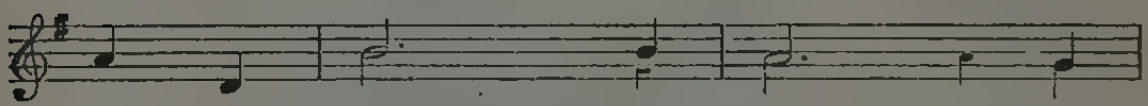
95 (110)

SINE NOMINE. (10 10. 10 4.) *Bishop W. W. How*, 1823–97.

In moderate time. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

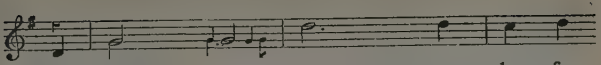


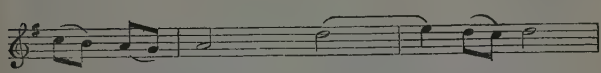
1. For all the Saints who from their
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fort - ress,
3. O may thy sol - diers, faith - ful,
4. O blest com - mu - - nion! fel - low -
5. And when the strife is fierce, the
6. The gol - den even - - ing bright - ens
7. But lo! there breaks a yet more
8. From earth's wide bounds, from o - cean's

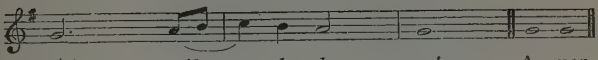


la - bours rest, Who thee by
and their Might; Thou, Lord, their
true, and bold, Fight as the
- ship di - vine! We fee - bly
war - fare long, Steals on the
in the west; Soon, soon to
glo - rious day; The Saints tri -
far - thest coast, Through gates of

faith be - fore the world con - fest,
Cap - tain in the well-fought fight;
Saints who no - bly fought of old,
strug - gle, they in glo - ry shine;
ear the dis - tant tri - umph - song,
faith - ful war - riors com - eth rest;
- um - phant rise in bright ar - ray:
pearl streams in the count - less host,


Thy name, O Je - su, be for
Thou in the dark - - ness drear their
And win, with them, the vic - tor's
Yet all are one in thee, for
And hearts are brave a - gain, and
Sweet is the calm of Pa - ra -
The King of glo - - ry pas - ses
Sing - ing to Fa - - ther, Son, and


ev - er blest :
one true Light :
crown of gold :
all are thine :
arms are strong :
- dise the blest :
on his way :
Ho - ly Ghost :
Al - - le - lu -


- ya ! Al - - le - lu - ya ! A - men.

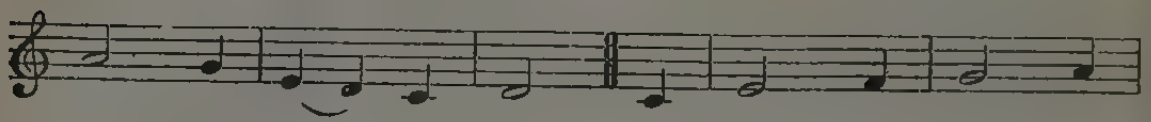
96 (134)

PHILIPPINE. (L.M.)

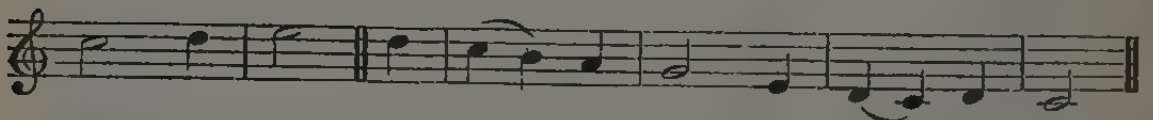
In moderate time.

J. M. Neale, 1818–66.
R. E. ROBERTS.

1. A - round the throne of God a band Of glo - rious



an - gels al - ways stand; Bright things they see, sweet



harps they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold!

[*Copyright, 1925, by Oxford University Press.*]

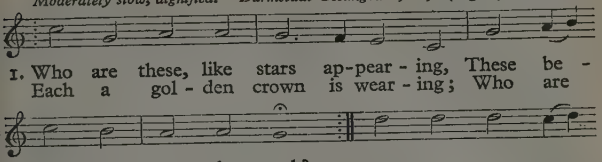
2 Some wait around him, ready still
To sing his praise and do his will;
And some, when he commands them, go
To guard his servants here below.

3 Lord, give thy angels every day
Command to guide us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4 So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To do us harm or cause us fear;
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round thy throne at last.

97 (128)

ALL SAINTS. (8 7. 8 7. 7 7.) *H. T. Schenk*, 1656–1727. *Tr. F. E. Cox.*
Moderately slow, dignified. *Darmstadt Gesangbuch*, 1698 (slightly adapted).


1. Who are these, like stars ap-pear-ing, These be-
Each a gol-den crown is wear-ing; Who are
fore God's throne who stand?
all this glo-rious band?
Al-le-lu-ya,
hark! they sing, Prais-ing loud their heaven-ly king.

2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand—
Whence comes all this glorious band?

3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

5 These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve him still:
Now, in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his face.

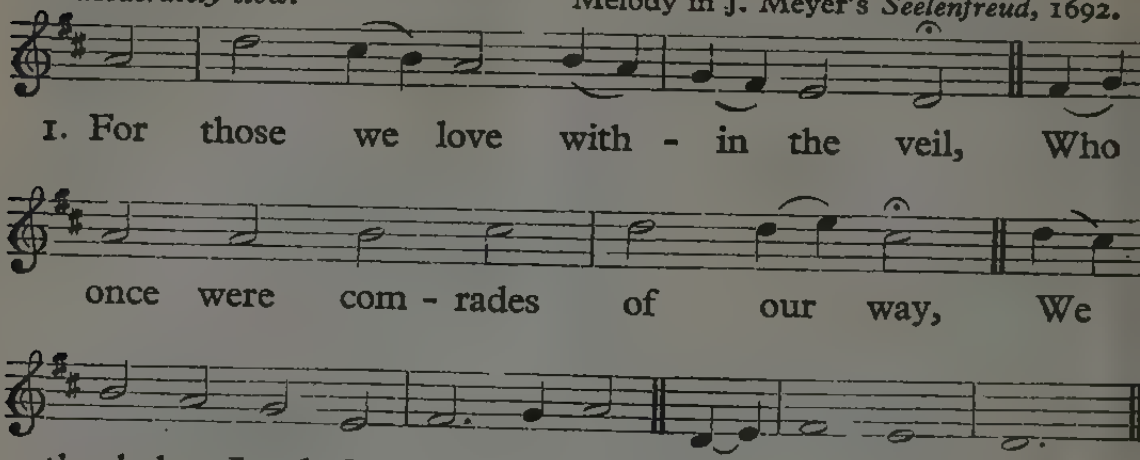
98 (159)

ES IST KEIN TAG. (8 8. 8 4.)

Moderately slow.

W. Charter Piggott.

Melody in J. Meyer's *Seelenfreud*, 1692.



2 And life for them is life indeed,
The splendid goal of earth's strait race;
And where no shadows intervene
They see thy face.

3 Not as we knew them any more,
Toilworn, and sad with burdened care,—
Erect, clear-eyed, upon their brows
Thy name they bear.

4 Free from the fret of mortal years,
And knowing now thy perfect will,
With quickened sense and heightened joy,
They serve thee still.

5 O fuller, sweeter is that life,
And larger, ampler is the air.
Eye cannot see nor heart conceive
The glory there;

6 Nor know to what high purpose thou
Dost yet employ their ripened powers,
Nor how at thy behest they touch
This life of ours.

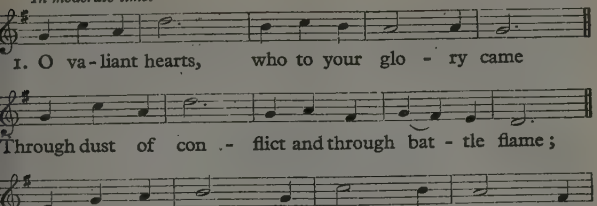
7 There are no tears within their eyes;
With love they keep perpetual tryst;
And praise and work and rest are one
With thee, O Christ.

99 (163)

VALIANT HEARTS. (10 10. 10 10.)

J. S. Arkwright.
GUSTAV HOLST.

In moderate time.


1. O va-liant hearts, who to your glo - ry came
Through dust of con - flict and through bat - tle flame;
Tran-quil you lie, your knight - ly vir - tue
proved, Your mem-ory hal - lowed in the land you loved.

*2 Proudly you gathered, rank on rank, to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save mankind—yourself you scorned to save.

*3 Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that never more shall fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

4 Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay,
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

5 Still stands his Cross from that dread hour to this,
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

6 These were his servants, in his steps they trod,
Following through death the martyred Son of God:
Victor he rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk his cup of sacrifice.

7 O risen Lord, O shepherd of our dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and whose staff has led,
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to thy gracious hand.

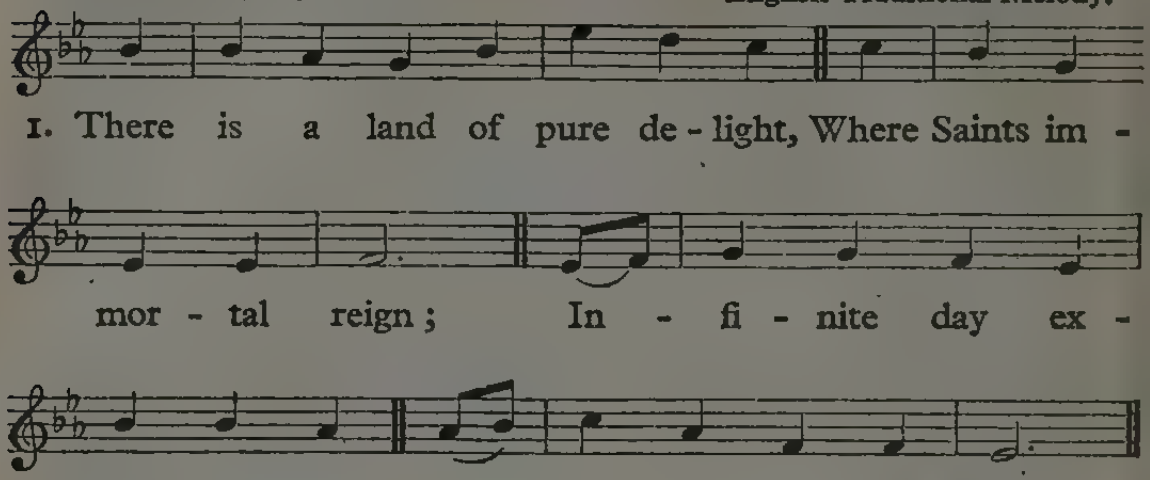
100 (125)

MENDIP. (C.M.)

In moderate time.

I. Watts, 1674–1748.

English Traditional Melody.



2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

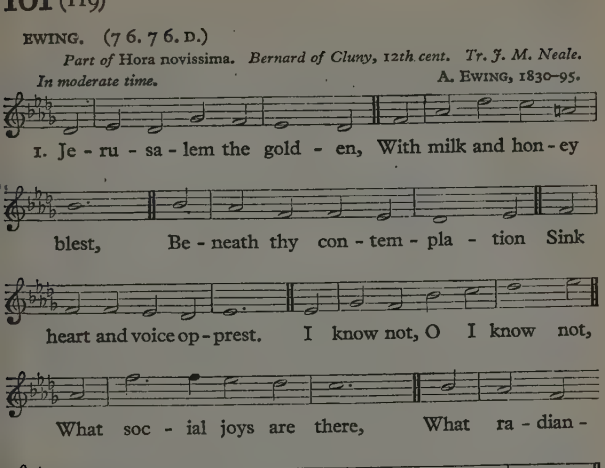
6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore!

101 (119)

EWING. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

Part of Hora novissima. *Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.*

In moderate time. A. EWING, 1830–95.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey
blest, Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink
heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not,
What soc - ial joys are there, What ra - dian -
- cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com-pare.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

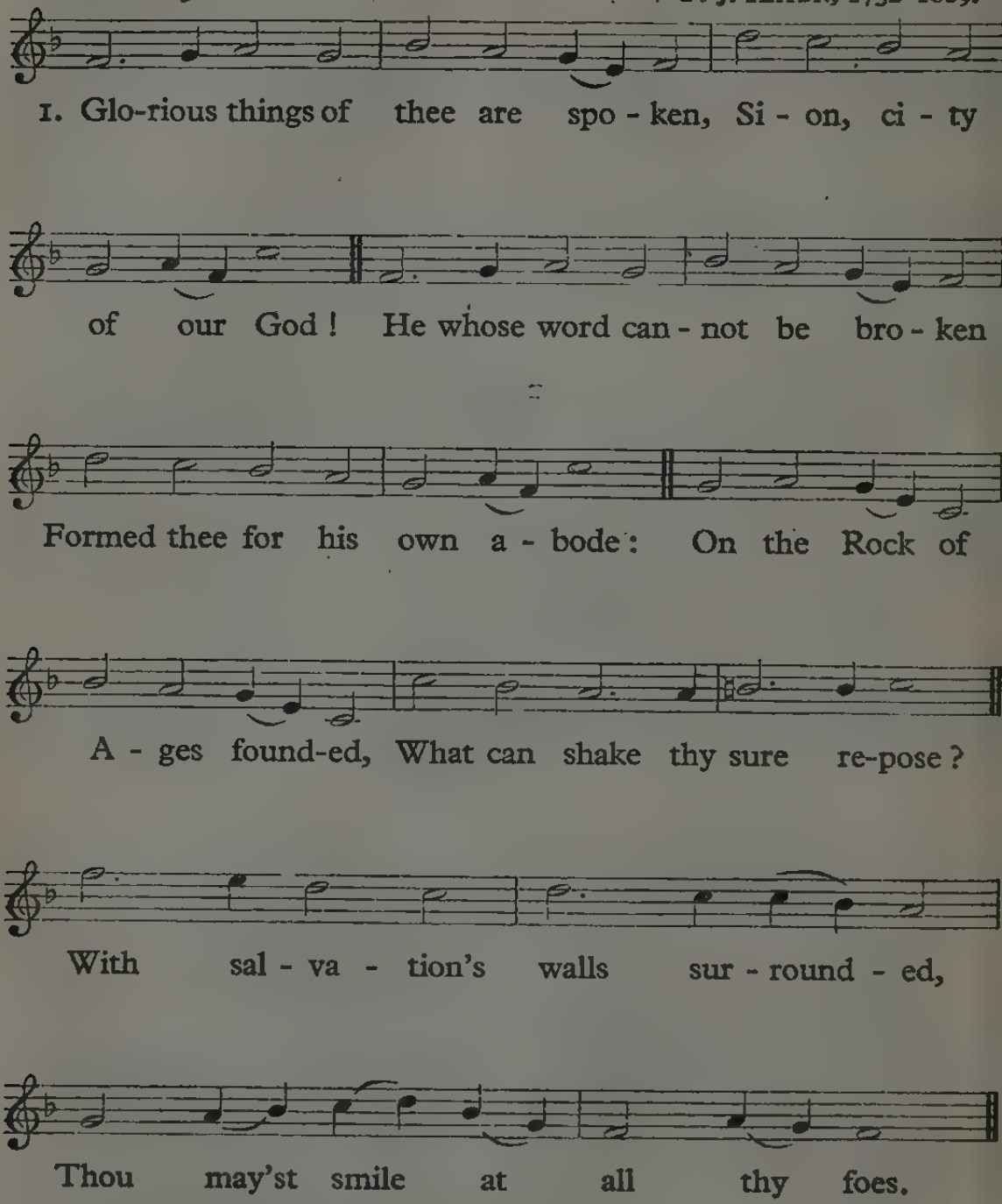
3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

102 (238)

AUSTRIAN HYMN. (8 7. 8 7. D.) *J. Newton*, 1725–1807.

Moderately slow. F. J. HAYDN, 1732–1809.


1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo - ken, Si - on, ci - ty
of our God! He whose word can - not be bro - ken
Formed thee for his own a - bode: On the Rock of
A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage,—
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Saviour, if of Sion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Sion's children know.

103

RICHMOND. (C.M.) (*See Hymn* 31.)

Adapted from T. HAWEIS, 1734–1820, by S. WEBBE (the younger). *S. Johnson*, 1822–82.

Moderately slow.

1 City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!
The true thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.

(*Descant*) 2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent;
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent.

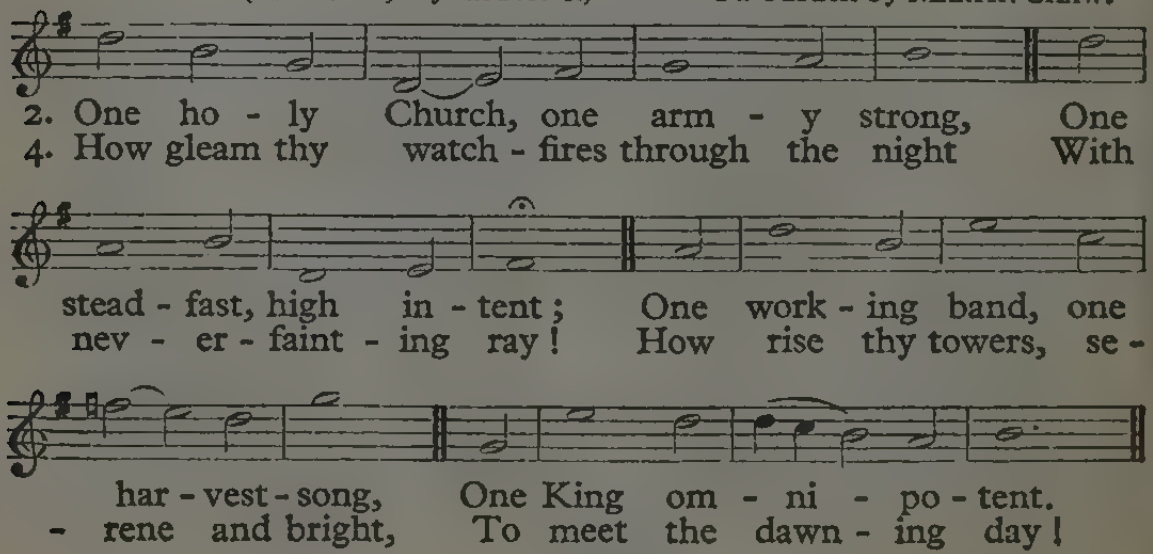
3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth!
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love and truth!

(*Descant*) 4 How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stands.

ALTERNATIVE VERSION.

DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, Hymn No. 1.) Fa-burden by MARTIN SHAW.

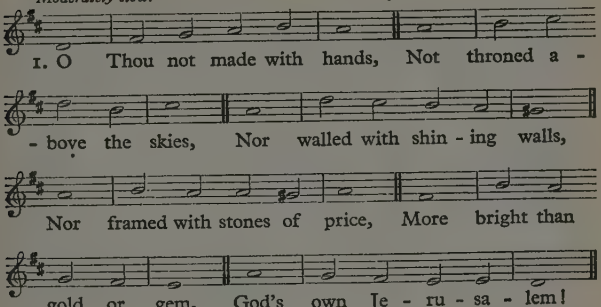

2. One ho - ly Church, one arm - y strong, One
4. How gleam thy watch - fires through the night With
stead - fast, high in - tent; One work - ing band, one
nev - er - faint - ing ray! How rise thy towers, se -
har - vest - song, One King om - ni - po - tent.
- rene and bright, To meet the dawn - ing day!

104 (334)

OLD 120TH. (6 6. 6 6. 6 6.)

Moderately slow.

F. T. Palgrave, 1824–97.
Melody from *Este's Psalter*, 1592.


1. O Thou not made with hands, Not throned a -
- bove the skies, Nor walled with shin - ing walls,
Nor framed with stones of price, More bright than
gold or gem, God's own Je - ru - sa - lem!

2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace;

4 Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in his steps we tread,
Who trod the way of woe;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

5 Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are,
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem.

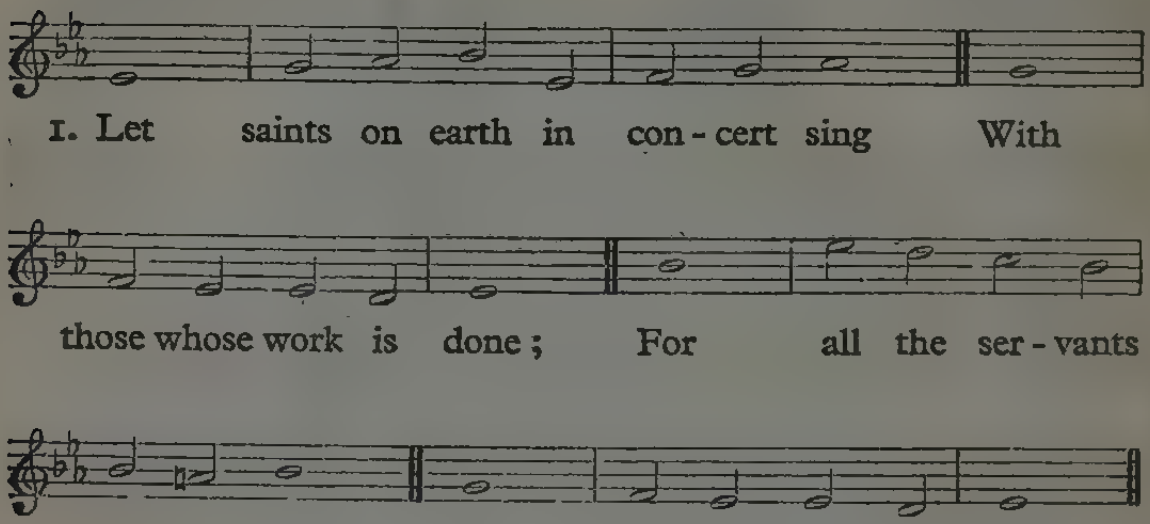
105 (289)

DUNDEE. (C.M.)

C. Wesley, 1707–88, and others.

Scottish Psalter, 1615, as given in Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.

Moderately slow.


1. Let saints on earth in con-cert sing With
those whose work is done; For all the ser-vants
of our King In earth and heaven are one.

(*Descant*) 2 One family, we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

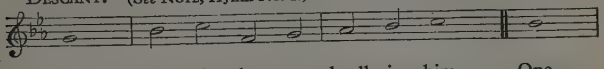
3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of his host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

(*Descant*) 4 E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest,
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

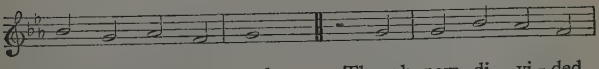
5 Jesu, be thou our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

Alternative Version.

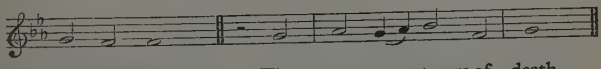
Descant. (*See* Note, Hymn No. 1.) Fa-burden by T. Ravenscroft.



2. One fam - i - ly, we dwell in him, One
4. E'en now to their e - ter - nal home There



Church, a - bove, be - neath;
pass some spi - rits blest,
Though now di - vi - ded
While o - thers to the



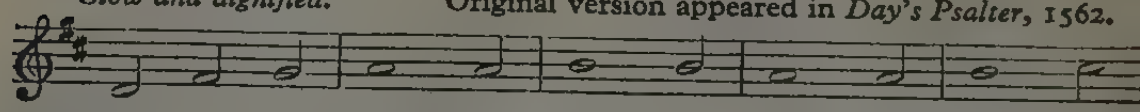
by the stream,
mar - gin come,
The nar - row stream of death.
Wait - ing their call to rest.

106 (124)

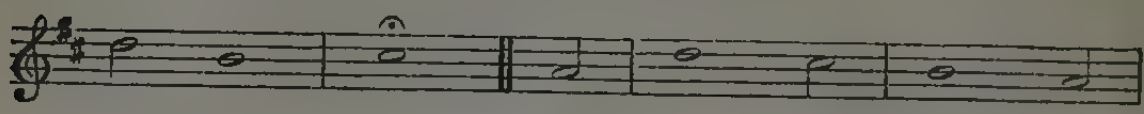
OLD 81ST. (D.C.M.)

Slow and dignified.

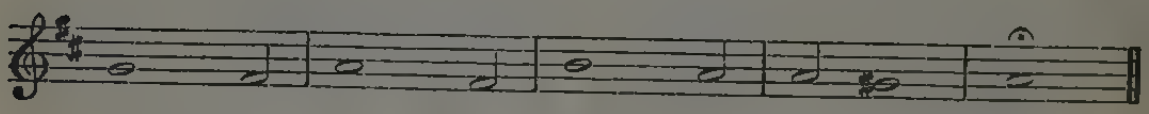
Bishop R. Heber, 1783–1826.
Original version appeared in *Day's Psalter*, 1562.



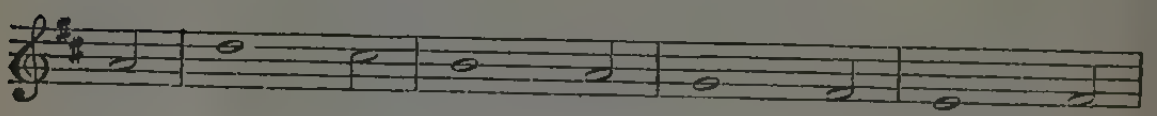
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly



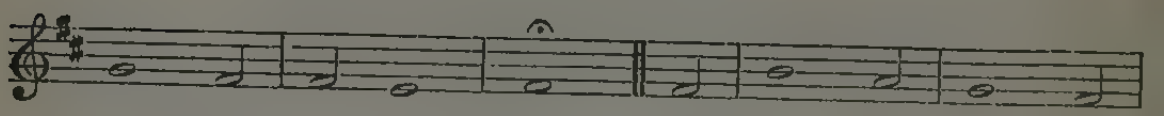
crown to gain; His blood - red ban - ner



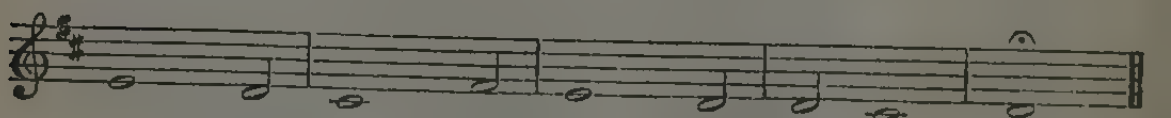
streams a - far! Who fol - lows in his train?



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri -



- um - phant o - ver pain, Who pa - tient bears his



cross be - low, He fol - lows in his train.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar !
Who follows in his train ?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

2 The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.
Like him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong !
Who follows in his train ?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel ;
Who follows in their train ?

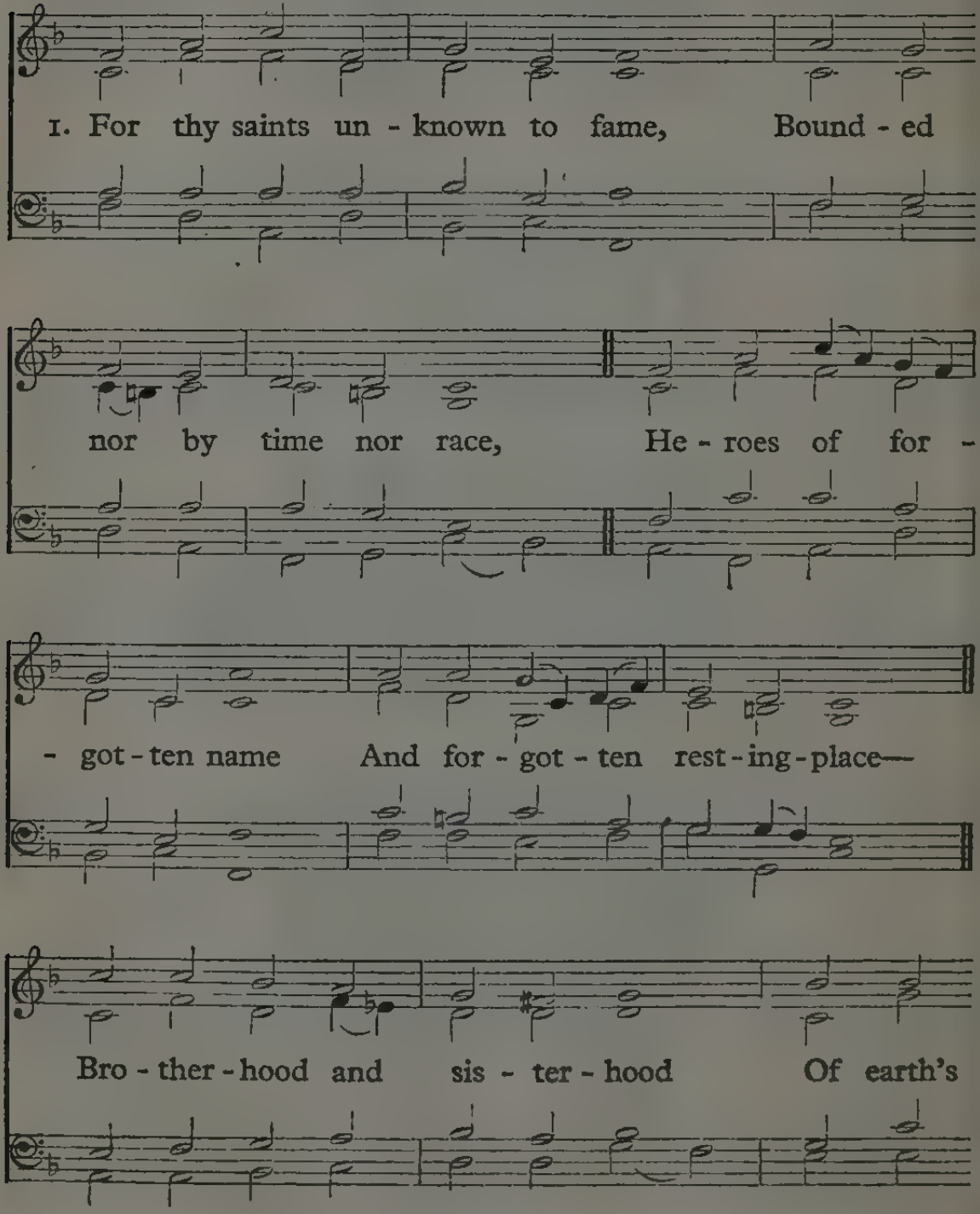
4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain ;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

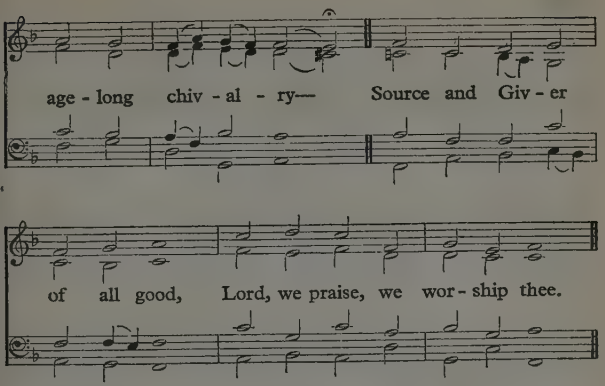
107*

G. W. Briggs.

LOUGHBOROUGH COLLEGE. G. W. BRIGGS.

In moderate time, with vigour. Loughborough College Hymn.


1. For thy saints un - known to fame, Bound - ed
nor by time nor race, He - roes of for -
- got - ten name And for - got - ten rest - ing - place—
Bro - ther - hood and sis - ter - hood Of earth's



2 Prince and peasant, bond and free, [sword,
Warriors wielding freedom's
Bold adventurers on the sea,
Faithful stewards of the word,
Toilers in the mine and mill,
Toilers at the furnace-blaze,
Long forgotten, living still,
All thy servants tell thy praise.

3 Valiantly o'er sea and land
Trod they the untrodden way,
True and faithful to command,
Swift and fearless to obey:
Strong in heart and hand and brain, [weak,
Strong, yet battling for the
Recked they not of their own gain, [seek.
Their own safety scorned to

4 Marvels new and manifold,
Taught of thee, they taught their day: [old,
Fear and bondage, long grown
In thy strength they swept away: [lame,
Healed the sick and halt and
Made the doubly blind to see:
Glorious Lord, their glorious name
Safe is treasured up with thee.

5 Evermore their life abides,
Who have lived to do thy will:
High above the changing tides
Stands their City on the hill:
Lord and Light of every age,
By thy same sure counsel led,
Heirs of their great heritage,
In their footsteps will we tread.

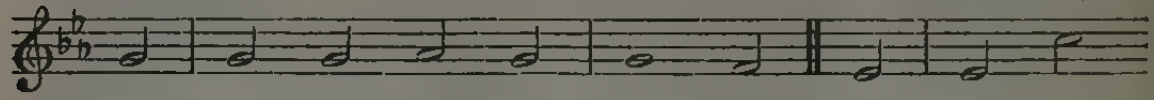
(NOTE.—*This tune is put into a low key to bring it within the range of the older boys. For younger boys and for girls it may be transposed a tone higher. This Hymn may also be sung to Aberystwyth, Hymn 117, Songs of Praise, 274.*)

108 (132 alt.)

AURELIA. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

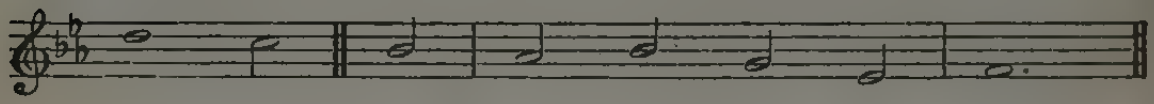
In moderate time.

S. J. Stone, 1839–1901.
S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76.



1. The Church-'s one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus

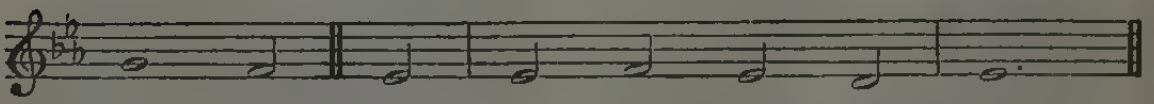
Christ, her Lord; She is his new cre -



- a - tion By wa - ter and the Word:

From heaven he came and sought her To be his

ho - ly Bride, With his own Blood he



bought her, And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

(*See also Hymns* 141, 225, 226.)

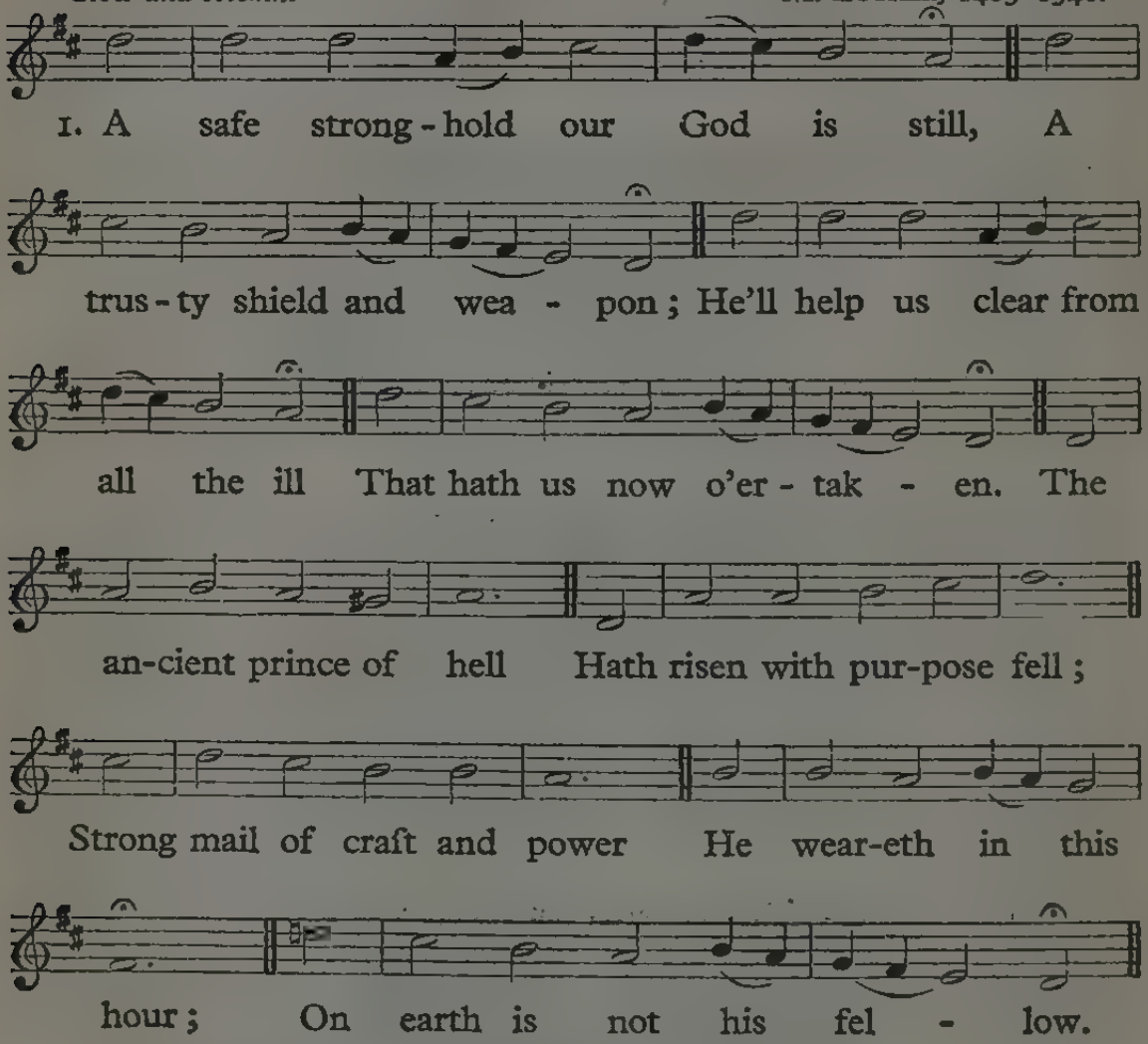
109 (199)

EIN' FESTE BURG. (8 7. 8 7. 6 6. 6 6 7.)

Martin Luther, 1483–1546. *Tr. Thomas Carlyle.*

Present form of melody by M. LUTHER, 1483–1546.

Slow and solemn.


1. A safe strong-hold our God is still, A
trus-ty shield and wea - pon; He'll help us clear from
all the ill That hath us now o'er-tak - en. The
an-cient prince of hell Hath risen with pur-pose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power He wear-eth in this
hour; On earth is not his fel - low.

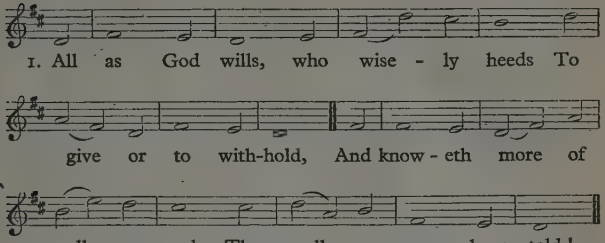
2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

110 (1)

STRACATHRO. (C.M.)

In moderate time.

J. G. Whittier, 1807–92.
Scottish Hymn Melody.



2 Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;

3 That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight;

*5 That care and trial seem at last,
Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair;

*6 That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

7 And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

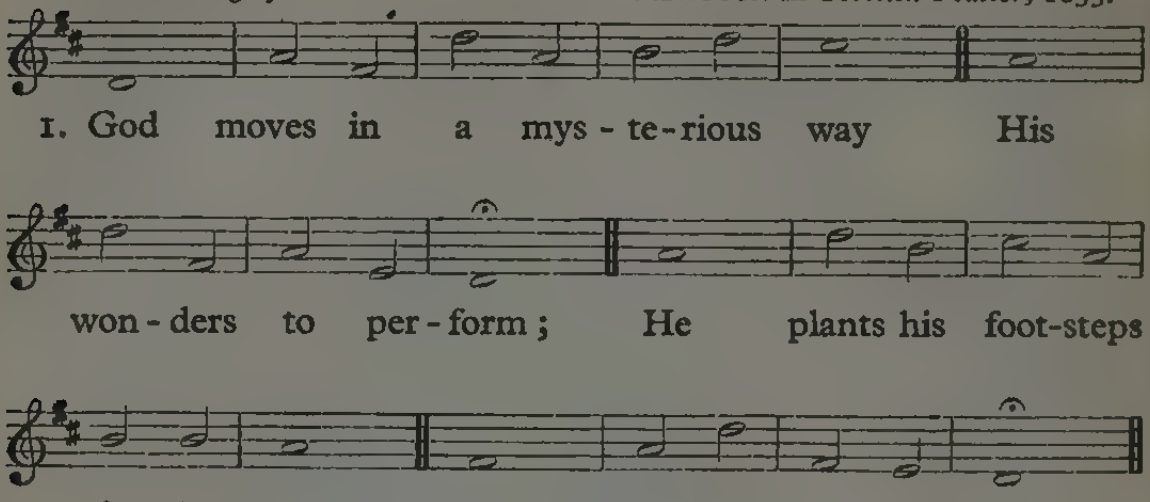
111 (240)

LONDON NEW. (C.M.)

W. Cowper, 1731–1800.

Playford's Psalms, 1671. Adapted from NEWTOUN in *Scottish Psalter*, 1635.

Slow and dignified.



2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

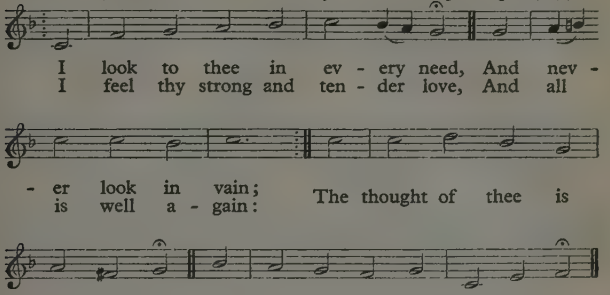
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

112 (268)

O JESU. (8 6. 8 6. 8 8.) *S. Longfellow*, 1819–92.

Moderately slow. Melody in the *Hirschberg Gesangbuch*, 1741.


I look to thee in ev - ery need, And nev -
I feel thy strong and ten - der love, And all
- er look in vain;
is well a - gain:
The thought of thee is
might - ier far Than sin and pain and sor - row are.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

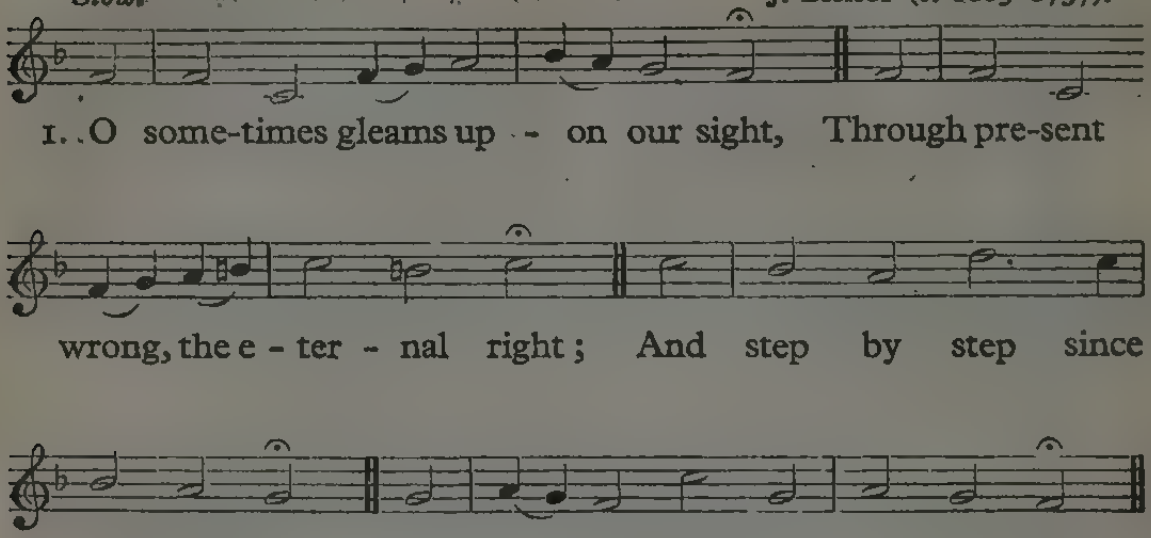
3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will:
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

4 Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

113 (329)

ILLSLEY. (L.M.) *J. G. Whittier*, 1807–92.

Slow. J. BISHOP (*c.* 1665–1737).


1. O some-times gleams up - on our sight, Through pre-sent
wrong, the e - ter - nal right; And step by step since
time be - gan We see the stea - dy gain of man.

2 That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3 Through the harsh noises of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

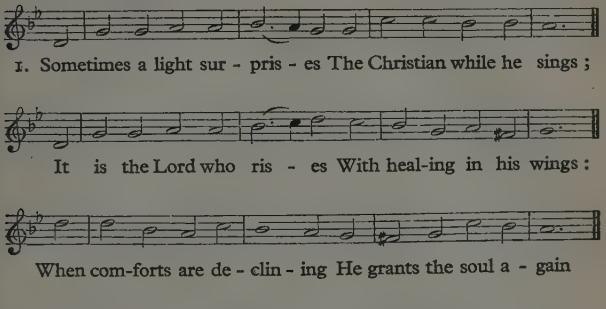
4 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now, and here, and everywhere.

114 (354)

LLANGLOFFAN. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

In moderate time.

W. Cowper, 1731–1800.
Welsh Hymn Melody.


1. Sometimes a light sur - pris - es The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who ris - es With heal-ing in his wings :
When com-forts are de - clin - ing He grants the soul a - gain
A sea-son of clear shin - ing To cheer it af - ter rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too ;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

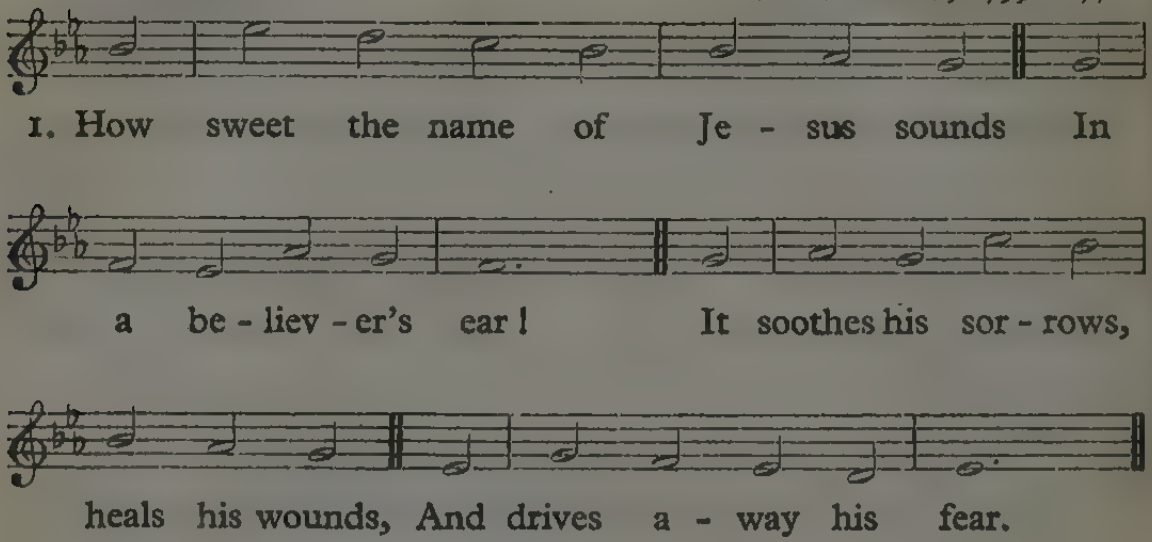
4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

115 (265)

ST. PETER. (C.M.)

In moderate time.

J. Newton, 1725–1807.
A. R. REINAGLE, 1799–1877.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

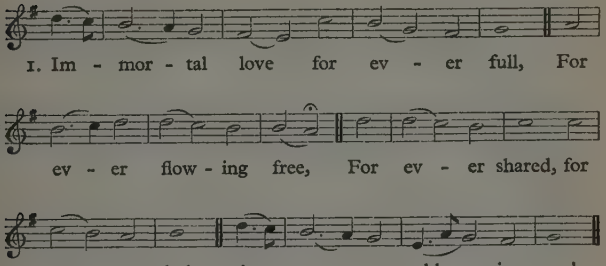
4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

116 (272)

BISHOPTHORPE (or ST. PAUL'S). (C.M.) *J. G. Whittier*, 1807–92.
In moderate time. J. CLARK, 1670–1707.



2 Our outward lips confess the name,
All other names above;
Love only knoweth whence it came
And comprehendeth love.

3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown;

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

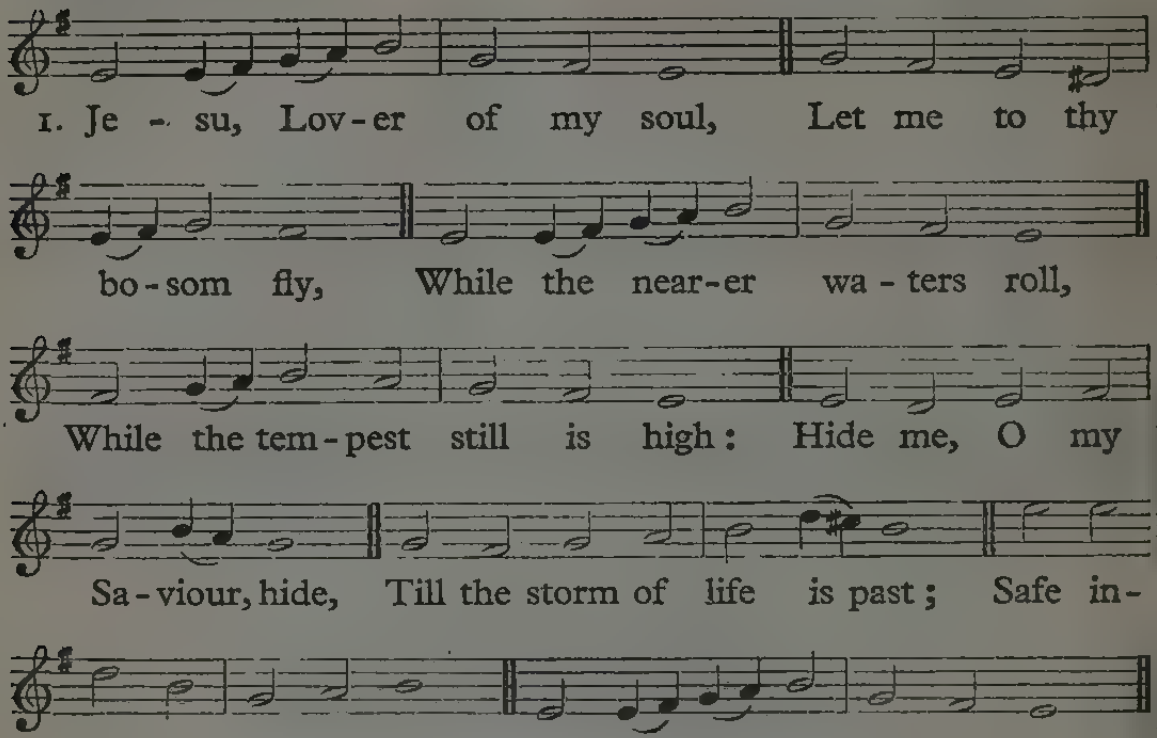
5 The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

6 Alone, O Love ineffable,
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven.

117 (274)

ABERYSTWYTH. (7 7. 7 7. D.) *C. Wesley*, 1707–88.

Slow. JOSEPH PARRY, 1841–1903.


1. Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy
bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters roll,
While the tem - pest still is high: Hide me, O my
Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in -
- to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

[*By permission of Hughes & Son, Wrexham.*]

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

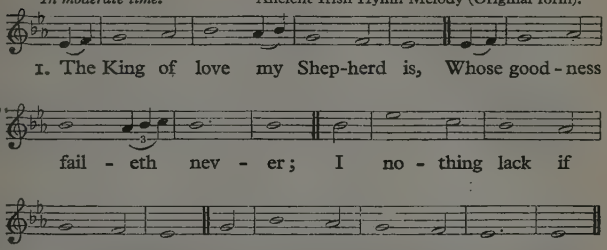
*3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

118 (366)

ST. COLUMBA. (8 7. 8 7.) *Sir H. W. Baker*, 1821–77.
Ps. 23.

In moderate time. Ancient Irish Hymn Melody (Original form).



2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth:
And O what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

(*For alternative tune see S.P.* 366.)

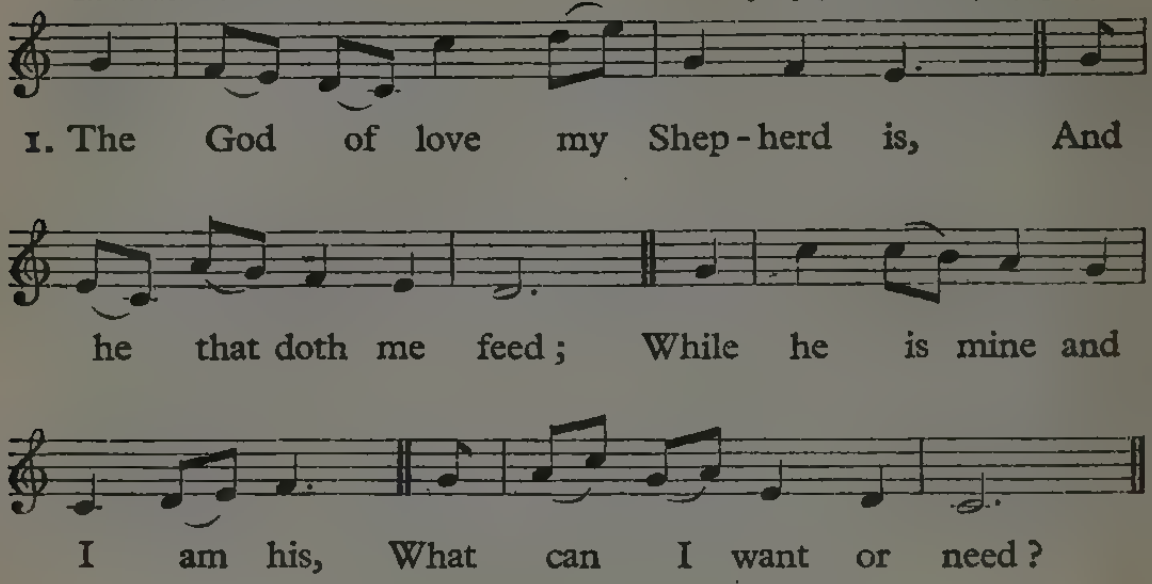
119 (362)

UNIVERSITY. (C.M.)

George Herbert, 1593–1632.
Ps. 23.

In moderate time.

Probably by J. RANDALL, 1715–99.



(*Descant*) 2 He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest;
Then to the streams that gently pass:
In both I have the best.

3 Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame,
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

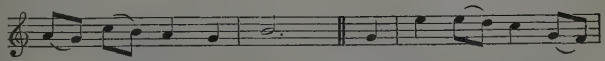
(*Descant*) 4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.

5 Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days;
And as it never shall remove
So neither shall my praise.

Alternative Version.

Descant. (*See* Note, Hymn No. 1.) Fa-burden by Martin Shaw.

2. He leads me to the ten - der grass, Where
4. Yea, in death's sha - dy black a - bode Well



I both feed and rest; Then to the streams that
may I walk, not fear; For thou art with me,

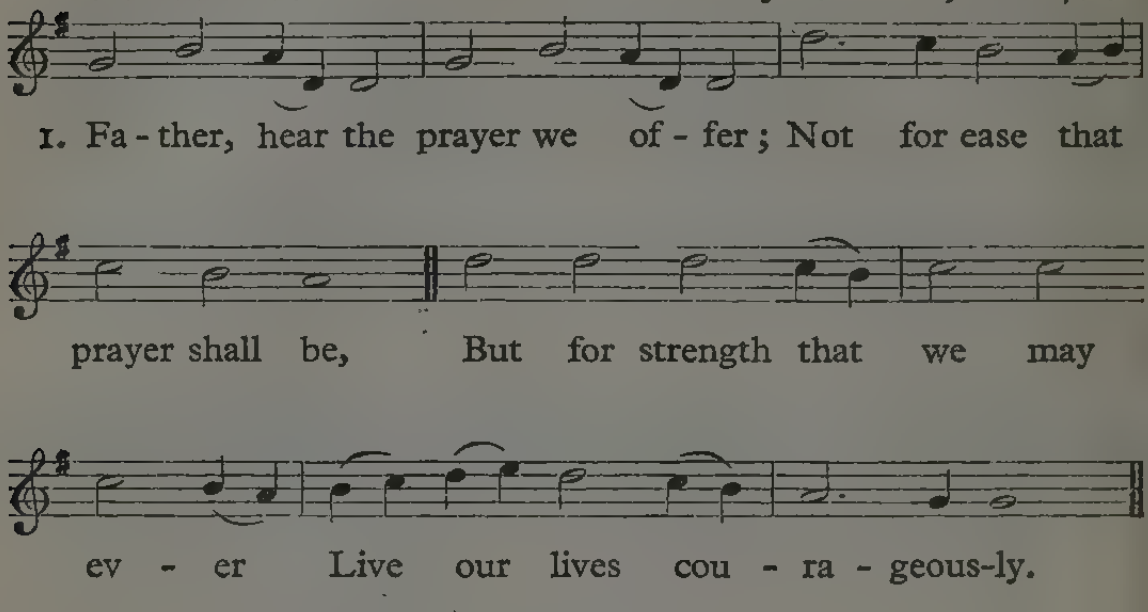
gent - ly pass: In both I have the best.
and thy rod To guide, thy staff to bear.

COURAGE

120 (229)

GOTT WILL'S MACHEN. (8 7. 8 7.) *Mrs. L. M. Willis* (1864).

In moderate time. J. L. STEINER, 1688–1761.


1. Fa - ther, hear the prayer we of - fer; Not for ease that
prayer shall be, But for strength that we may
ev - er Live our lives cou - ra - geous-ly.

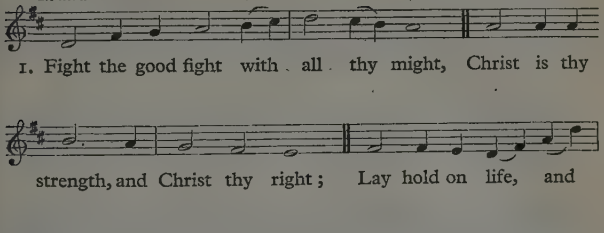
2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly rest and stay;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side.

121 (232)

DUKE STREET. (L.M.) *J. S. B. Monsell*, 1811–75.
In moderate time. J. HATTON, d. 1793.


1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy
strength, and Christ thy right; Lay hold on life, and
it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

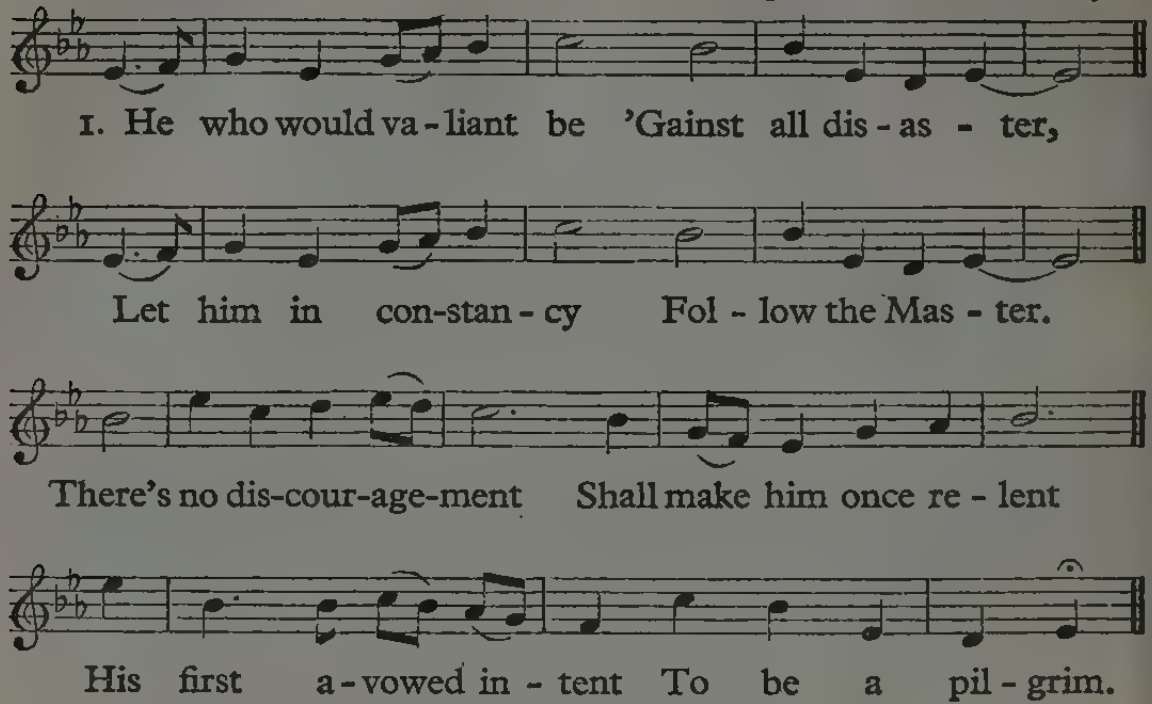
3 Cast care aside, upon thy Guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

122 (255)

MONKS GATE. (11 11. 12 11.) *J. Bunyan*, 1628–88, *and others.*

Brightly. Adapted from an English Traditional Melody.


1. He who would va - liant be 'Gainst all dis - as - ter,
Let him in con-stan - cy Fol - low the Mas - ter.
There's no dis-cour-age-ment Shall make him once re - lent
His first a - vowed in - tent To be a pil - grim.

2 Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight:
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

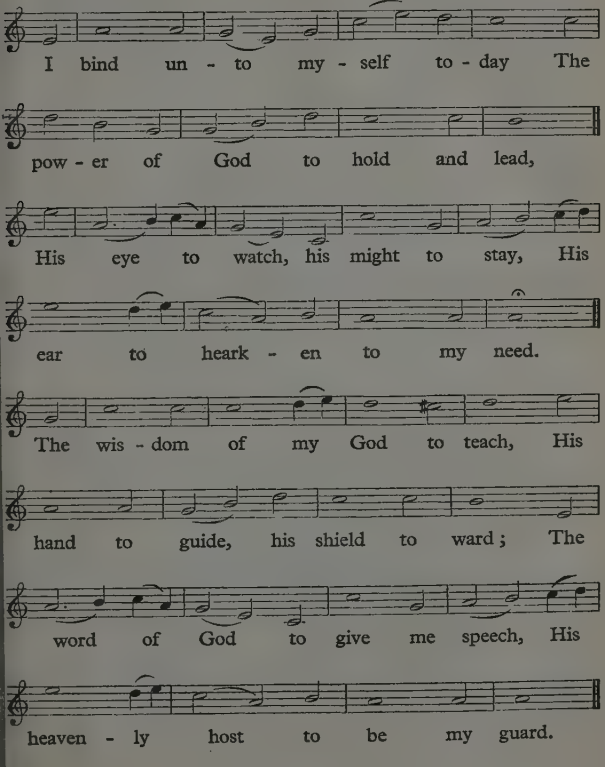
3 Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away!
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

123 (266)

From 'St. Patrick's Breastplate.'

ST. PATRICK. (D.L.M.) *St. Patrick*, 372–466. *Tr. Mrs. C. F. Alexander.*

Slow and dignified. From an Ancient Irish Hymn Melody.


I bind un - to my - self to - day The
pow - er of God to hold and lead,
His eye to watch, his might to stay, His
ear to heark - en to my need.
The wis - dom of my God to teach, His
hand to guide, his shield to ward; The
word of God to give me speech, His
heaven - ly host to be my guard.

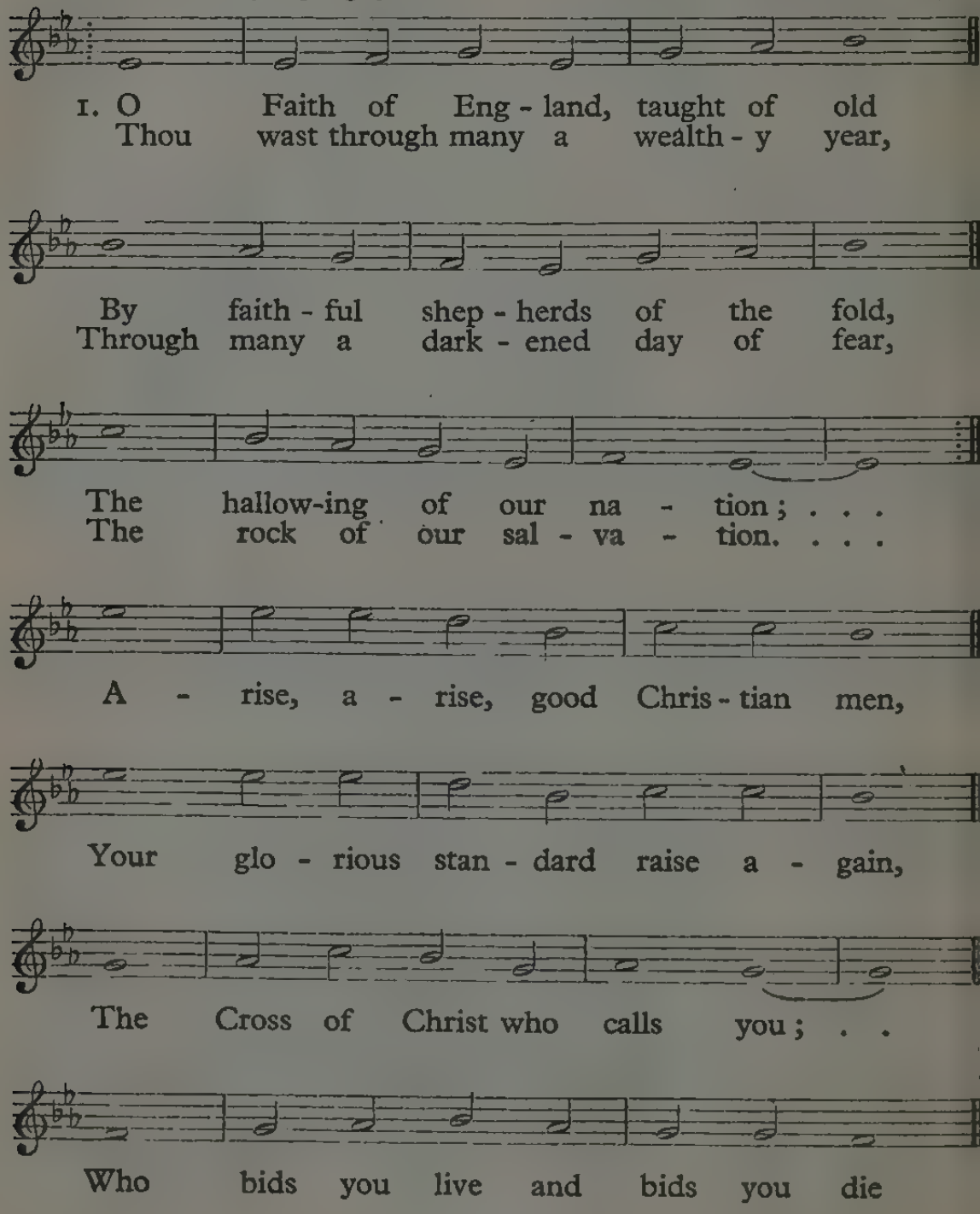
124 (130)

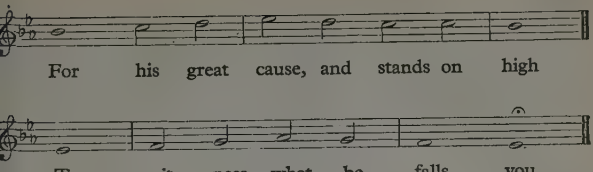
PSALM 68. (8 8 7. 8 8 7. D.)

T. A. Lacey.

Composed or adapted by M. GREITER, *c.* 1525 (melody as given in the *Genevan Psalter*).

In moderate time, very dignified.


1. O Faith of Eng - land, taught of old
Thou wast through many a wealth - y year,
By faith - ful shep - herds of the fold,
Through many a dark - ened day of fear,
The hallow-ing of our na - tion; . . .
The rock of our sal - va - tion. . . .
A - rise, a - rise, good Chris - tian men,
Your glo - rious stan - dard raise a - gain,
The Cross of Christ who calls you; . .
Who bids you live and bids you die



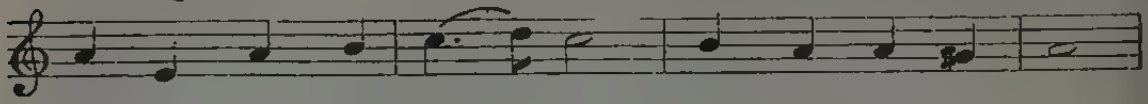
2 Our fathers heard the trumpet call
Through lowly cot and kingly hall
From oversea resounding;
They bowed their stubborn wills to learn
The truths that live, the thoughts that burn,
With new resolve abounding.
Arise, arise, good Christian men,
Your glorious standard raise again,
The Cross of Christ who guides you;
Whose arm is bared to join the fray,
Who marshals you in stern array,
Fearless, whate'er betides you.

3 Our fathers held the faith received,
By saints declared, by saints believed,
By saints in death defended;
Through pain of doubt and bitterness,
Through pain of treason and distress,
They for the right contended.
Arise, arise, good Christian men,
Your glorious standard raise again,
The Cross of Christ who bought you;
Who leads you forth in this new age
With long-enduring hearts to wage
The warfare he has taught you.

125 (448)

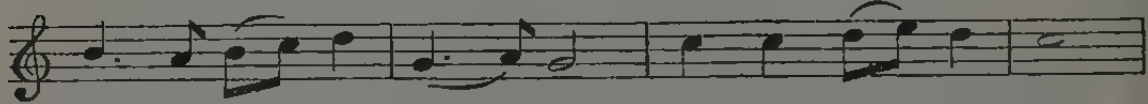
PRINCE RUPERT. (6 5. 6 5. Ter.) *S. Baring-Gould*, 1834–1924.

With vigour. GUSTAV HOLST, from an old English March.

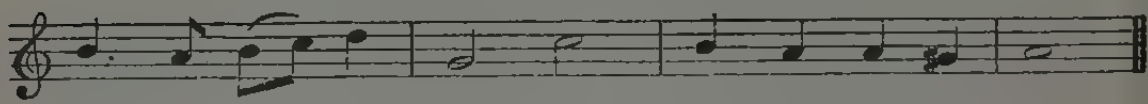


1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,

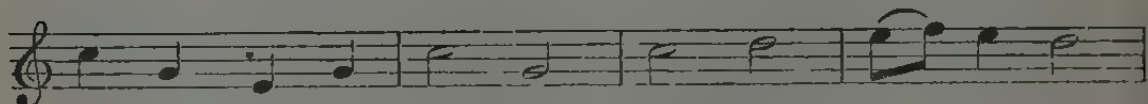
With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.



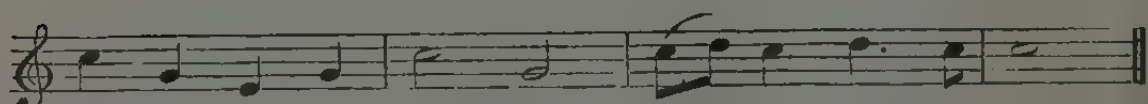
Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go!



On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,



With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's legions flee ;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise :

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity :

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail :

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song ;
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing :

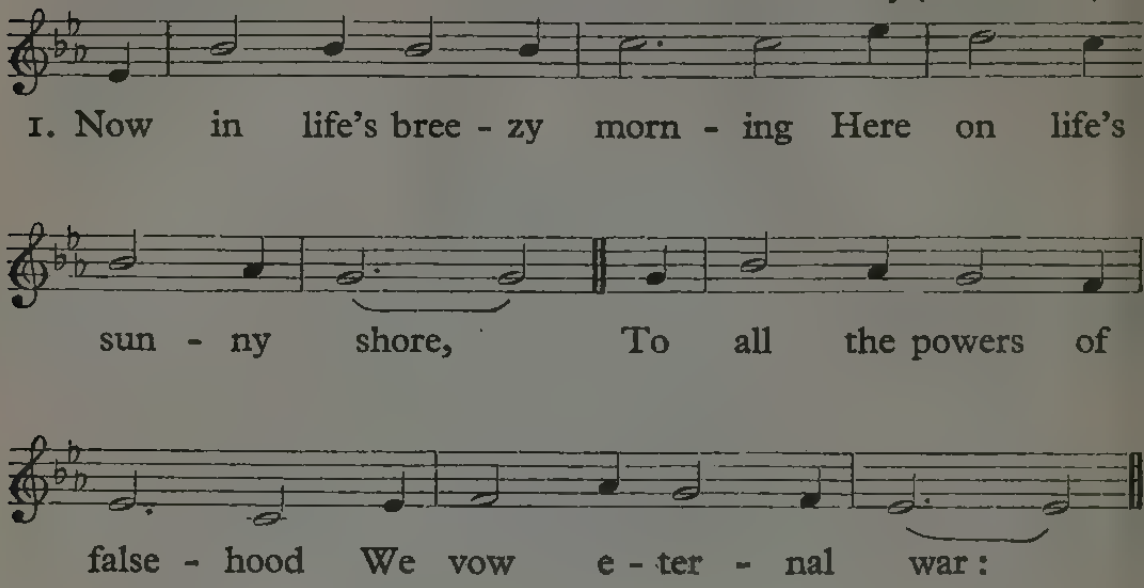
126 (314)

MAGDALENA. (7 6. 7 6.)

Ernest Myers, 1844–1921.

In moderate time.

German Traditional Melody (*c. 16th* cent.).



2 Eternal hate to falsehood;
And then, as needs must be,
O Truth, O lady peerless,
Eternal love to thee.

3 All fair things that seem true things,
Our hearts shall ay receive,
Not over-quick to seize them,
Nor over-loth to leave;

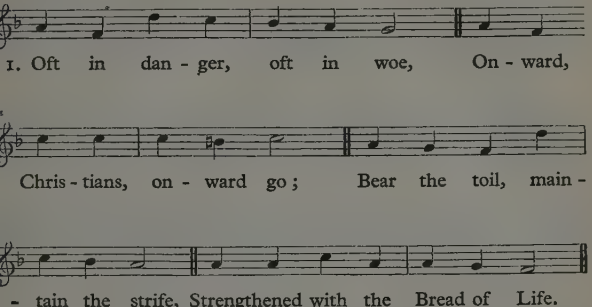
4 Not over-loth or hasty
To leave them or to seize,
Not eager still to wander
Nor clinging still to ease.

5 But one vow links us ever,
That whatsoe'er shall be,
Nor life nor death shall sever
Our souls, O Truth, from thee.

27 (338)

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. (7 7. 7. 7.) *H. Kirke White* (1785–1806), *and others* (1827).

Moderately fast. H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–76.


1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward,
Chris - tians, on - ward go; Bear the toil, main -
- tain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward then in battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

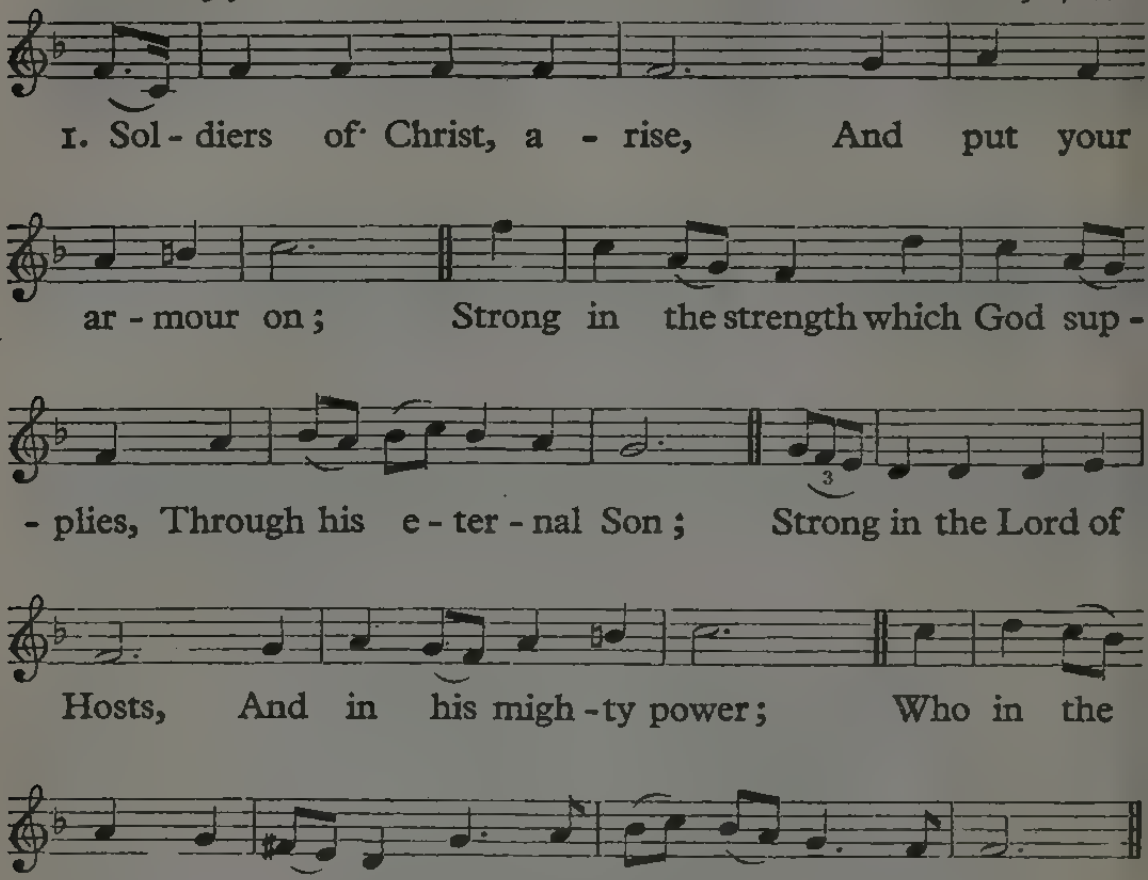
128 (353)

MILITES. (D.S.M.)

Charles Wesley, 1707–88.

Moderately fast.

Adapted from the melody set to these words in *Harmonia Sacra*, 1760.


1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your
ar - mour on; Strong in the strength which God sup -
- plies, Through his e - ter - nal Son; Strong in the Lord of
Hosts, And in his migh - ty power; Who in the
strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con - quer - or.

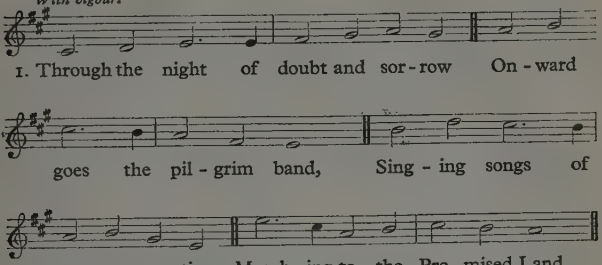
2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
To keep your armour bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

3 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

129 (384)

MARCHING. (8 7. 8 7.) *B. S. Ingemann*, 1789–1862. *Tr. S. Baring-Gould.*

With vigour. MARTIN SHAW.


1. Through the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward
goes the pil - grim band, Sing - ing songs of
ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the Pro - mised Land.

[*Copyright*, 1915, *by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.*]

(*For alternative tune*—GWALIA—*see Songs of Praise*, 384.)

2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

3 One the light of God's own presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread;

4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun;

6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

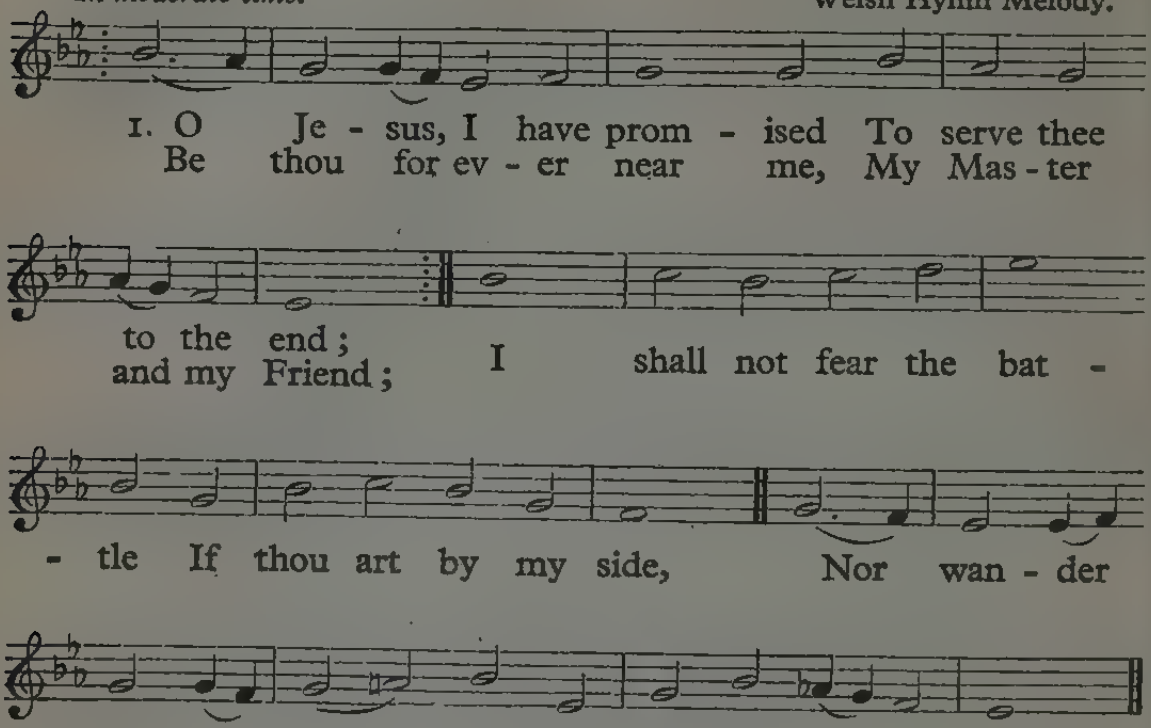
OBEDIENCE

130 (137)

MEIRIONYDD. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

In moderate time.

J. E. Bode, 1816–74.
Welsh Hymn Melody.


1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve thee to the end;
Be thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend;
I shall not fear the bat - tle If thou art by my side,
Nor wan - der from the path - way If thou wilt be my guide.

2 O let me feel thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

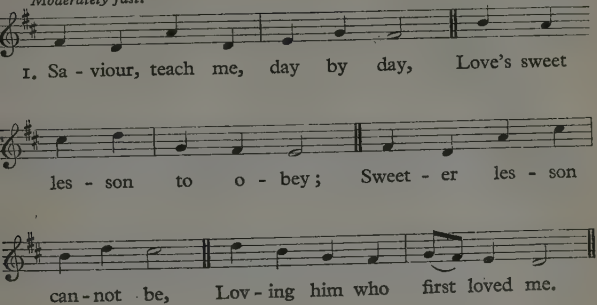
5 O let me see thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone;
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

131 (436)

BOYCE. (7 7. 7 7.)

Moderately fast.

Jane E. Leeson, 1807–82.
W. BOYCE, 1710–79.



2 With a child's glad heart of love
At thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me thus thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace,
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who so loved me.

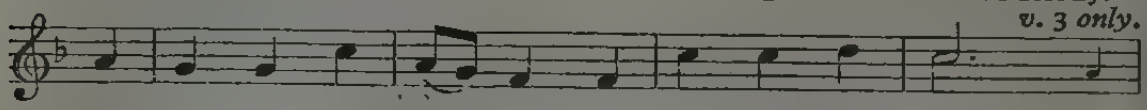
4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

132 (438)

HARDWICK. (6 5. 6 5. Irregular.) *Thomas Carlyle*, 1795–1881.

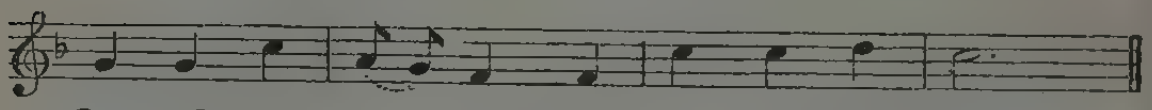
In moderate time. English Traditional Melody.

v. 3 only.

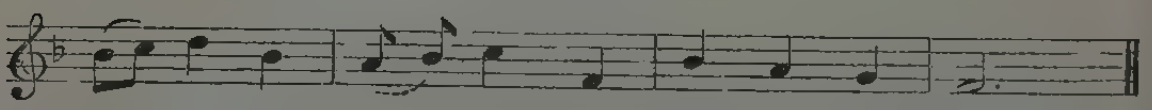


1. So here hath been dawn-ing An-oth-er blue day:

Think, wilt thou let it Slip use-less a-way?



2. Out of e-ter-ni-ty This new day is born;



In-to e-ter-ni-ty, At night, will re-turn.

[*Copyright, 1925, by R. Vaughan Williams.*]

3 Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

4 Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

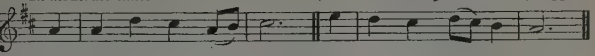
133 (361)

SANDYS. (S.M.)

George Herbert, 1593–1632.

English Traditional Carol (?) from *Sandys' Collection*, 1833.

In moderate time.



1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things thee to see;

And what I do in an - y-thing To do it as for thee!

2 A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, 'for thy sake',
Will not grow bright and clean.

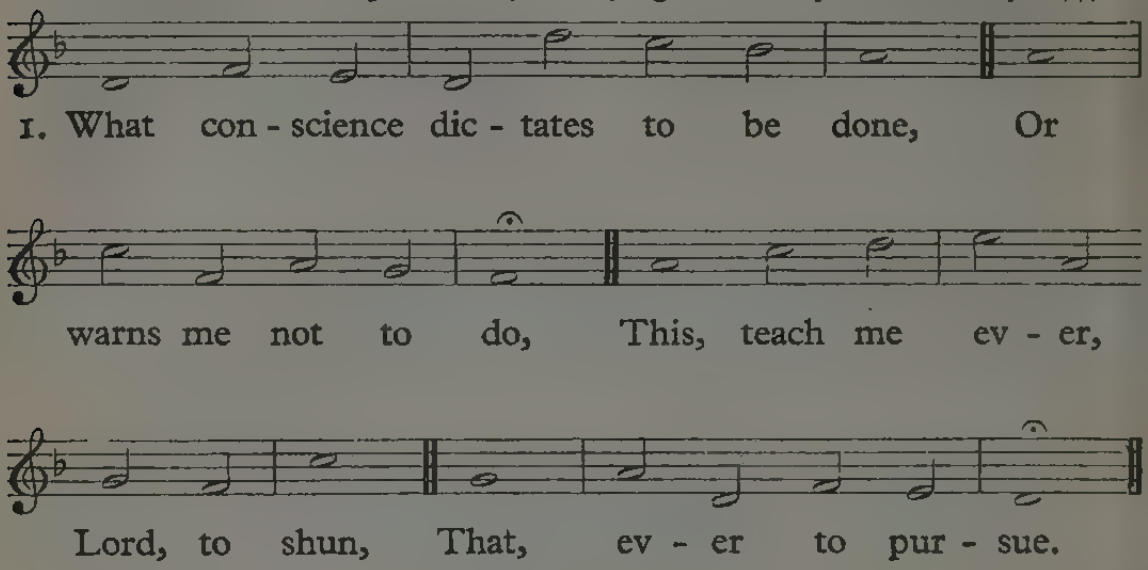
4 A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

5 This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

134 (394)

ST. MARY. (C.M.) *Alexander Pope*, 1688–1744.

Slow. *Prys' Psalter*, 1621 (as given in Playford's *Psalms*, 1677).



2 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

3 Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

4 Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

135* (321)

HERONGATE (L.M.) (*See Hymn* 6.)

English Traditional Melody.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–89.

In moderate time.

1 He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

2 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

3 Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap in vain;
Upright and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

4 Fill up each hour with what will last;
Use well the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

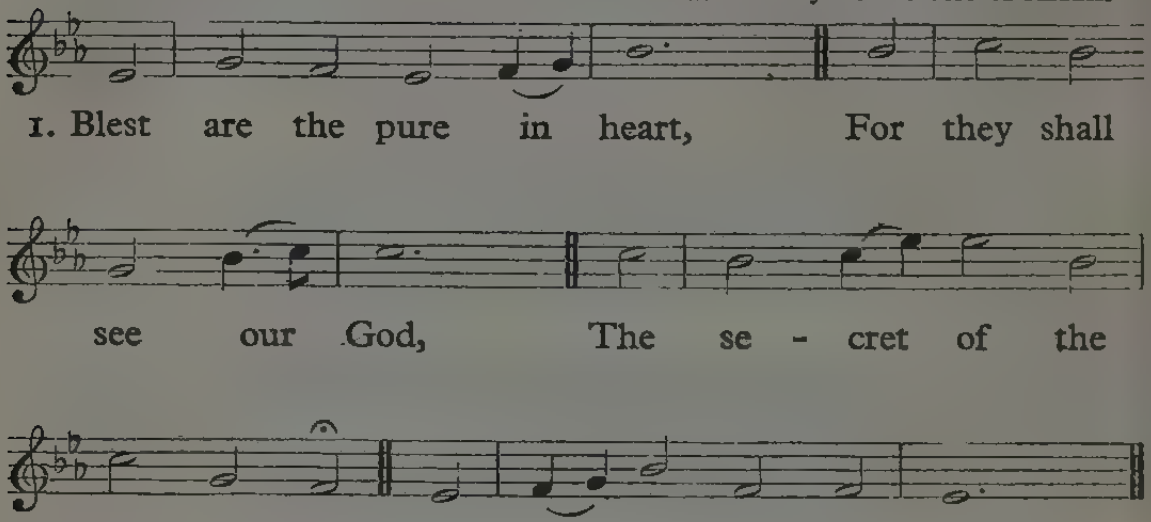
136 (208)

SELMA. (S.M.)

J. Keble, 1792–1866.

In moderate time.

Adapted by R. A. SMITH (1780–1829) from a Traditional Melody of the Isle of Arran.



2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their king;

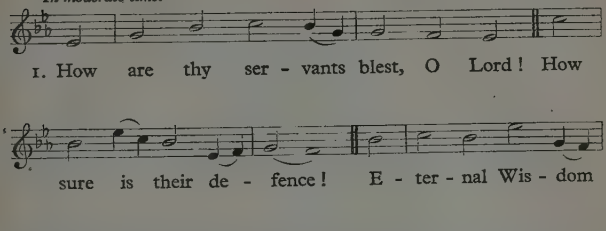
3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

137 (262)

KILMARNOCK. (C.M.)
In moderate time.

J. Addison, 1672–1719.
NEIL DOUGALL, 1776–1862.



2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 From all their griefs and dangers, Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls take hold on thee.

4 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

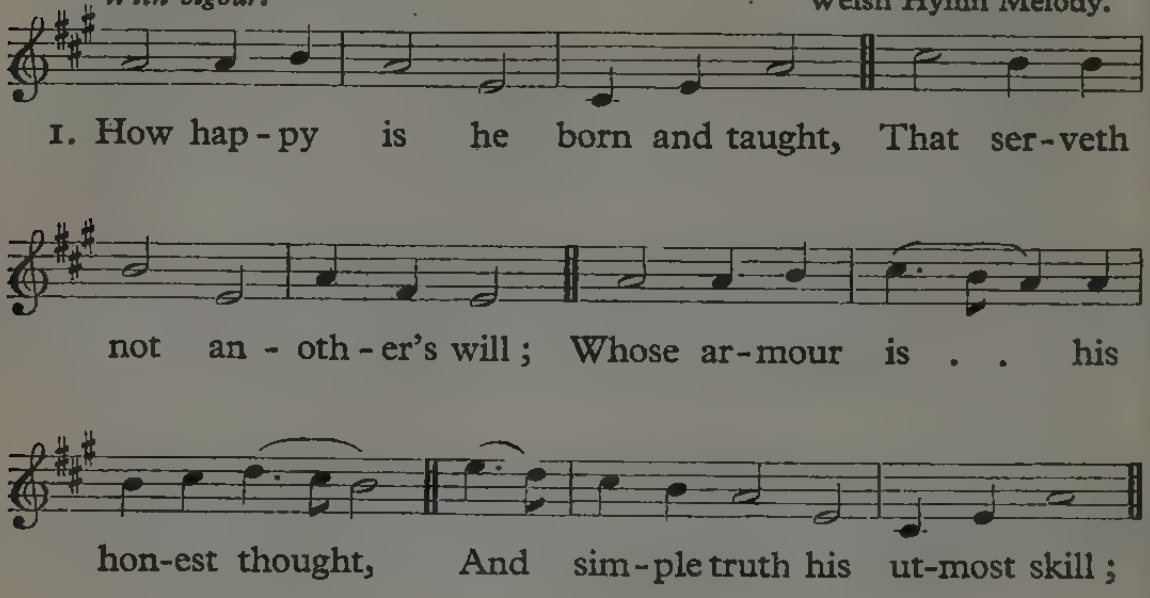
5 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

138 (263)

LLANGOLLEN. (L.M.)

With vigour.

Sir H. Wotton, 1568–1639.
Welsh Hymn Melody.


1. How hap-py is he born and taught, That ser-veth
not an-oth-er's will; Whose ar-mour is . . his
hon-est thought, And sim-ple truth his ut-most skill;

2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend;
And walks with man from day to day
As with a brother and a friend.

4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

139 (320)

CAERLLEON. (7 6. 7 6. D.) *J. M. Neale*, 1818–66.

Welsh Hymn Melody harmonized by DAVID EVANS.

Dignified.

1 O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

2 O happy if ye labour
As Jesus did for men;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then!

3 The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

4 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To him alone will turn,

5 What are they but forerunners
To lead you to his sight?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated Light?

6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

7 What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize!

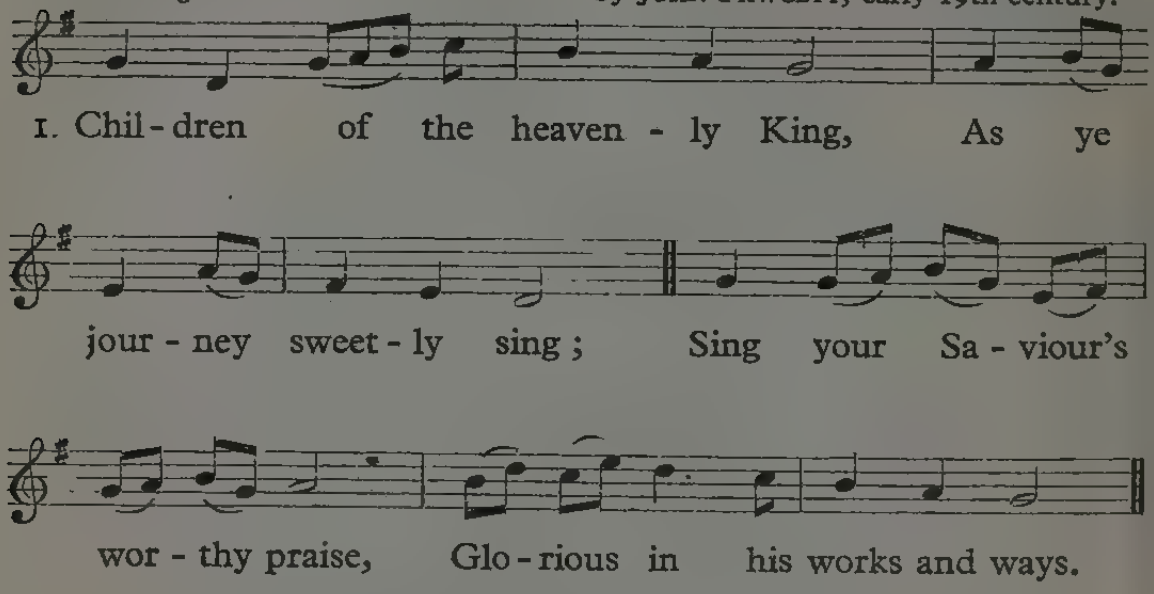
(*See also Hymn* 135.)

140 (214)

MELLING. (7 7. 7 7.) *J. Cennick, 1718–55.*

With vigour.

From *A New Set of Sacred Music* by JOHN FAWCETT, early 19th century.


1. Chil - dren of the heaven - ly King, As ye
jour - ney sweet - ly sing; Sing your Sa - viour's
wor - thy praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

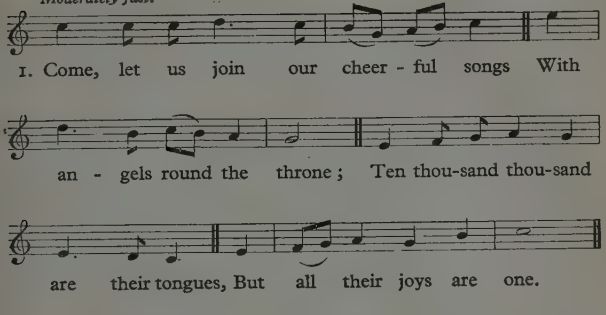
3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ your Father's Son
Bids you undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

141 (220)

CHEERFUL. (C.M.) *I. Watts*, 1674–1748.

Moderately fast. MARTIN SHAW.


1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With
an - gels round the throne; Ten thou-sand thou-sand
are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

[*Copyright*, 1915, *by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.*]

2 'Worthy the Lamb that died', they cry,
'To be exalted thus';
'Worthy the Lamb', our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

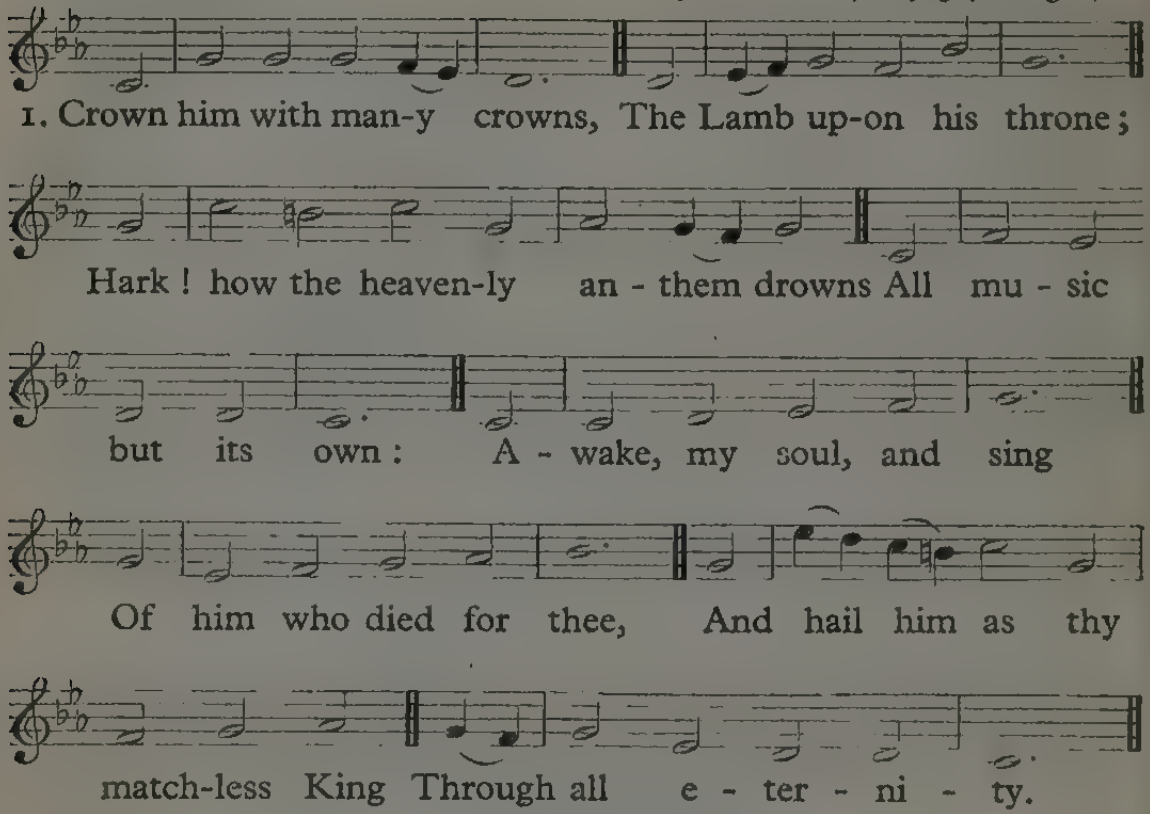
4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

142 (225)

DINBYCH. (D.S.M.)

In moderate time.

M. Bridges, 1800–94.
J. PARRY, 1841–1903 (abridged).


1. Crown him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up-on his throne;
Hark! how the heaven-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic
but its own: A - wake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee, And hail him as thy
match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.

2 Crown him the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

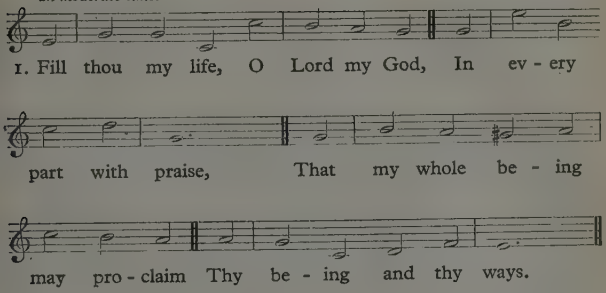
3 Crown him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his piercèd feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him the Lord of years,
The potentate of time:
The glory of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime,
Glassed in a sea of light,
Where everlasting waves
Reflect his throne—the Infinite!
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

143 (233 alt.)

WESTMINSTER. (C.M.)
In moderate time.

H. Bonar, 1808–89.
J. TURLE, 1802–82.



2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part:

3 Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones,
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my belovèd ones.

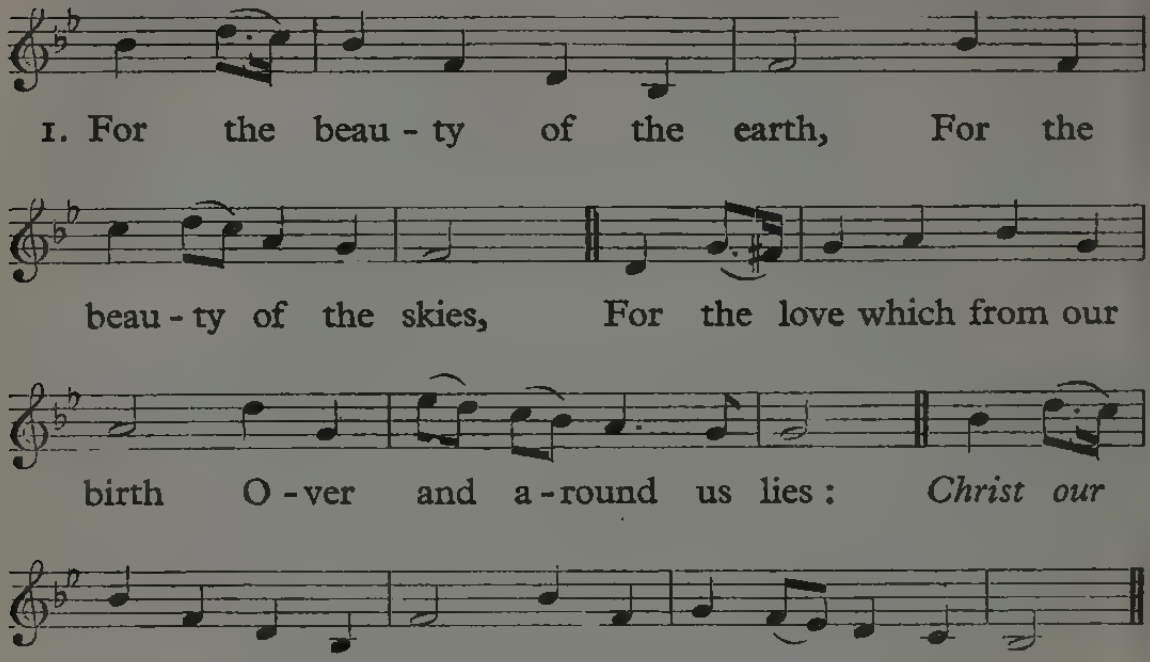
4 Fill every part of me with praise:
Let all my being speak
Of thee and of thy love, O Lord,
Poor though I be and weak.

5 So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free;
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with thee.

144 (235)

ENGLAND'S LANE. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.) *F. S. Pierpoint*, 1835–1917.

Moderately fast. Adapted from an English Melody.


1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the
beau - ty of the skies, For the love which from our
birth O - ver and a - round us lies: *Christ our*
God, to thee we raise This our sac - ri - fice of praise.

2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:

3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and brain's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight:

4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:

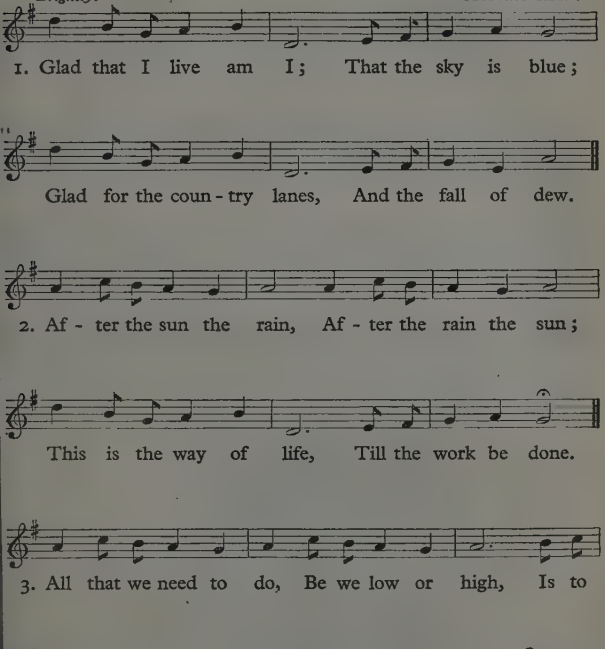
5 For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven:

Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

145 (424)

WATER-END. (6 5. 6 5. Irregular.) *Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

Brightly. GEOFFREY SHAW.

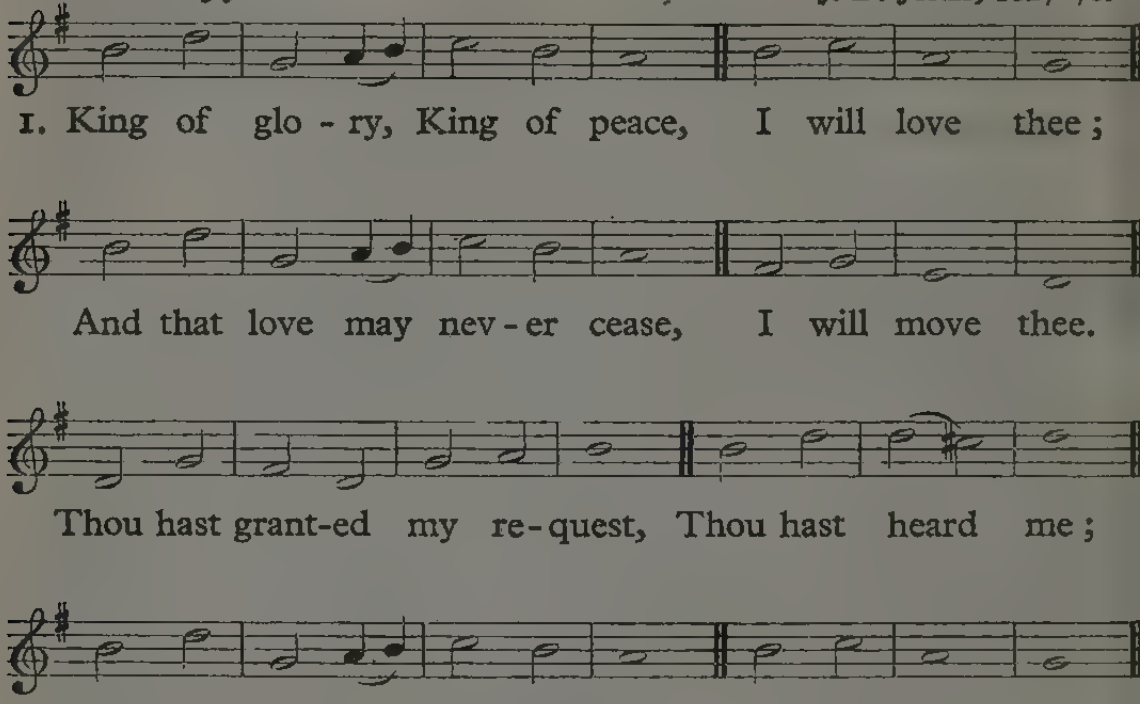

1. Glad that I live am I; That the sky is blue;
Glad for the coun - try lanes, And the fall of dew.
2. Af - ter the sun the rain, Af - ter the rain the sun;
This is the way of life, Till the work be done.
3. All that we need to do, Be we low or high, Is to
see that we grow Near - er . . the sky.

[*Copyright, 1925, by Oxford University Press.*]

146 (285)

GWALCHMAI. (7 4. 7 4. D.) *George Herbert*, 1593–1632.

Moderately fast. J. D. JONES, 1827–70.


1. King of glo - ry, King of peace, I will love thee;
And that love may nev - er cease, I will move thee.
Thou hast grant-ed my re - quest, Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my work-ing breast, Thou hast spared me.

2 Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.
Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.

3 Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.
Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol thee:
E'en eternity 's too short
To extol thee.

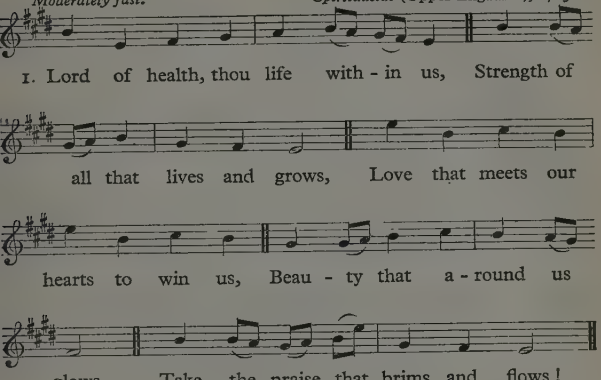
147 (296)

IL BUON PASTOR. (8 7. 8 7 7.)

P. Dearmer.

Adapted from a Melody in *Canzuns Spirituaelas* (Upper Engadine), 1765.

Moderately fast.


1. Lord of health, thou life with - in us, Strength of
all that lives and grows, Love that meets our
hearts to win us, Beau - ty that a - round us
glows, Take the praise that brims and flows!

2 Praise for all our work and leisure,
Mirth and games and jollity,
Study, science, all the treasure
That is stored by memory,
Skill of mind and hand and eye;

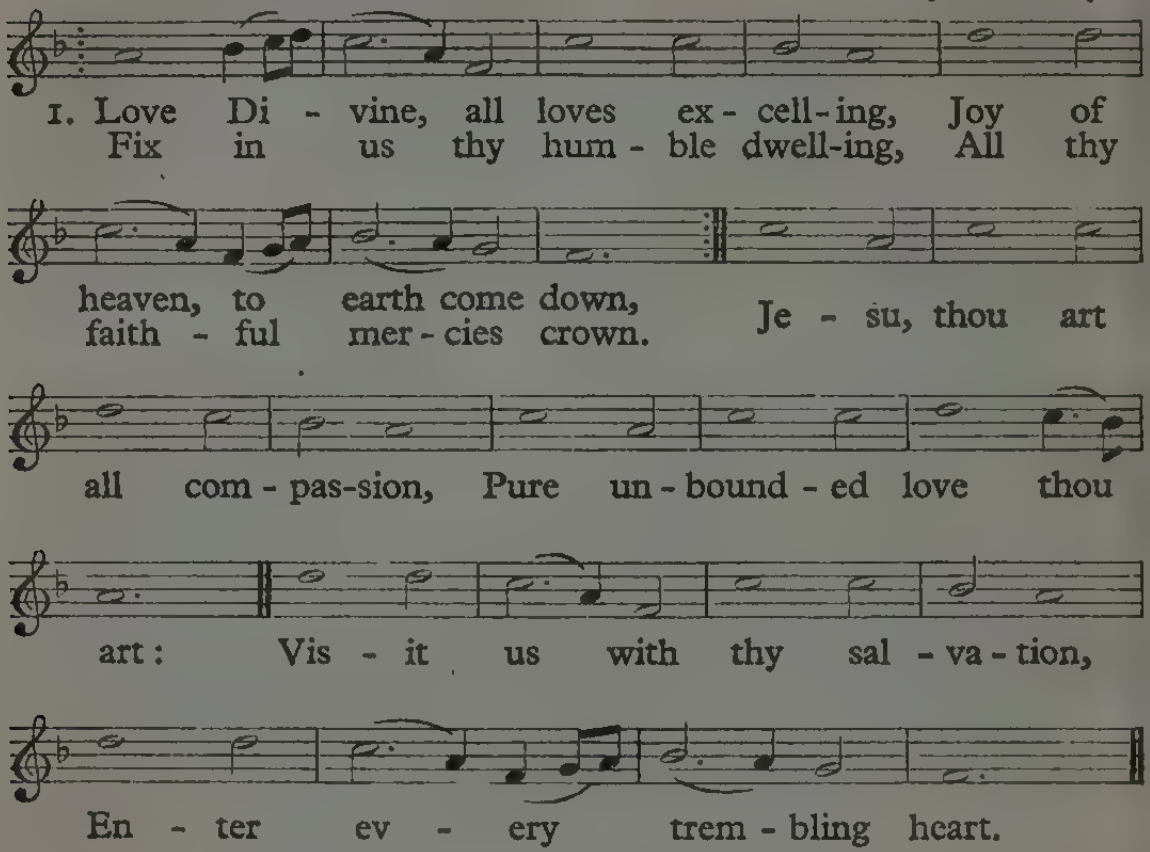
3 Praise for joys, for sorrows even,
All that leads us up to thee;
Most of all that out from heaven
Came thy Son to set us free,
Came to show us what to be.

4 Help us now, each moment filling,
Keep us true to thee and wise;
May our work be keen and willing,
Power and service be our prize—
Till to thy far hills we rise!

148 (300)

MORIAH. (8 7. 8 7. D.) *Charles Wesley*, 1707–88.

In moderate time. Welsh Hymn Melody.


1. Love Di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of
Fix in us thy hum - ble dwell-ing, All thy
heaven, to earth come down,
faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Je - su, thou art
all com - pas-sion, Pure un - bound - ed love thou
art: Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion,
En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.

2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

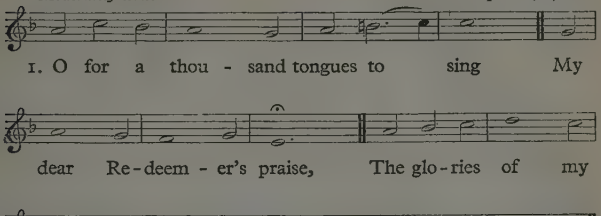
149 (316)

O GOD OF LOVE. (C.M.)

Charles Wesley, 1707–88.

Moderately slow.

'B. R.' in *The Divine Companion*, 1722.



2 Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

4 He speaks;—and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive,
The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

6 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.

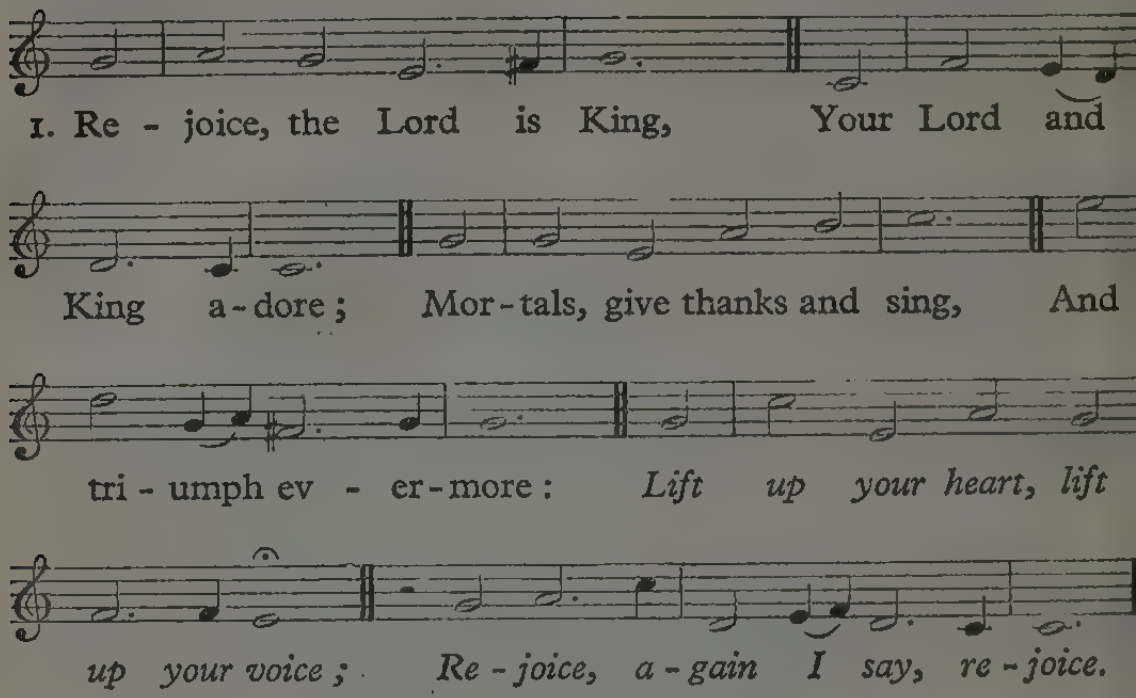
150 (347)

GOPSAL. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.)

Charles Wesley, 1707–88.

In moderate time.

G. F. HANDEL, 1685–1759.


1. Re - joice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and
King a - dore; Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And
tri - umph ev - er - more: *Lift up your heart, lift*
up your voice; Re - joice, a - gain I say, re - joice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above:

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:

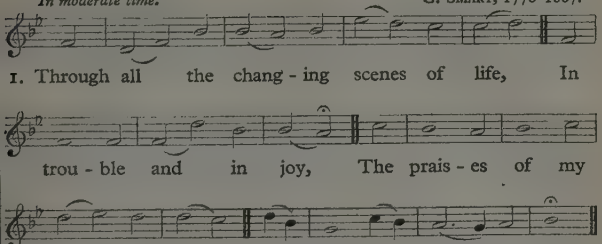
4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

151 (383)

WILTSHIRE. (C.M.) *N. Tate and N. Brady, New Version* (1696). *Ps.* 34.

In moderate time. G. SMART, 1776–1867.


1. Through all the chang - ing scenes of life, In
trou - ble and in joy, The prais - es of my
God shall still My heart and tongue em - ploy.

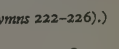
2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamped around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

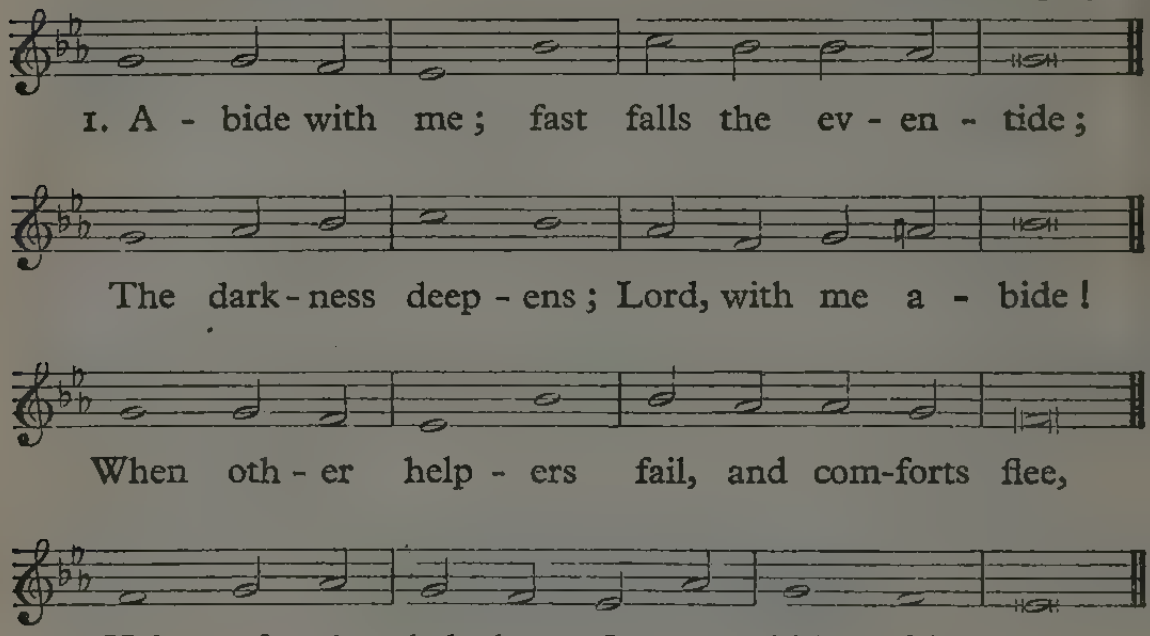


(*See also the Glory of God* (*Hymns* 1–4, 8, 9) *and Thanksgiving* (*Hymns* 222–226).)

152 (200)

EVENTIDE. (10 10. 10 10.) *H. F. Lyte*, 1793–1847.

Slow. W. H. MONK, 1823–89.


1. A - bide with me; fast falls the ev - en - tide;
The dark - ness deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide!
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,
Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

(*Descant*)

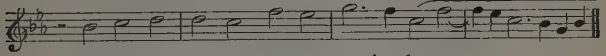
3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

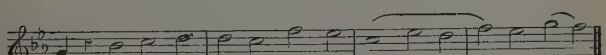
ALTERNATIVE VERSION FOR VERSE 3.

DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, Hymn No. 1. Descant by R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.



3. I need thy pres-ence ev-ery pass-ing hour; . . . . .

. . What but thy grace . . can foil the temp - ter's



power? Who like thy-self my guide and stay . . . . can be?

Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O . . a - bide . . . with me.

[*Copyright*, 1925, *by R. Vaughan Williams.*]

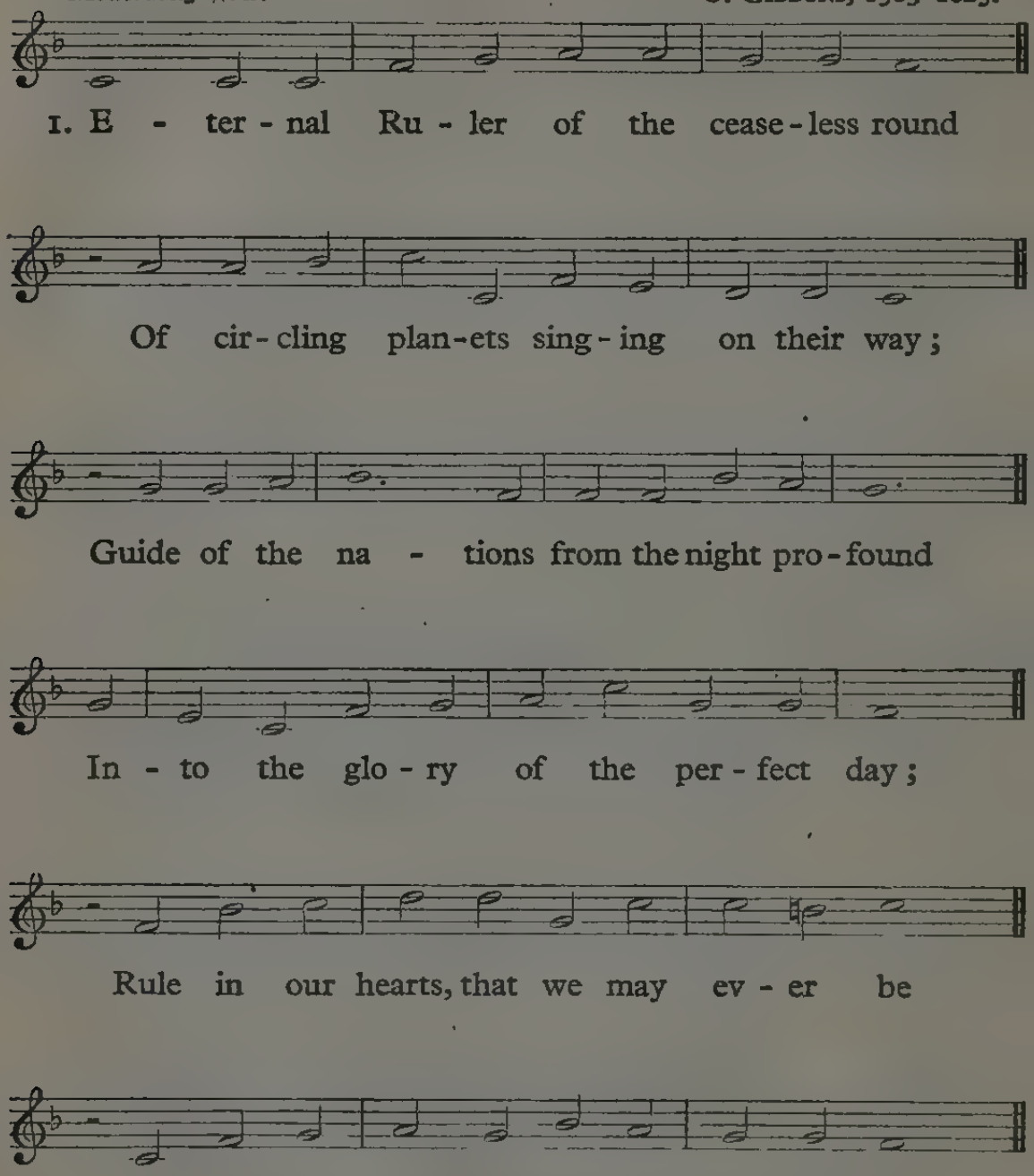
153 (228)

SONG I. (10 10. 10 10. 10 10.)

J. W. Chadwick, 1840–1904.

Moderately slow.

O. GIBBONS, 1583–1625.


1. E - ter - nal Ru - ler of the cease - less round
Of cir - cling plan - ets sing - ing on their way;
Guide of the na - tions from the night pro - found
In - to the glo - ry of the per - fect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ev - er be
Guid - ed and strength - ened and up - held by thee.

1 Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

2 We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-belovèd Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one:
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with him, our Brother and our Friend.

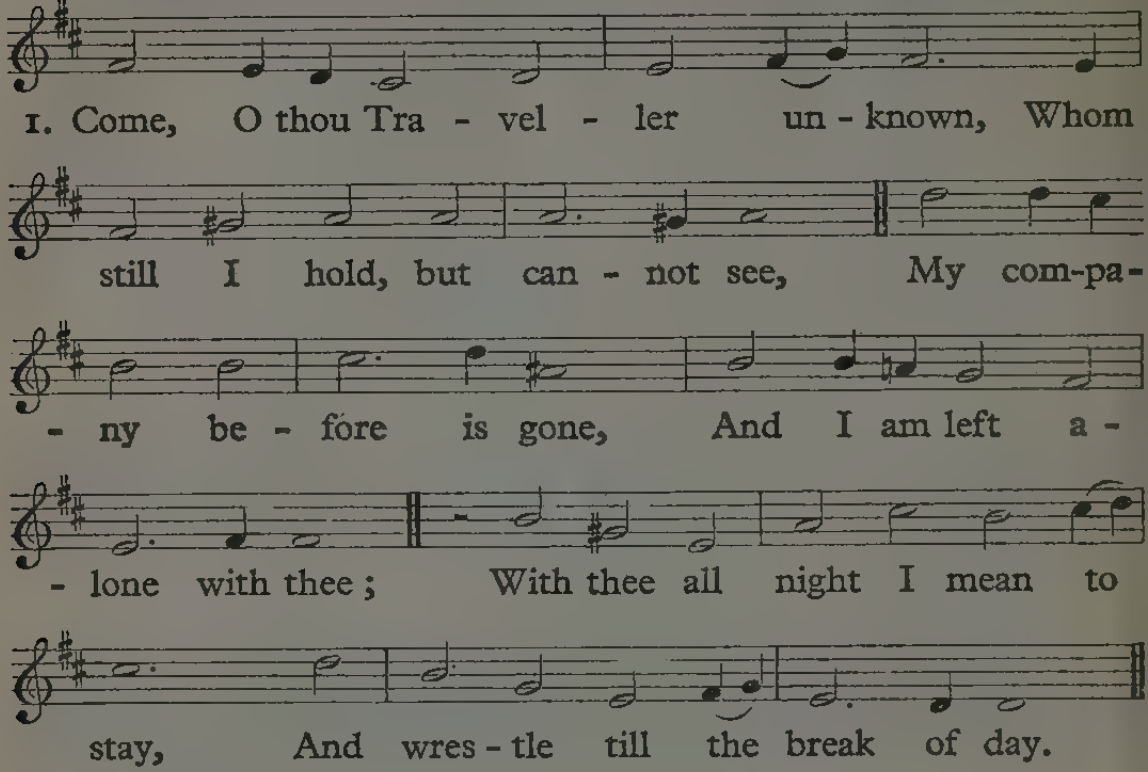
3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes the children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

4 O clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not thine:
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

154 (223)

DAVID'S HARP. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) *Charles Wesley*, 1707–88.

Moderately slow. ROBERT KING in *The Divine Companion*, 1722.


1. Come, O thou Tra - vel - ler un - known, Whom
still I hold, but can - not see, My com-pa-
- ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a -
- lone with thee; With thee all night I mean to
stay, And wres - tle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there!
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

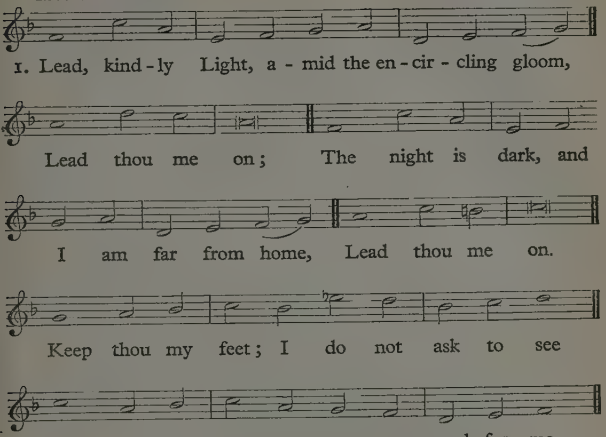
3 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer!
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.

4 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! Thou diedst for me!
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal love thou art;
To me, to all, thy mercies move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

155 (286)

GORRAN. (10 4. 10 4. 10 10.) *J. H. Newman*, 1801–90.

In moderate time. RONALD DUSSEK.


1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid the en - cir - cling gloom,
Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and
I am far from home, Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

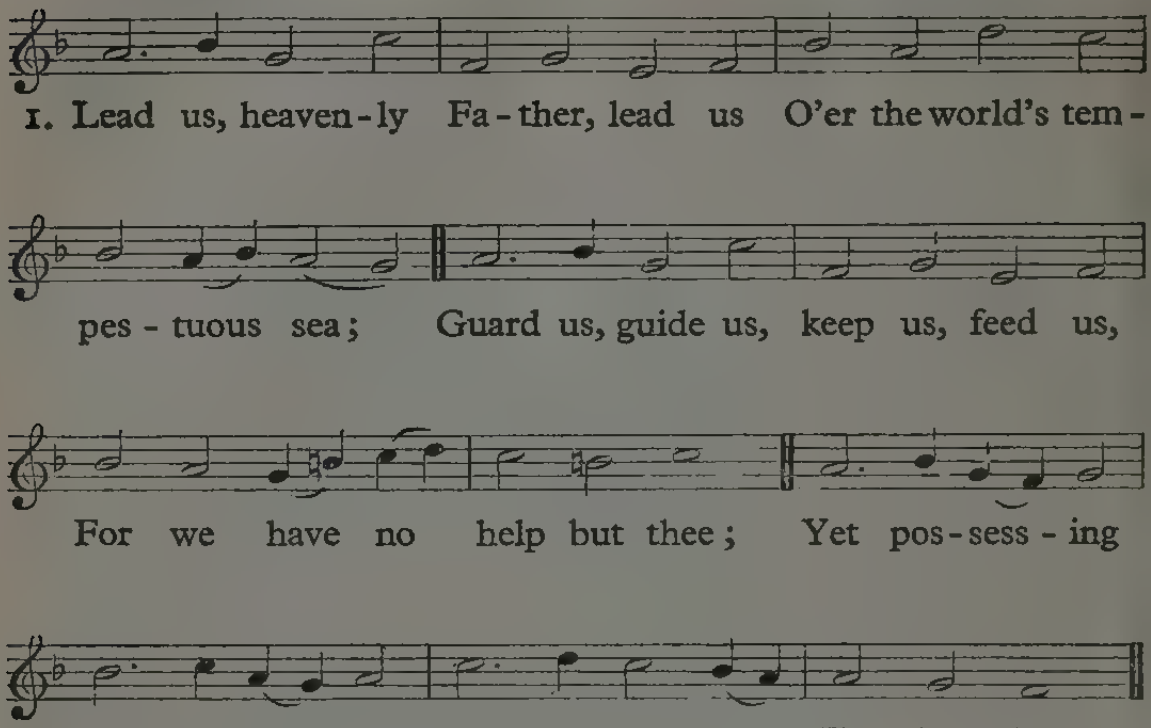
3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

(This hymn may also be sung to LUX BENIGNA, *S.P.* 286, *alternative tune.)*

156 (287)

LEWES. (8 7. 8 7. 8 7.) *J. Edmeston*, 1791–1867.

In moderate time. J. RANDALL, 1716–99.


1. Lead us, heaven-ly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-
pes-tuous sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee; Yet pos-sess-ing
ev-ery bless-ing If our God our Fa-ther be.

2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us,
All our weakness thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

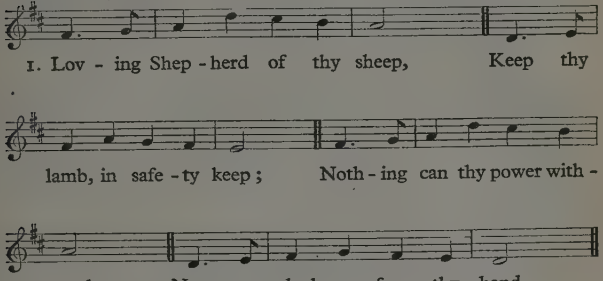
3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy!

157 (433)

For young children only.

INNOCENTS. (7 7. 7 7.) *Jane E. Leeson*, 1807–82.

Moderately fast. Composed or adapted by J. SMITH, 1800–73.


1. Lov - ing Shep - herd of thy sheep, Keep thy
lamb, in safe - ty keep; Noth - ing can thy power with -
- stand, None can pluck me from thy hand.

2 Loving Saviour, thou didst give
Thine own life that we might live;
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

3 I would bless thee every day,
Gladly all thy will obey,
Like thy blessèd ones above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach thy lamb thy voice to hear;
Suffer not my steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

5 Where thou leadest I would go,
Walking in thy steps below,
Till before my Father's throne
I shall know as I am known.

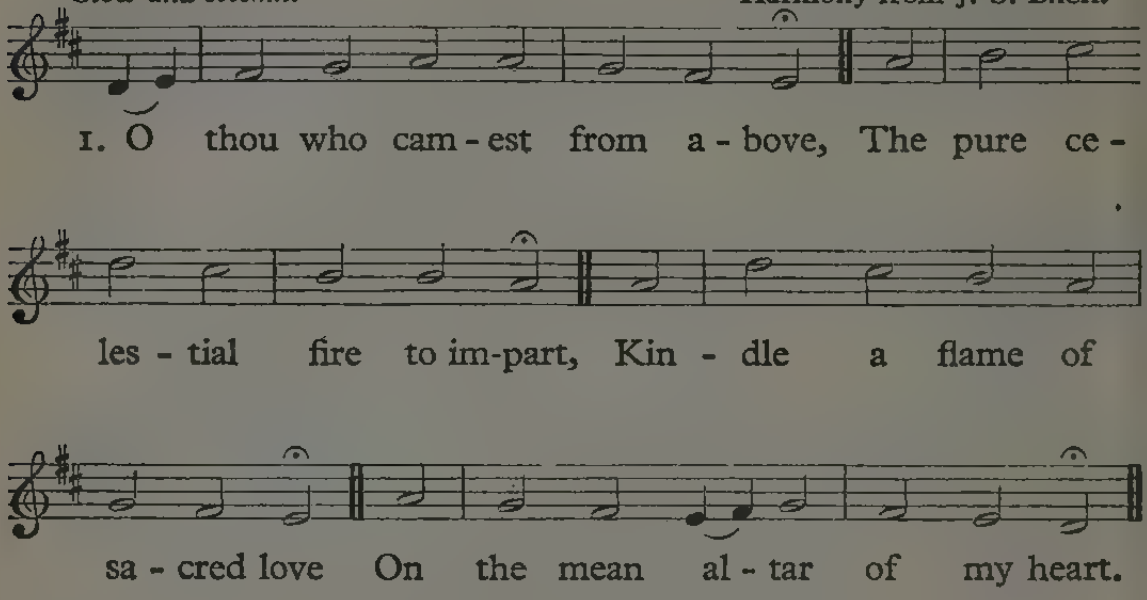
158 (138)

EISENACH. (L.M.)

Charles Wesley, 1707–88.

Adapted from a melody by J. H. SCHEIN, 1586–1630.
Harmony from J. S. BACH.

Slow and solemn.



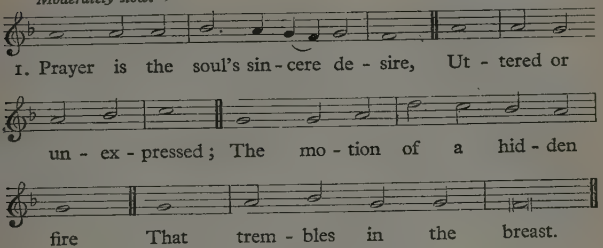
2 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

3 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make my sacrifice complete.

159 (26)

WIGTON. (C.M.)
Moderately slow.

J. Montgomery, 1771–1854.
Scottish Psalter, 1635.



2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, 'Behold, he prays!'

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

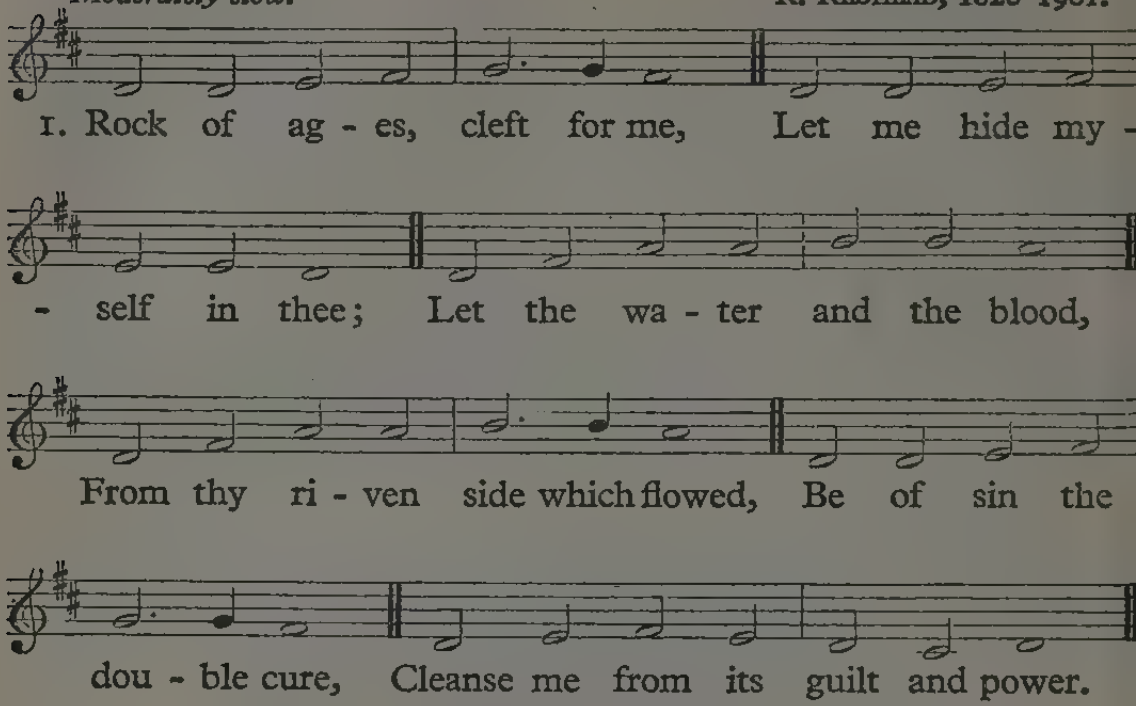
6 The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

160 (351 alt.)

REDHEAD No. 76. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.) *A. M. Toplady*, 1740–78.

Moderately slow. R. REDHEAD, 1820–1901.


1. Rock of ag - es, cleft for me, Let me hide my -
- self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From thy ri - ven side which flowed, Be of sin the
dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

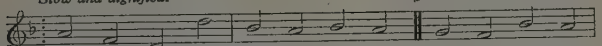
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes are closed in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgement throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

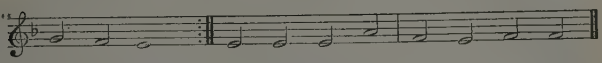
161 (381)

ZUM FRIEDEN. (8 7. 8 7. D.) *P. Dearmer.*

Slow and dignified. J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.

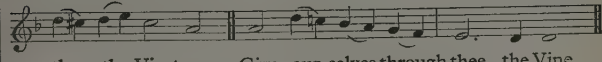


1. Thou true Vine, heal - ing the na - tions, Tree of life, thy
They who leave thee fade and with - er, None bear fruit ex -



branch - es we;
- cept in thee. Cleanse us, make us sane and whole-some,

Till we merge our lives in thine, Gain our-selves in



thee, the Vin-tage, Give our-selves through thee, the Vine.

2 Nothing can we do without thee;
On thy life depends each one:
If we keep thy words and love thee,
All we ask for shall be done.
May we, loving one another,
Radiant in thy light abide;
So through us, made fruitful by thee,
Shall our God be glorified.

(*See also Hymns* 5, 26, 117, 120, 130, 131, 134, 163, 165, 166, 168, 170.)

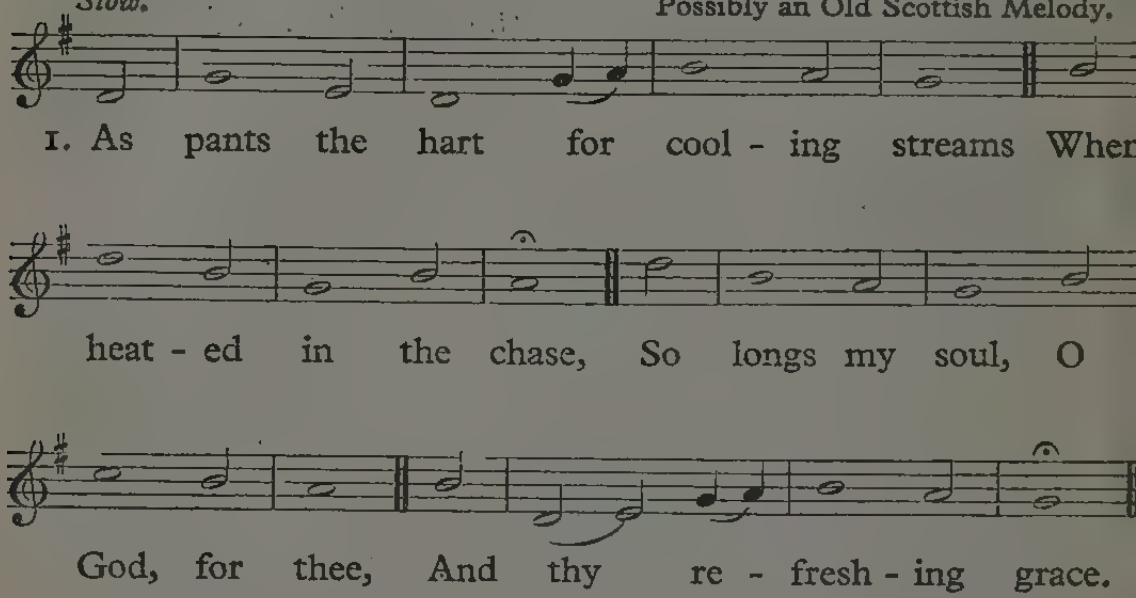
162 (205)

MARTYRDOM. (C.M.)

N. Tate and N. Brady, New Version (1696).
Ps. 42.

Smith's *Sacred Music*, 1825.
Possibly an Old Scottish Melody.

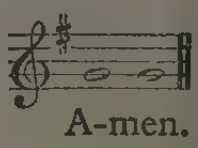
Slow.



2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

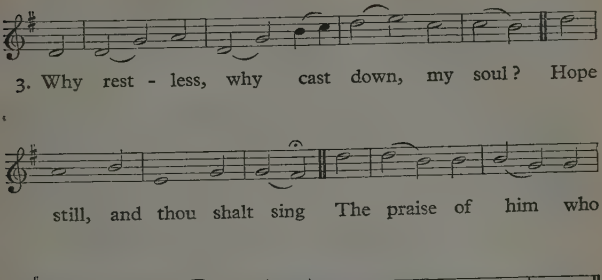
(*Descant*) 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.



ALTERNATIVE VERSION.

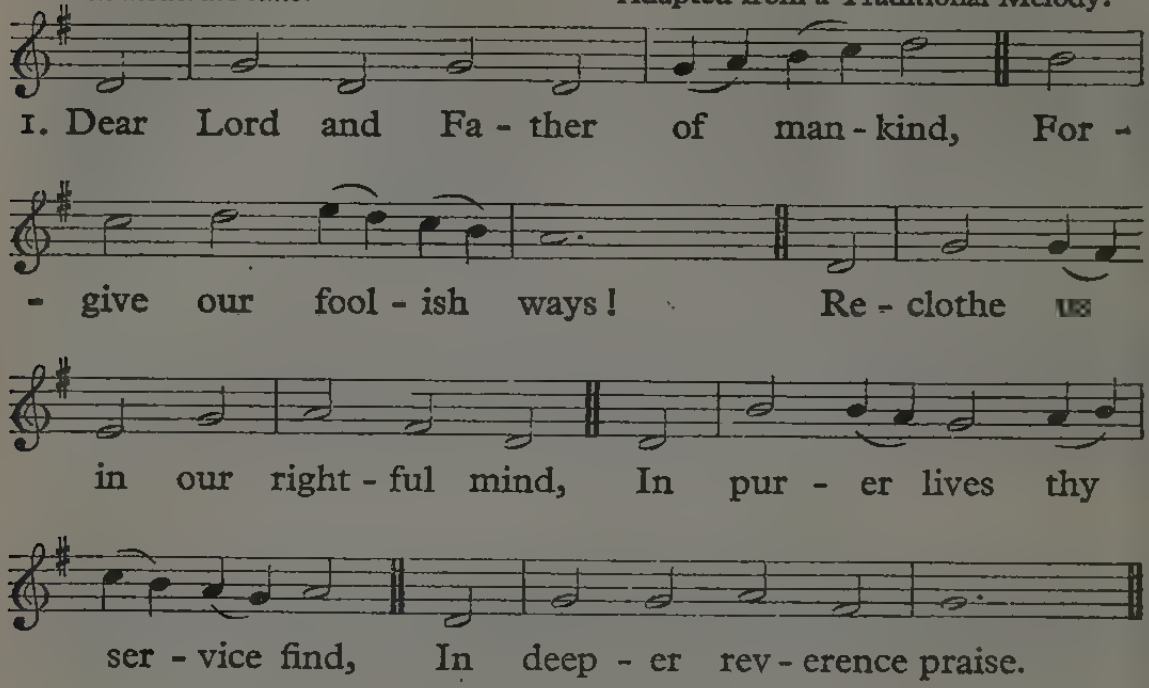
DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, Hymn No. 1.) Fa-burden by GEOFFREY SHAW.


3. Why rest - less, why cast down, my soul? Hope
still, and thou shalt sing The praise of him who
is thy God, Thy health's e - ter - nal spring.

163 (226)

REGINA. (8 6. 8 8 6.) *J. G. Whittier*, 1807–92.

In moderate time. Adapted from a Traditional Melody.


1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For -
- give our fool - ish ways! Re - clothe us
in our right - ful mind, In pur - er lives thy
ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - erence praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

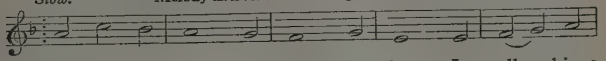
4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

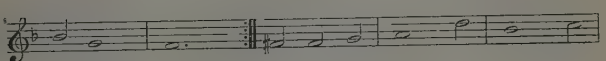
5 Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm!

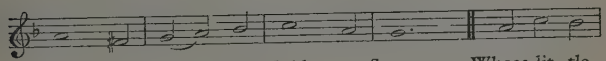
164 (367)

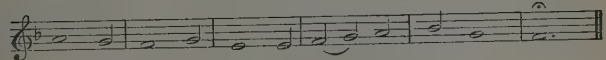
SOLL'S SEIN. (D.C.M.) *W. C. Gannett.*

Slow. Melody in *Drei schöne neue geistliche Lieder*, München, 1637.









2 He hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by him possessed;
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought;
We find him not by seeking long,—
We lose him not, unsought.

3 Our art may build its Holy Place,
Our feet on Sinai stand,
But Holiest of Holy knows
No tread, no touch of hand;
The listening soul makes Sinai still
Wherever we may be,
And in the vow, 'Thy will be done!'
Lies all Gethsemane.

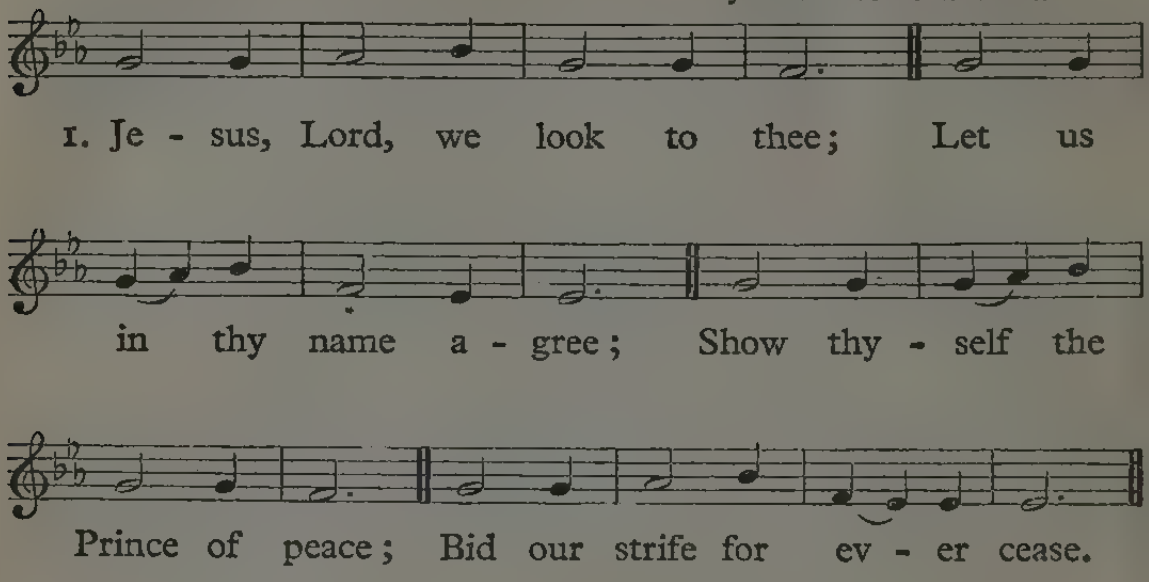
165 (281)

PEACEFIELD. (7 7. 7 7.)

Charles Wesley, 1715–97.

Ancient Irish Lullaby, harmonized by DAVID F. R. WILSON.

Slow.



2 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

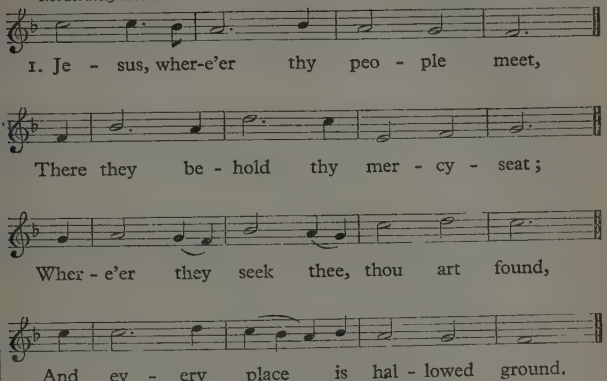
3 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear,
To thy Church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

4 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express,
All the height of holiness.

166 (283)

SIMEON. (L.M.)
Moderately slow.

W. Cowper, 1731–1800.
S. STANLEY, 1767–1822.


1. Je - sus, wher-e'er thy peo - ple meet,
There they be - hold thy mer - cy - seat;
Wher - e'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And ev - ery place is hal - lowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

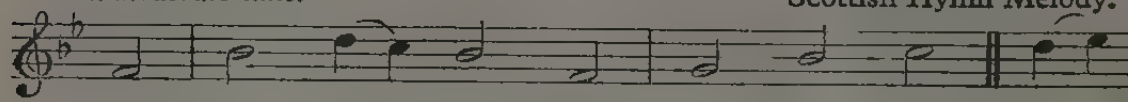
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

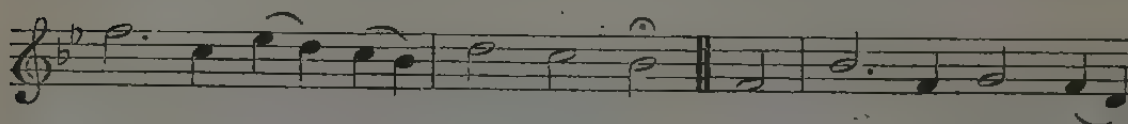
167 (254)

CAMERONIAN MIDNIGHT HYMN. (L.M.) *R. Baxter*, 1615–91.

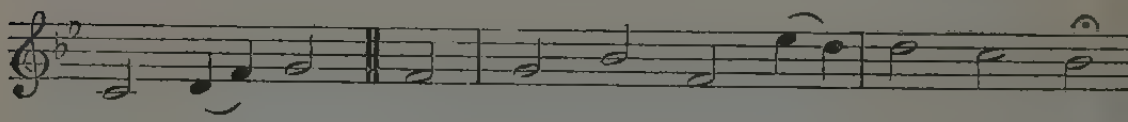
In moderate time. Scottish Hymn Melody.



1. He wants not friends that hath thy love, And



may con-verse and walk with thee, And with thy Saints here



and a - bove, With whom for ev - er I must be.

2 In the communion of Saints
  Is wisdom, safety and delight;
And when my heart declines and faints,
  It 's raisèd by their heat and light!

3 As for my friends, they are not lost;
  The several vessels of thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempest tost,
  Shall safely in the haven meet.

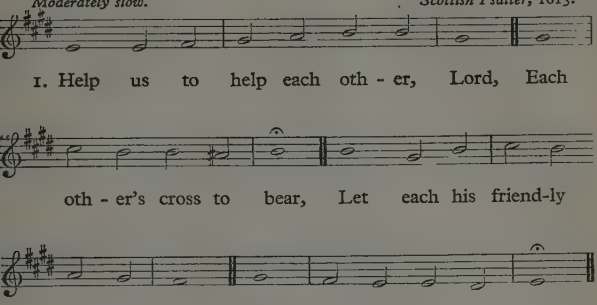
4 Still we are centred all in thee,
  Members, though distant, of one Head;
In the same family we be,
  By the same faith and spirit led.

5 Before thy throne we daily meet
  As joint-petitioners to thee;
In spirit we each other greet,
  And shall again each other see.

6 The heavenly hosts, world without end,
  Shall be my company above;
And thou, my best and surest Friend,
  Who shall divide me from thy love?

168 (256)

DUNFERMLINE. (C.M.) *Charles Wesley*, 1707–88.
Moderately slow. *Scottish Psalter*, 1615.



2 Up into thee, our living head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

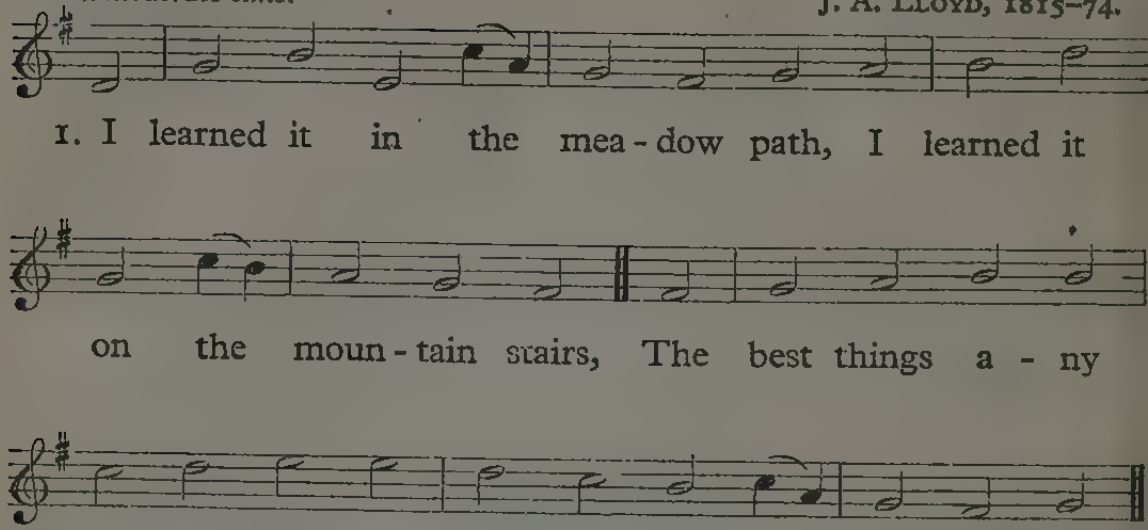
3 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

169* (428)

CROMER. (L.M.)

In moderate time.

Lucy Larcom, 1826–93.
J. A. LLOYD, 1815–74.


1. I learned it in the mea - dow path, I learned it
on the moun - tain stairs, The best things a - ny
mor - tal hath Are those which ev - ery mor - tal shares.

2 The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
The light without us and within,
Life with its unlocked treasuries,
God's riches are for all to win.

3 The grass is softer to my tread,
Because it rests unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because she makes the whole world sweet.

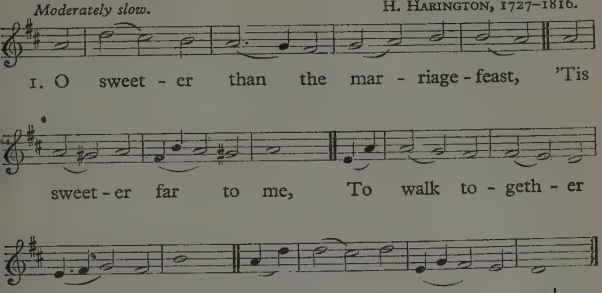
4 And up the radiant peopled way
That opens into worlds unknown
It will be life's delight to say
'Heaven is not heaven for me alone'.

5 Wealth won by other's poverty—
Not such be mine! let me be blest
Only in what they share with me,
And what I share with all the rest.

170 (332)

HARINGTON (RETIREMENT). (C.M.) *S. T. Coleridge*, 1772–1834, *and another.*

Moderately slow. H. HARINGTON, 1727–1816.



2 To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray;
Old men and babes and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

3 He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
And he that loveth all God made,
That man he prayeth best.

4 He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

(*See also Hymns* 108, 143, 153, 197, 203, 211, 221.)

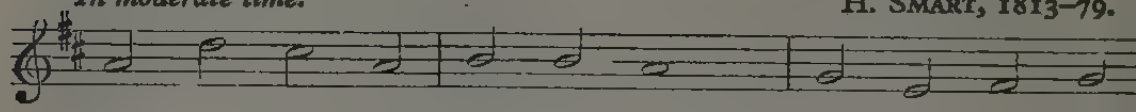
MORNING

171 (15)

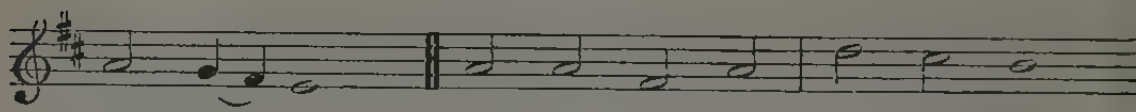
HEATHLANDS. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.)

In moderate time.

W. Bright, 1824–1901.
H. SMART, 1813–79.

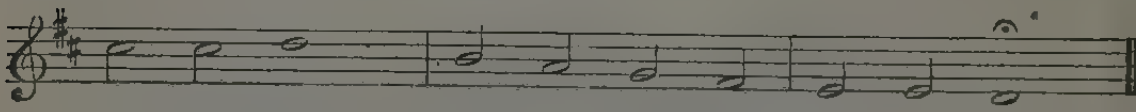


1. At thy feet, O Christ, we lay Thine own gift of



this new day; Doubt of what it holds in store

Makes us crave thine aid the more; Lest it prove a



time of loss, Mark it, Sa-viour, with thy Cross.

2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

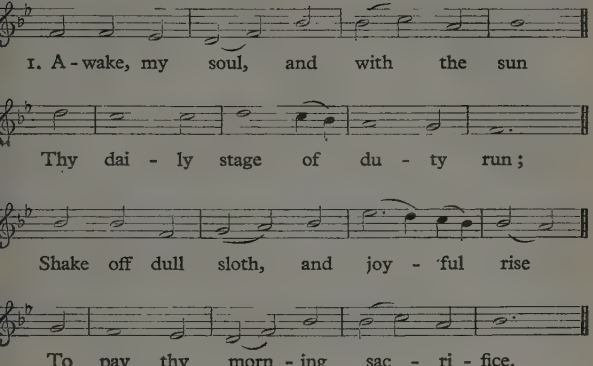
3 Fain would we thy word embrace,
Live each moment on thy grace,
All our selves to thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases thee.

4 Hear us, Lord, and that right soon;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth thy praise.

172 (16, Part II)

WARRINGTON. (L.M.)
In moderate time.

Bishop T. Ken, 1637–1711.
R. HARRISON, 1748–1810.


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise
To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

2 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

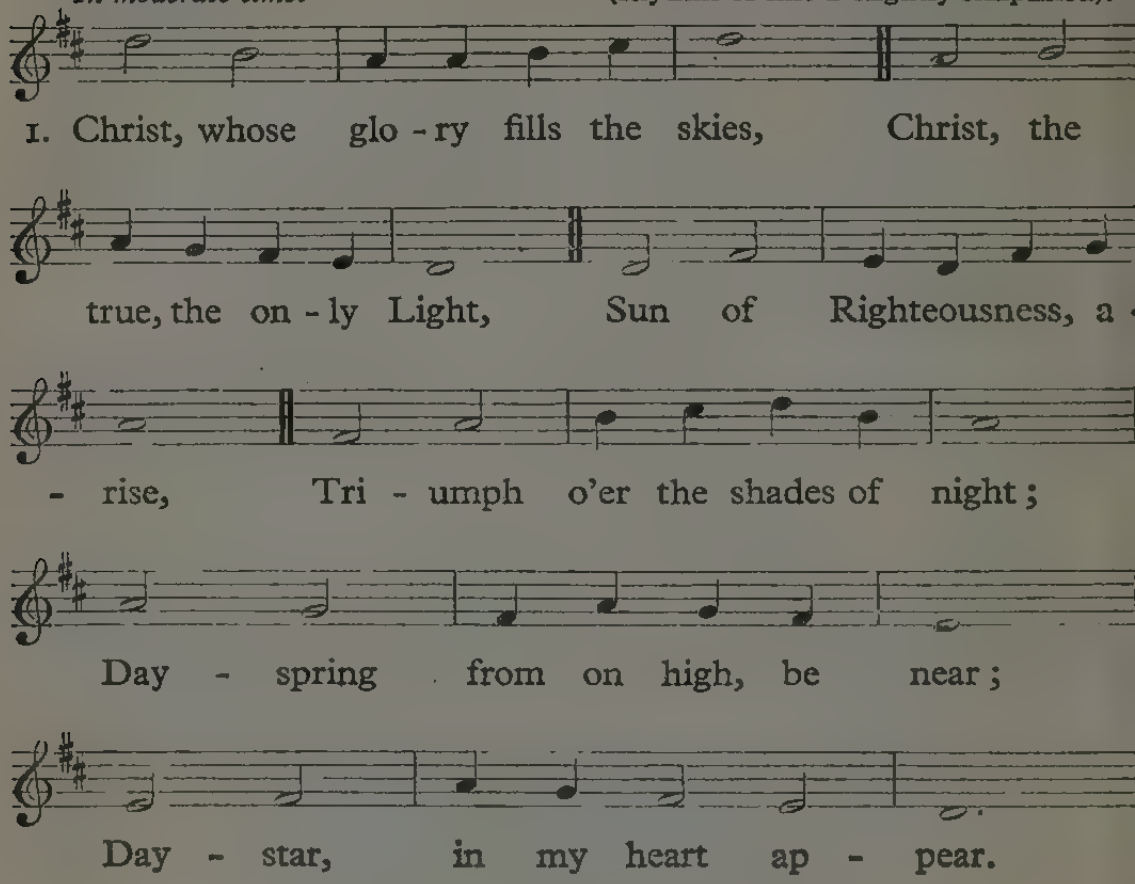
(*For alternative tune see S. P.* 16.)

173 (17)

MINISTRES DE L'ÉTERNEL. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.) *Charles Wesley*, 1707–88.

Psalm 135 in the *Genevan Psalter*, 1562 (rhythm of line 2 slightly simplified).

In moderate time.


1. Christ, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the
true, the on - ly Light, Sun of Righteousness, a
- rise, Tri - umph o'er the shades of night;
Day - spring from on high, be near;
Day - star, in my heart ap - pear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till they mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

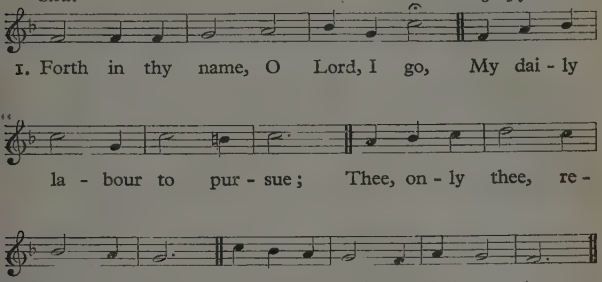
3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

174 (18)

ANGEL'S SONG (SONG 34). (L.M.)

Charles Wesley, 1707–88.
Original version of melody by
O. GIBBONS, 1583–1625.

Slow. *Slightly faster.*



2 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day;

4 For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

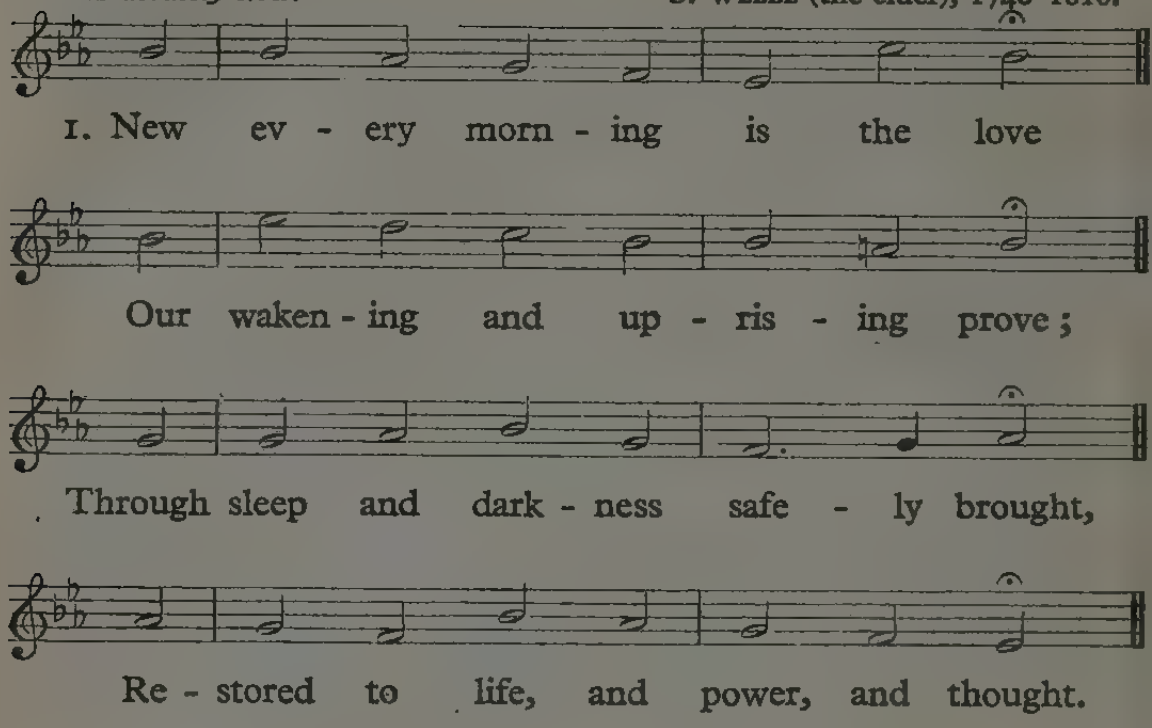
175 (20)

MELCOMBE. (L.M.)

J. Keble, 1792–1866.

Moderately slow.

S. WEBBE (the elder), 1740–1816.


1. New ev - ery morn - ing is the love
Our waken - ing and up - ris - ing prove;
Through sleep and dark - ness safe - ly brought,
Re - stored to life, and power, and thought.

(*Descant*) 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

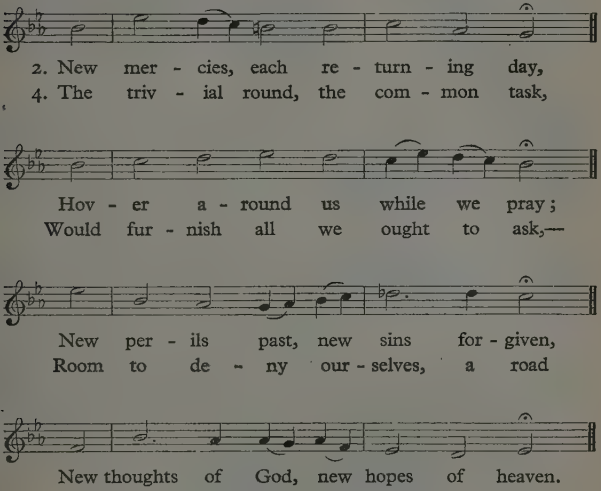
3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

(*Descant*) 4 The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask,—
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

Alternative Version.

Descant. (*See* Note, Hymn No. 1.) Fa-burden by Martin Shaw.


2. New mer - cies, each re - turn - ing day,
Hov - er a - round us while we pray;
New per - ils past, new sins for - given,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
4. The triv - ial round, the com - mon task,
Would fur - nish all we ought to ask,—
Room to de - ny our - selves, a road
To bring us dai - ly near - er God.

EVENING

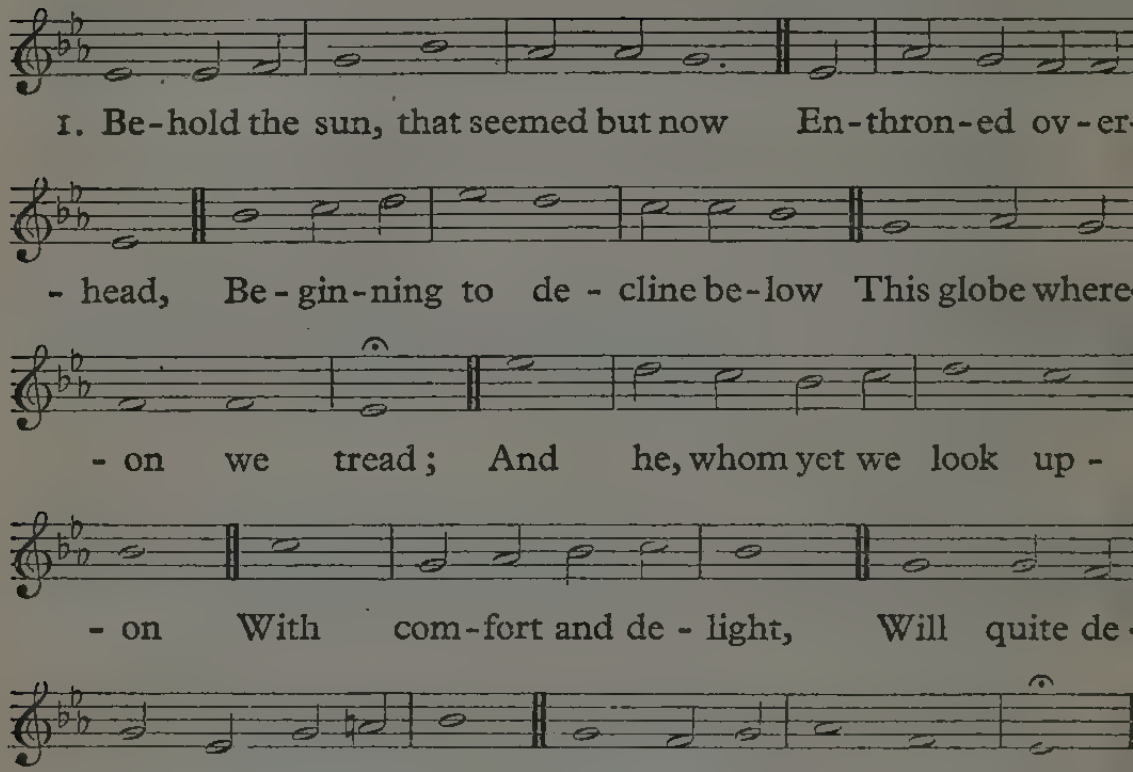
176 (28)

OLD 22ND. (D.C.M.)

George Wither, 1588–1667.

Melody from *Este's Psalter*, 1592 (also in *Day's Psalter*, 1563).

In moderate time, very dignified.


1. Be-hold the sun, that seemed but now En-thron-ed ov-er-
- head, Be-gin-ning to de - cline be-low This globe where
- on we tread; And he, whom yet we look up -
- on With com-fort and de - light, Will quite de -
- part from hence a - non, And leave us to the night.

2 Thus time, unheeded, steals away
The life which nature gave;
Thus are our bodies every day
Declining to the grave;
Thus from us all those pleasures fly
Whereon we set our heart;
And when the night of death draws nigh,
Thus will they all depart.

3 Lord! though the sun forsake our sight,
And mortal hopes are vain,
Let still thine everlasting light
Within our souls remain;
And in the nights of our distress
Vouchsafe those rays divine,
Which from the Sun of Righteousness
For ever brightly shine!

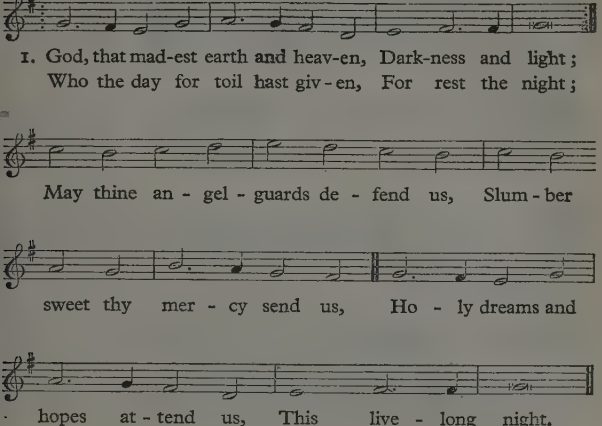
177 (31)

AR HYD Y NOS. (8 4. 8 4. 8 8 8 4.)

1. *Bishop Heber* (1827).
2. *Archbishop Whately* (1855).

In moderate time.

Welsh Traditional Melody.


1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light;
Who the day for toil hast giv-en, For rest the night;
May thine an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber
sweet thy mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and
hopes at-tend us, This live-long night.

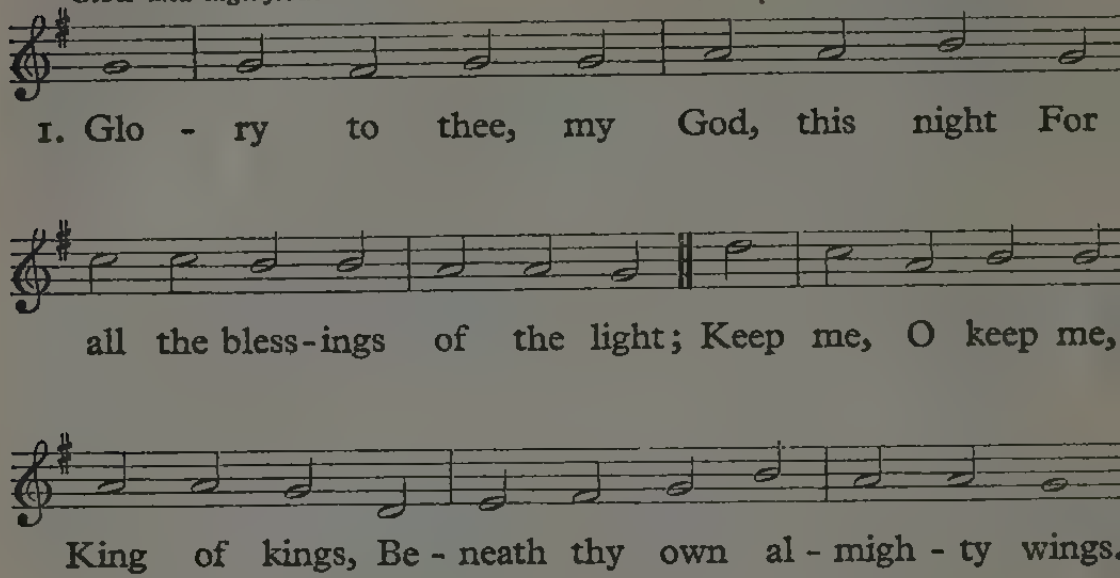
2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

178 (30)

TALLIS' CANON. (L.M.)

Slow and dignified.

Bishop T. Ken, 1637–1711.
T. TALLIS, *c.* 1515–85.

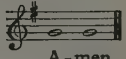

1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night For
all the bless-ings of the light; Keep me, O keep me,
King of kings, Be - neath thy own al - migh - ty wings.

(*Descant*) 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

(*Descant*) 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

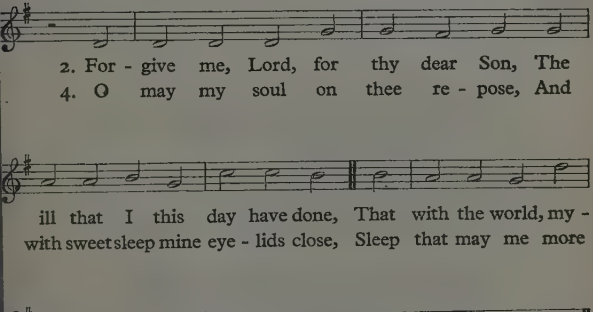
5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.



Alternative Version.

Descant. (*See* Note, Hymn No. 1.)

Fa-burden from *Ravenscroft's Psalter*, 1621.

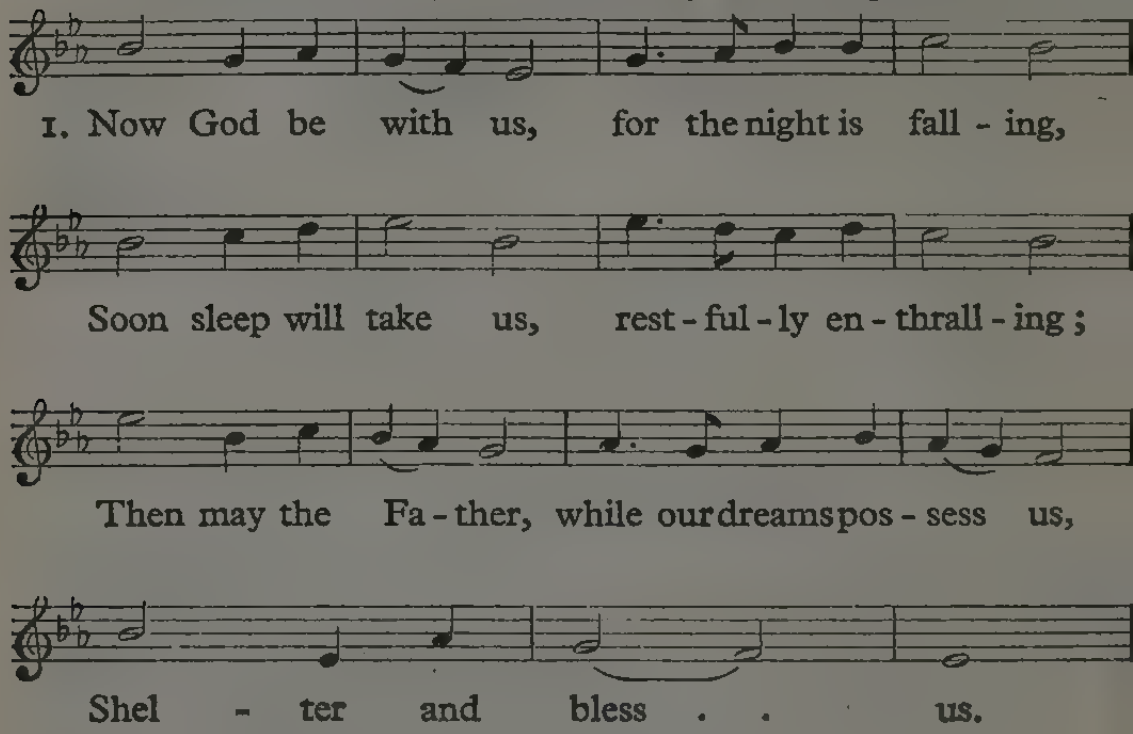

2. For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The
4. O may my soul on thee re - pose, And
ill that I this day have done, That with the world, my -
with sweet sleep mine eye - lids close, Sleep that may me more
- self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
vigor-ous make To serve my God when I a - wake.

179 (33 alt.)

CHRISTE SANCTORUM. (11 11. 11 5.)

Petrus Herbert (1566).
Tr. P. Dearmer.

In moderate time. Melody from LA FEILLÉE, *Methode du plain-chant*, 1782.


1. Now God be with us, for the night is fall - ing,
Soon sleep will take us, rest - ful - ly en - thrall - ing;
Then may the Fa - ther, while our dreams pos - sess us,
Shel - ter and bless . . us.

2 May evil fancies flee away before us,
Great-hearted spirits keep their watches o'er us:
In soul and body, Lord, amend and tend us,
Subtly defend us.

3 When we are sleeping, rest we in thy favour;
Gaily awaking, never from thee waver;
Ever observant, truth and right pursuing
In all our doing.

4 Lover of all men, laughter give for sighing;
Cheer those in sorrow, those in sickness lying,
All the bereavèd, all the poor, distressèd,
All the oppressèd.

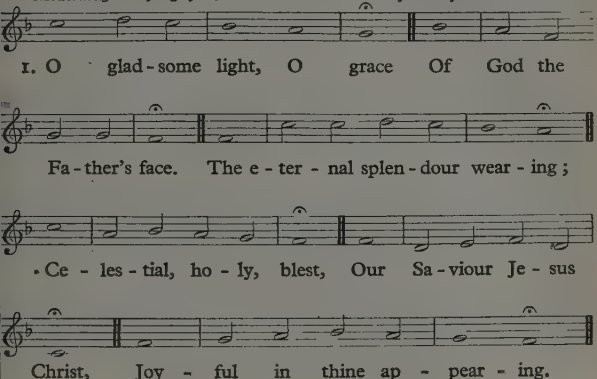
5 Hallowed, O Father, be thy Name; thy Kingdom
Come now among us; be thy Will effected;
Feed us, forgive us, keep us clear of trial,
Freed and protected.

180 (34)

NUNC DIMITTIS. (6 6 7. 6 6 7.) *3rd cent. or earlier. Tr. Y. H.*

Composed or adapted by L. BOURGEOIS, in 1549, for the *Genevan Psalter*. Harmony chiefly from Goudimel.

Moderately slow, dignified.


1. O glad-some light, O grace Of God the
Fa-ther's face. The e-ter-nal splen-dour wear-ing;
Ce-les-tial, ho-ly, blest, Our Sa-viour Je-sus
Christ, Joy-ful in thine ap-pear-ing.

2 Now, ere day fadeth quite,
We see the evening light,
Our wonted hymn outpouring;
Father of might unknown,
Thee, his incarnate Son,
And Holy Spirit adoring.

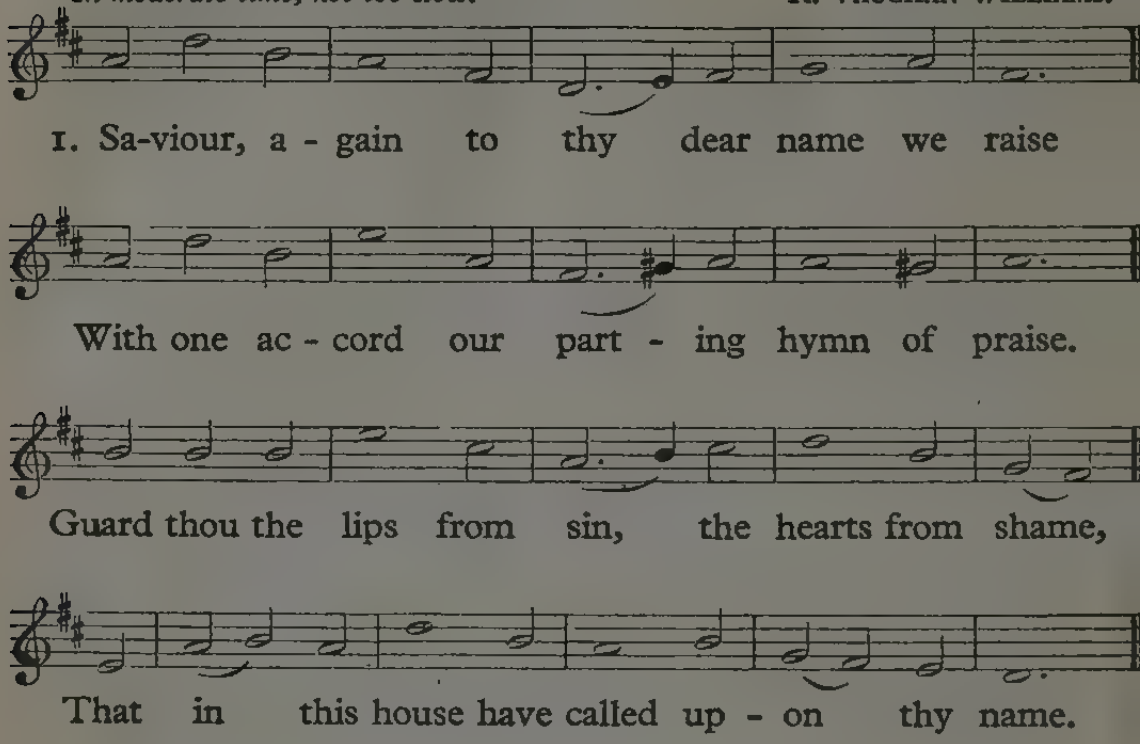
3 To thee of right belongs
All praise of holy songs,
O Son of God, lifegiver;
Thee, therefore, O Most High,
The world doth glorify,
And shall exalt for ever.

181 (37)

MAGDA. (10 10. 10 10.)

In moderate time, not too slow.

J. Ellerton, 1826–93.
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.


1. Sa-viour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise
With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise.
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called up - on thy name.

[*Copyright*, 1925, *by R. Vaughan Williams.*]

2 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

3 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life;
Peace to thy Church from error and from strife;
Peace to our land, the fruit of truth and love;
Peace in each heart, thy Spirit from above:

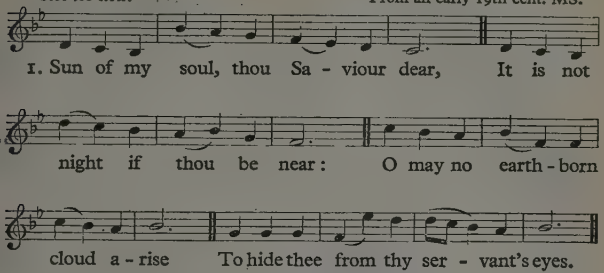
4 Thy peace in life, the balm of every pain;
Thy peace in death, the hope to rise again;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

182 (38)

BIRLING. (L.M.)

Not too slow.

J. Keble, 1792–1866.
From an early 19th cent. MS.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Sa - viour dear, It is not
night if thou be near: O may no earth - born
cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy ser - vant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

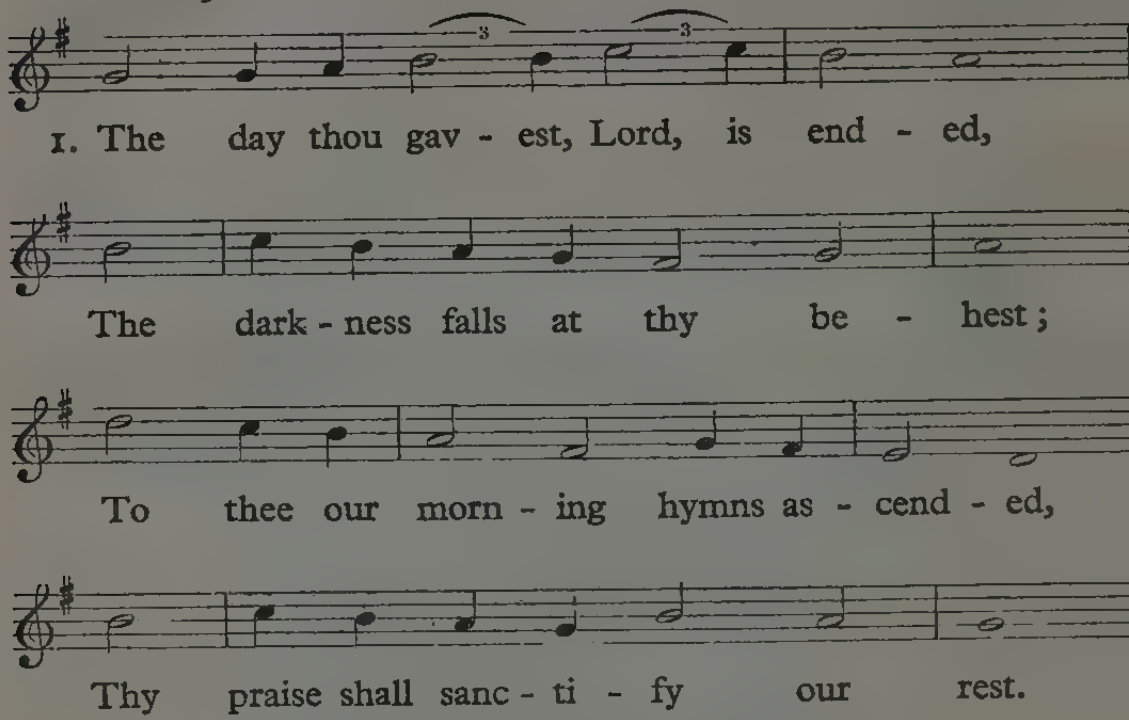
6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

183 (39)

LES COMMANDEMENS DE DIEU. (9 8. 9 8.) *J. Ellerton*, 1826–93.

Original form of melody composed or adapted by L. BOURGEOIS for the *Genevan Psalter*, 1543.

Moderately slow.


1. The day thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed,
The dark - ness falls at thy be - hest;
To thee our morn - ing hymns as - cend - ed,
Thy praise shall sanc - ti - fy our rest.

2 We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

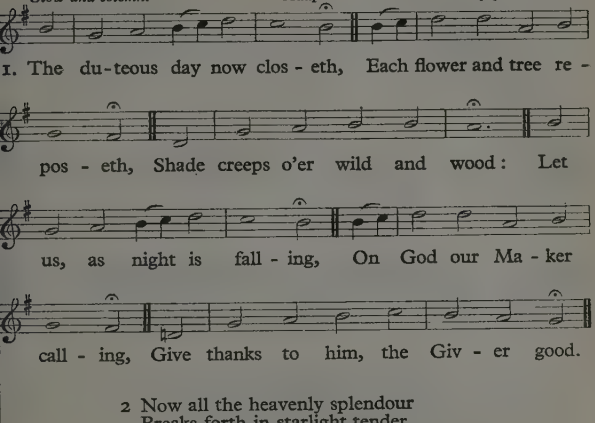
5 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

184 (40)

INNSBRÜCK. (7 7 6. 7 7 8.) *P. Gerhardt, 1607–76. Tr. Y. H.*

Traditional German melody.
Adapted and harmonized by J. S. BACH.

Slow and solemn.


1. The du-teous day now clos-eth, Each flower and tree re-
pos-eth, Shade creeps o'er wild and wood: Let
us, as night is fall-ing, On God our Ma-ker
call-ing, Give thanks to him, the Giv-er good.

2 Now all the heavenly splendour
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And man, the marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being,
For joy of beauty not his own.

3 His care he drowneth yonder,
Lost in the abyss of wonder;
To heaven his soul doth steal:
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth,
That doth from truth his vision seal.

4 Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's lovingkindness,
And grope in faithless strife:
But when life's day is over
Shall death's fair night discover
The fields of everlasting life.

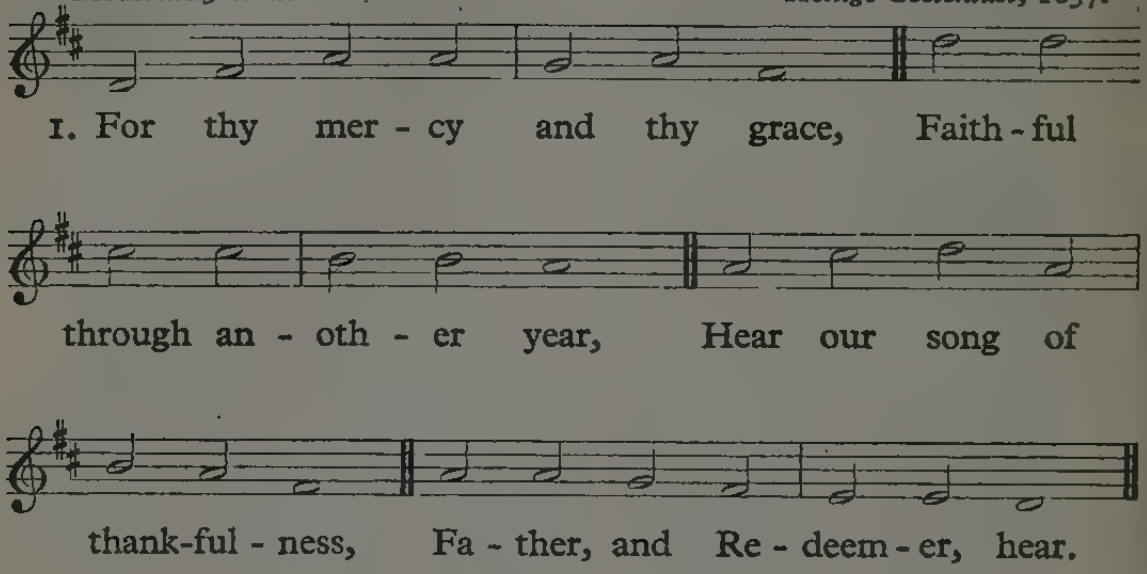
THE SEASONS

185 (2) *New Year*

CULBACH. (7 7. 7 7.)

H. Downton, 1818–85.
From a Chorale in Scheffler's *Heilige Seelenlust*, 1657.

Moderately slow.



2 Lo, our sins on thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.

3 Dark the future: let thy light
Guide us, bright and Morning Star;
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight:
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.

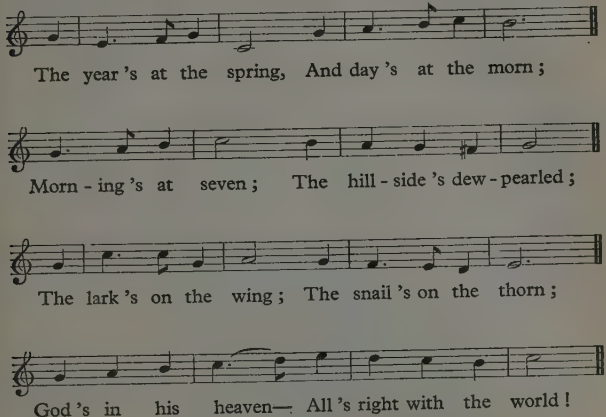
4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our Stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

5 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own:
Help, O help us to endure;
Fit us for the promised crown.

186 (440) *Spring*

BAMBERG. (5 5. 4 5. D.)
Moderately quick.

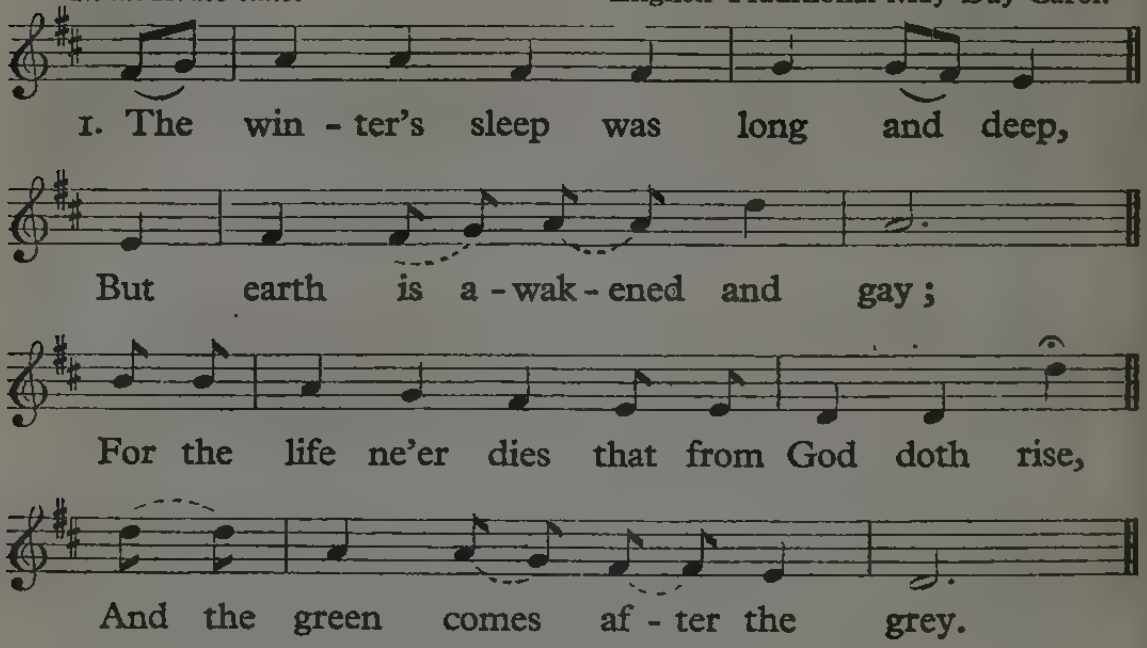
Robert Browning, 1812–89.
17th Century Melody (slightly adapted).


The year 's at the spring, And day 's at the morn;
Morn - ing 's at seven; The hill - side 's dew - pearled;
The lark 's on the wing; The snail 's on the thorn;
God 's in his heaven— All 's right with the world!

187 (5) *A May-day Carol*

KING'S LANGLEY. (C.M. Irreg.) *P. Dearmer.*

In moderate time. English Traditional May-Day Carol.


1. The win - ter's sleep was long and deep,
But earth is a - wak - ened and gay;
For the life ne'er dies that from God doth rise,
And the green comes af - ter the grey.

*2 So God doth bring the world to spring;
And on this holy day
Doth the Church proclaim her Apostles' fame,
To welcome the first of May.

3 Two Saints of God went by the road
That leadeth on to light;
And they gave up all at their Master's call,
To work in their Master's sight.

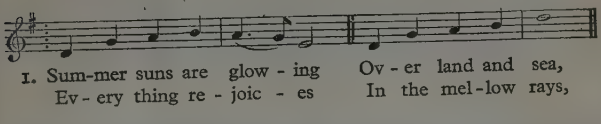
4 Would Philip's mind the Father find?
Lo, he hath found the Way;
For to know the Son is to know the One
Whom the earth and the heavens obey.

5 And, James, 'twas thine by grace divine
To preach the Christian life,
Where our faith is shown by our works alone,
And love overcometh strife.

6 Lord, grant that we may brethren be—
As Christians live in deed;
For it is but so we can learn to know
The truth that to thee doth lead.

188 (6)

GLENFINLAS. (6 5. 6 5. D.) *Bishop Walsham How*, 1823–97.
K. G. FINLAY.


1. Sum-mer suns are glow - ing Ov - er land and sea,
Ev - ery thing re - joic - es In the mel-low rays,
Hap - py light is flow - ing Boun - ti - ful and free.
All earth's thou-sand voi - ces Swell the psalm of praise.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness
Make us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt thee,
Though thou veil thy light:
Life is dark without thee;
Death with thee is bright.
Light of light! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

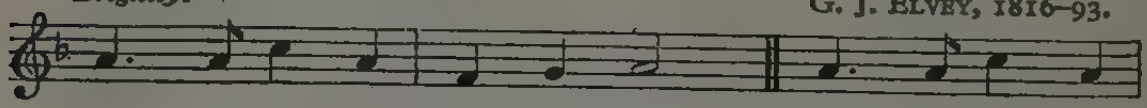
Harvest

189 (7)

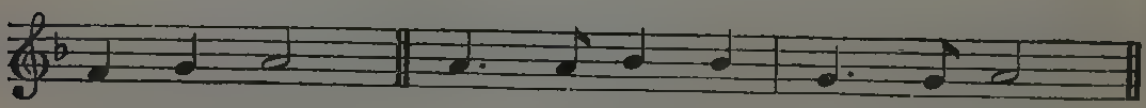
ST. GEORGE. (7 7. 7 7. D.)

Brightly.

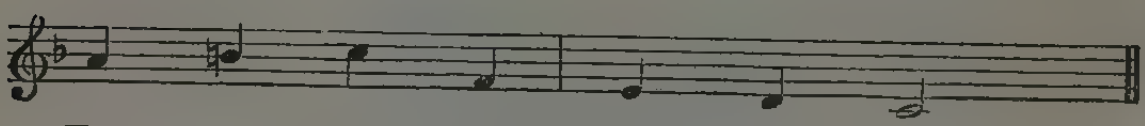
H. Alford, 1810–71.
G. J. Elvey, 1816–93.



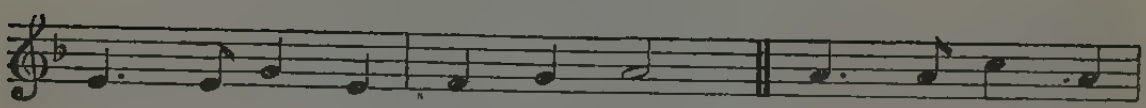
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of



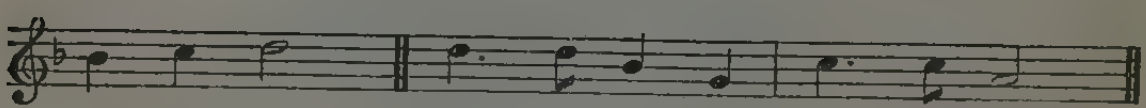
har - vest-home! All is safe - ly gath - ered in,



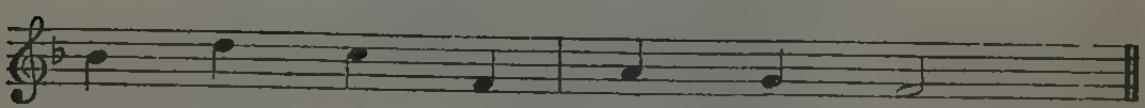
Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;



God, our Ma - ker, doth pro - vide For our wants to



be sup - plied; Come to God's own tem - ple, come;



Raise the song of har - vest - home!

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of harvest-home!

2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
Give his Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

4 Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home;
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
There for ever purified
In God's garner to abide:
Come, ten thousand Angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home!

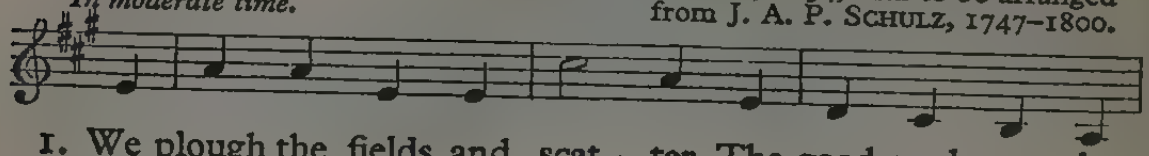
190 (10)

Harvest

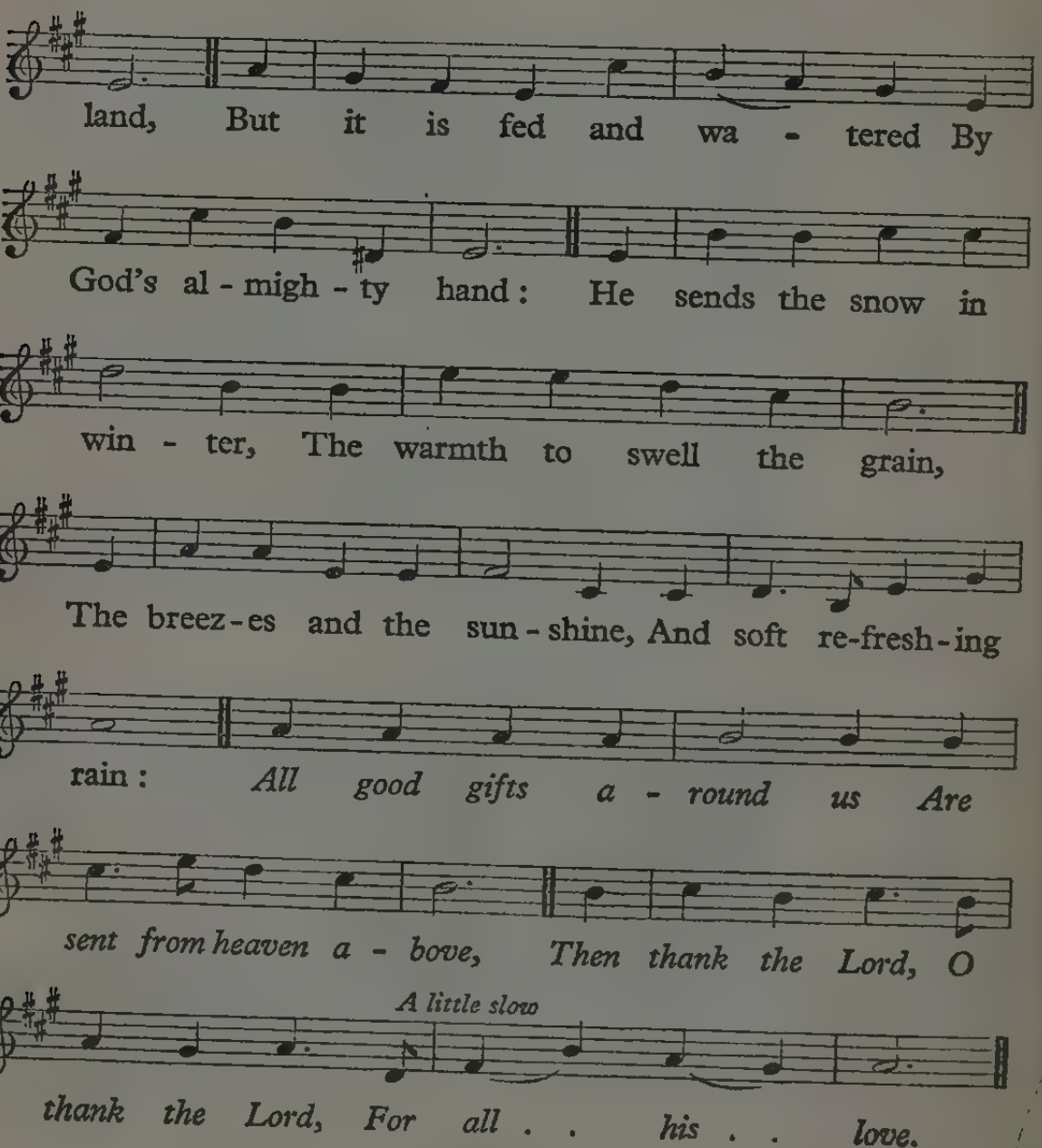
WIR PFLÜGEN. (7 6. 7 6. 7 6. 7 6. 6 6. 8 4.)

M. Claudius, 1740–1815. *Tr. J. M. Campbell.*

Bible Class Magazine, 1854, said to be arranged from J. A. P. SCHULZ, 1747–1800.



1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - migh - ty hand: He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re-fresh - ing rain: *All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heaven a - bove, Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all . . his . . love.*



1 We plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand:
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain:
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

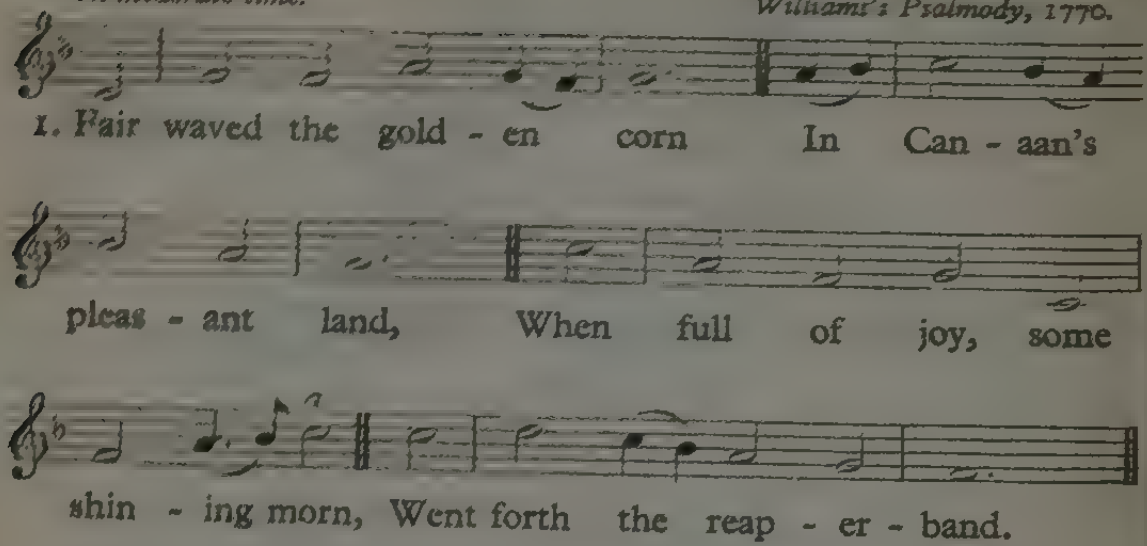
2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far,
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star.
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread:

3 We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good;
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
No gifts have we to offer
For all thy love imparts,
But that which thou desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts:
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord,
For all his love.

191 (8) *Harvest*

ST. THOMAS. (S.M.) *J. Hampden Gurney, 1802–62.*

In moderate time. *William's Psalmody, 1770.*



2 To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour;
Then carry to his temple-gate
The choicest of their store.

3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may thy children be.

4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.

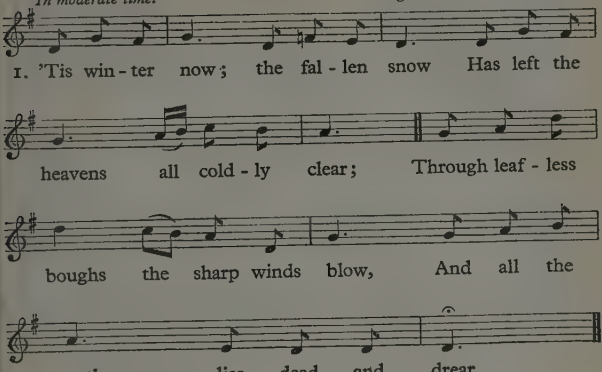
5 In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve thy Church below,
And join thy Saints in heaven.

192 (12) *Winter*

DANBY. (L.M.)

In moderate time.

S. Longfellow, 1819–92.
English Traditional Melody.


1. 'Tis win - ter now; the fal - len snow Has left the
heavens all cold - ly clear; Through leaf - less
boughs the sharp winds blow, And all the
earth lies dead and drear.

[*Copyright*, 1925, *by R. Vaughan Williams.*]

2 And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes;
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

3 And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

4 O God! who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

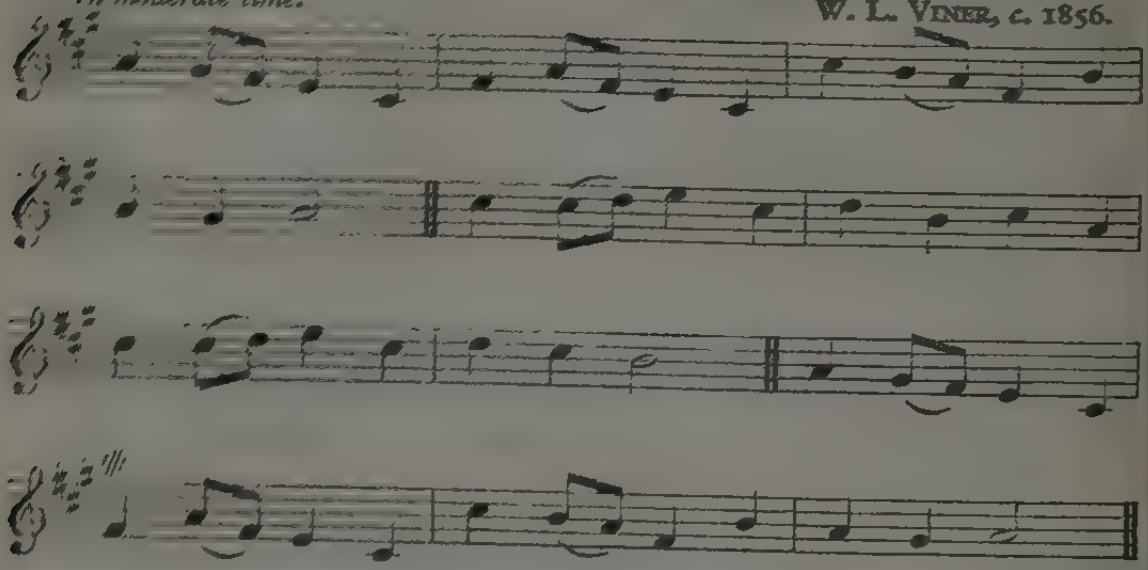
THE SCHOOL

193 (405)

DISMISSAL. (8 7. 8 7. 4 7.)

In moderate time.

H. J. Buckoll, 1803–71.
W. L. Viner, *c.* 1856.



Assembly.

1 Lord, behold us with thy blessing,
Once again assembled here;
Onward be our footsteps pressing,
In thy love and faith and fear:
Still protect us
By thy presence ever near.

2 For thy mercy we adore thee,
For this rest upon our way;
Lord, again we bow before thee,
Speed our labours day by day:
Mind and spirit
With thy choicest gifts array.

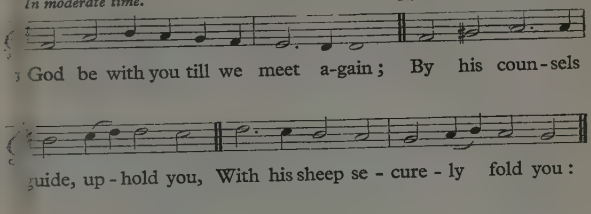
Dismissal.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing;
Time that 's lost may all retrieve:
May thy children
Ne'er again thy Spirit grieve.

2 Let thy Father-hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store:
Those returning
Make more faithful than before.

4 (406) *End of Term or School Year*

ANDOLPH. (9 8. 8 9.) *J. E. Rankin*, 1828–1904.
In moderate time. R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.


God be with you till we meet a-gain; By his coun-sels
guide, up-hold you, With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you:
God be with you till we meet a-gain.

2 God be with you till we meet again;
'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you:
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arm unfailing round you:
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you:
God be with you till we meet again.

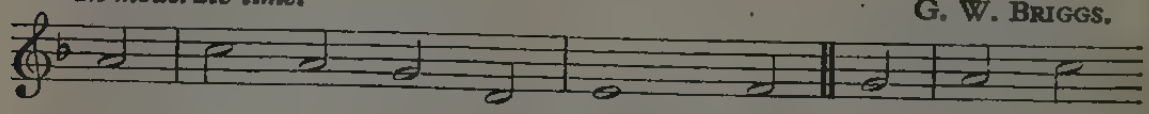
195 (107)

Commemoration

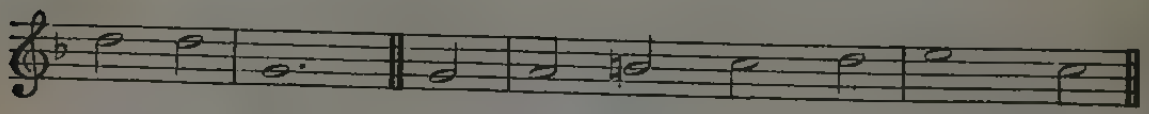
LOUGHBOROUGH. (7 6. 7 6. D.)

In moderate time.

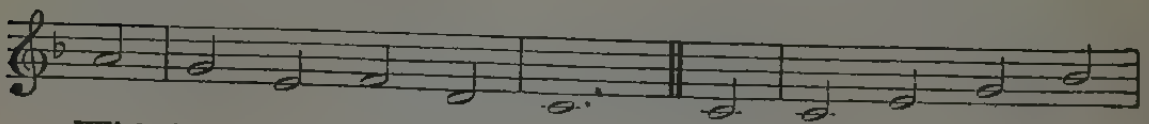
G. W. Briggs.
G. W. BRIGGS.



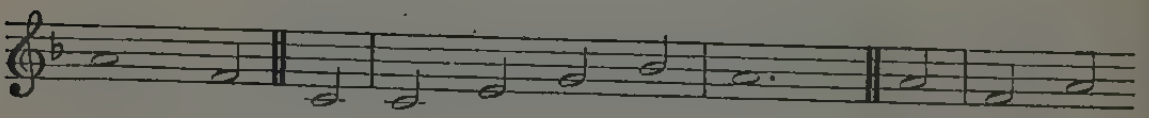
1. Our Fa - ther, by whose ser - vants Our house was



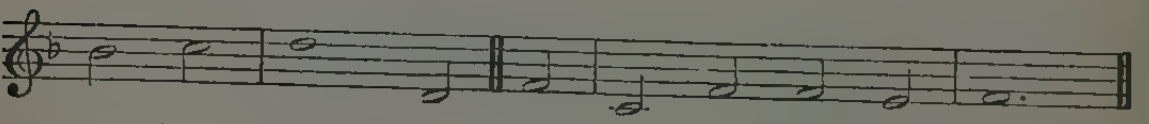
built of old, Whose hand hath crowned her chil - dren



With bless-ings man - i - fold, For thine un - fail - ing



mer - cies Far-strewn a - long our way, With all who



passed be - fore us, We praise thy name to - day.

[*Copyright*, 1925, *by Oxford University Press.*]

1 Our Father, by whose servants
Our house was built of old,
Whose hand hath crowned her children
With blessings manifold,
For thine unfailing mercies
Far-strewn along our way,
With all who passed before us,
We praise thy name to-day.

2 The changeful years unresting
Their silent course have sped,
New comrades ever bringing
In comrades' steps to tread:
And some are long forgotten,
Long spént their hopes and fears;
Safe rest they in thy keeping,
Who changest not with years.

3 They reap not where they laboured,
We reap what they have sown;
Our harvest may be garnered
By ages yet unknown.
The days of old have dowered us
With gifts beyond all praise:
Our Father, make us faithful
To serve the coming days.

4 Before us and beside us,
Still holden in thine hand,
A cloud unseen of witness,
Our elder comrades stand:
One family unbroken,
We join, with one acclaim,
One heart, one voice uplifting,
To glorify thy name.

Loughborough School Hymn (adapted, by permission).

(NOTE.—*Schools with a known founder may prefer, in verse 1, the original version—'servant'; and ancient foundations may prefer the original of verse 2.*

Four hundred years enduring,
From age to following age,
A hundred generations
Have built our heritage:
Their name is long forgotten,
Long spent their hopes and fears:
Safe rest they in thy keeping,
Who changest not with years.)

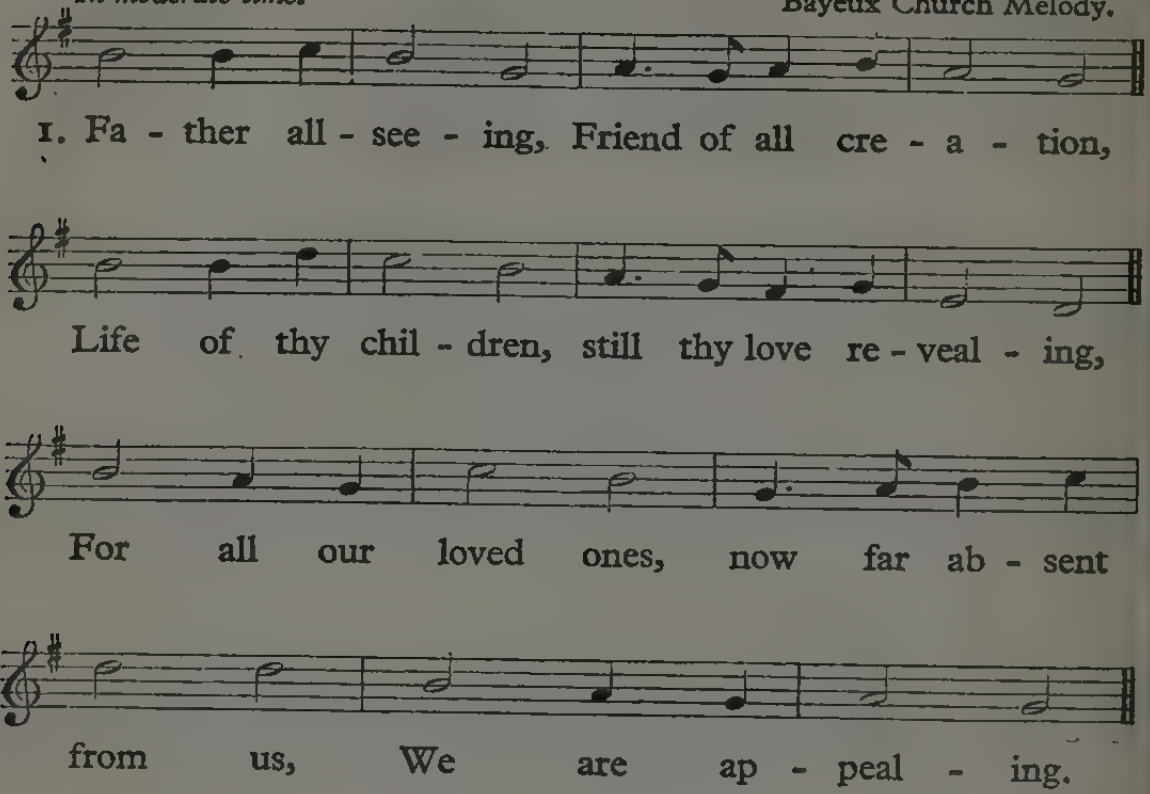
196 (404) *Absent Friends*

DIVA SERVATRIX. (11 11. 11 5.)

Maud Bell.

In moderate time.

Bayeux Church Melody.


1. Fa - ther all - see - ing, Friend of all cre - a - tion,
Life of thy chil - dren, still thy love re - veal - ing,
For all our loved ones, now far ab - sent
from us, We are ap - peal - ing.

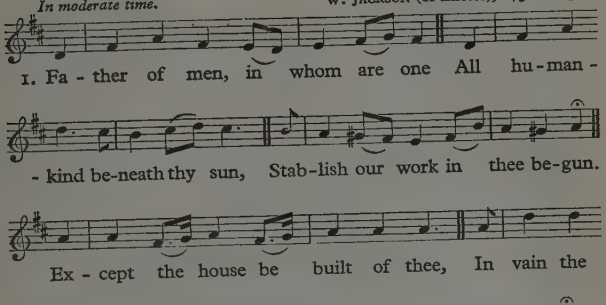
2 Working or playing, Lord, be thou their leader;
And, if alarm or sickness should oppress them,
Teach them to trust thee, knowing that in all things
Thy love will bless them.

3 In all temptation be their strength and comfort;
Guide them in weakness, sanctifying, shielding;
Through him who, tempted every day as we are,
Lived without yielding.

4 When they are lonely, be thou their companion,
Hold them in safety, strengthen their endeavour;
Grant them to follow where thy voice shall call them,
Now and for ever.

197 (409) *Fellowship*

EXETER. (8 8 8. 8 8 8.) *H. C. Shuttleworth*, 1850–1900.
In moderate time. W. JACKSON (of Exeter), 1730–1803.


1. Fa - ther of men, in whom are one All hu - man -
- kind be-neath thy sun, Stab-lish our work in thee be-gun.
Ex - cept the house be built of thee, In vain the
build-er's toil must be: O streng-then our in - fir - mi-ty!

2 Man lives not for himself alone,
In others' good he finds his own,
Life's worth in fellowship is known.
We, friends and comrades on life's way,
Gather within these walls to pray:
Bless thou our fellowship to-day.

3 O Christ, our Elder Brother, who
By serving man God's will didst do,
Help us to serve our brethren too.
Guide us to seek the things above,
The base to shun, the pure approve,
To live by thy free law of love.

4 In all our work, in all our play,
Be with us, Lord, our friend, our stay;
Lead onward to the perfect day:
Then may we know, earth's lesson o'er,
With comrades missed or gone before,
Heaven's fellowship for evermore.

FOR THOSE AT SEA

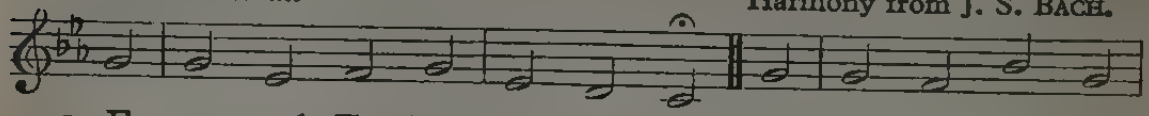
198 (407)

VATER UNSER. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.)

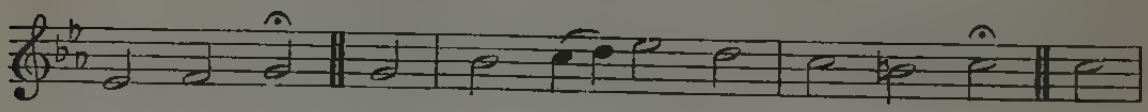
W. Whiting, 1825–78.

Melody from Schumann's *Gesangbuch*, 1539.
Harmony from J. S. BACH.

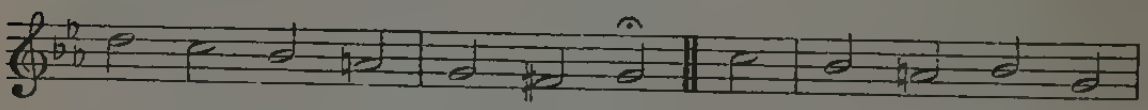
Slow and solemn.



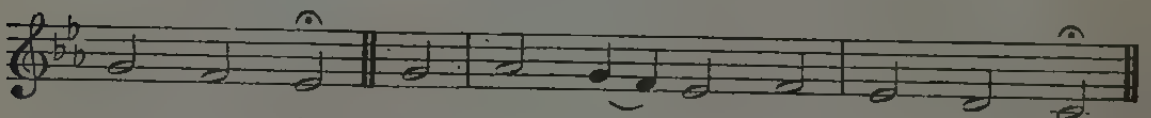
1. E - ter - nal Fa-ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the



rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the migh-ty o - cean deep Its



own ap-point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we



cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

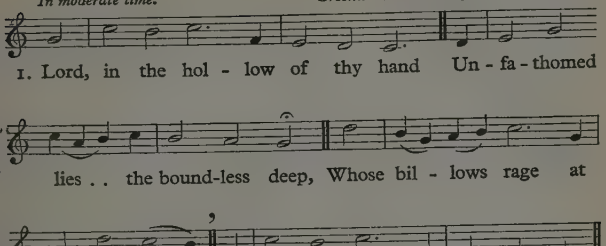
3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go:
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

199 (155)

AFFECTION. (L.M.)
In moderate time.

G. W. Briggs.
Greenwood's Psalmody, Halifax, 1838.


1. Lord, in the hol - low of thy hand Un - fa - thomed
lies . . the bound-less deep, Whose bil - lows rage at
thy com - mand, And at thy bid - ding sink to sleep.

2 Thy way is on the pathless sea;
In farthest coasts still thou art near:
And fearing, loving, trusting thee,
No peril shall thy servants fear.

3 When, swept by wind and wave, they breast
The fury of the winter gale,
On thee their valiant hearts shall rest,
Assured that thou canst never fail.

4 When the black mantle of the night,
Or shrouding mists, white-robed, by day,
Have veiled the perils from their sight,
Be thou their guide upon their way.

5 Their way is sure, whate'er betide,
Whose mind on thee, O Lord, is stayed:
In life and death still by thy side,
They journey onward unafraid.

(*This hymn may also be sung to* DUKE STREET (*Hymn* 121, *S.P.* 232) *or* MARINERS (*S.P.* 408).)

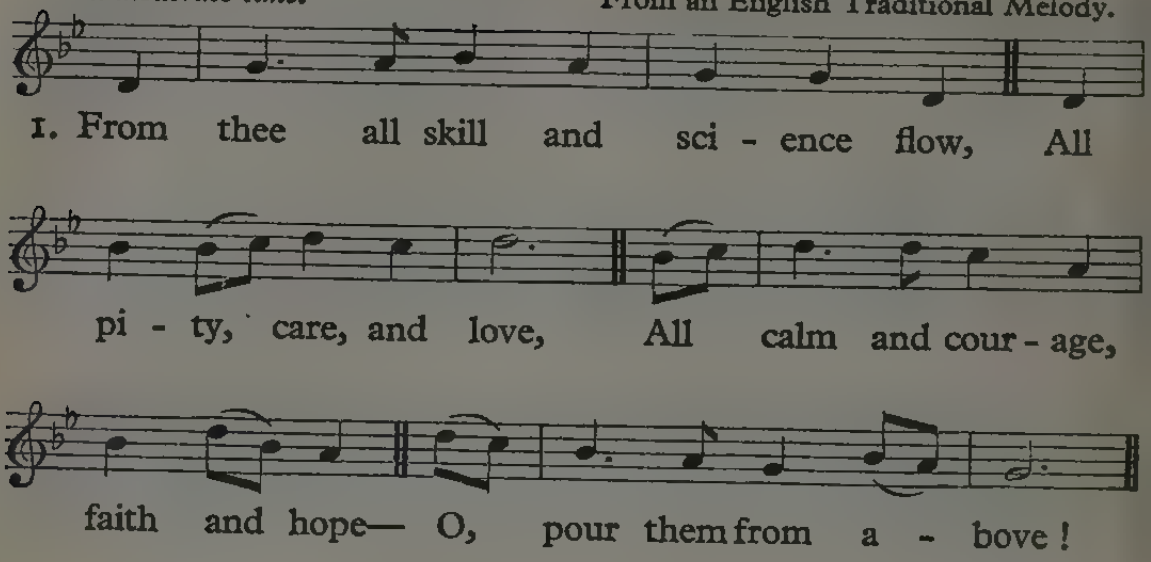
HOSPITALS

200 (156)

FARNHAM. (C.M.)

In moderate time.

Charles Kingsley, 1819–75.
From an English Traditional Melody.



2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need
To rise, like incense, each to thee,
In noble thought and deed.

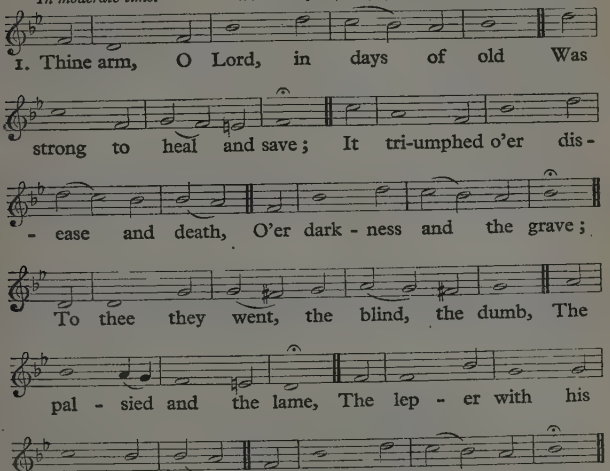
3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

201 (157)

ST. MATTHEW. (D.C.M.) *E. H. Plumptre*, 1821–91.

In moderate time. W. CROFT, 1678–1727 (modern form of melody).


1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was
strong to heal and save; It tri-umphed o'er dis-
- ease and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave;
To thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The
pal - sied and the lame, The lep - er with his
taint - ed life, The sick with fev - ered frame.

2 And lo! thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned thee the Lord of light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be thou our great deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With thine almighty breath;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore.

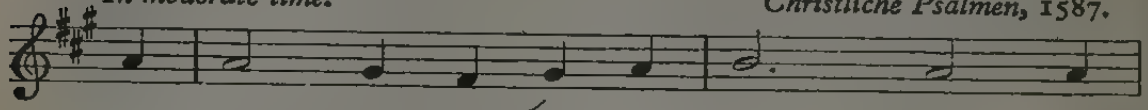
SOCIAL SERVICE

202 (198)

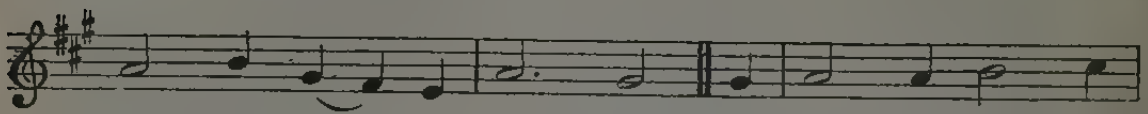
NUN LASST UNS GOTT DEM HERREN. (7 7. 7 7.) *P. Dearmer.*

In moderate time.

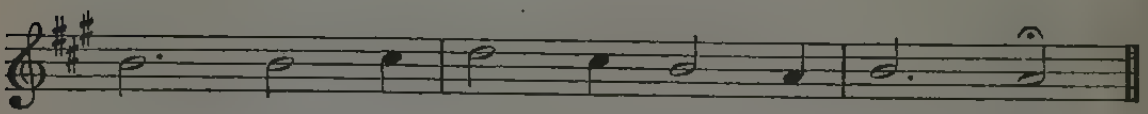
Later form of melody in Selneccer's *Christliche Psalmen*, 1587.



1. A bright - er dawn is break - ing, And



earth with praise is wak - ing; For thou, O King most



high - est, The power of death de - fi - est;

2 And thou hast come victorious,
With risen body glorious,
Who now for ever livest,
And life abundant givest.

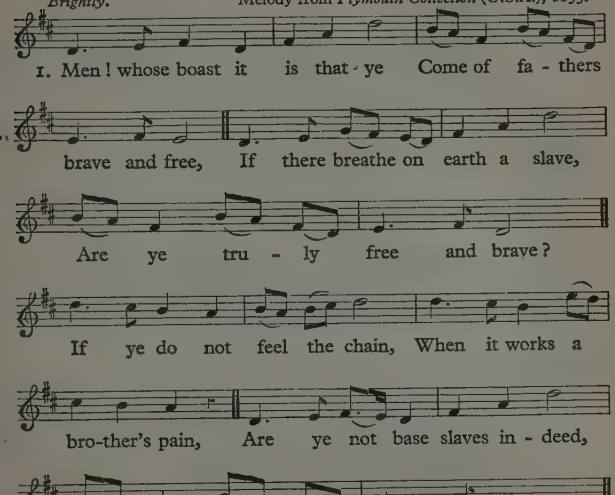
3 O free the world from blindness,
And fill the world with kindness,
Give sinners resurrection,
Bring striving to perfection;

4 In sickness give us healing,
In doubt thy clear revealing,
That praise to thee be given
In earth as in thy heaven.

203 (175)

IVES. (7 7. 7 7. D.) *J. Russell Lowell*, 1819–91.

Brightly. Melody from *Plymouth Collection* (U.S.A.), 1855.


1. Men! whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers
brave and free, If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye tru - ly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain, When it works a
bro-ther's pain, Are ye not base slaves in - deed,
Slaves un - wor - thy to be freed?

2 Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!

3 They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

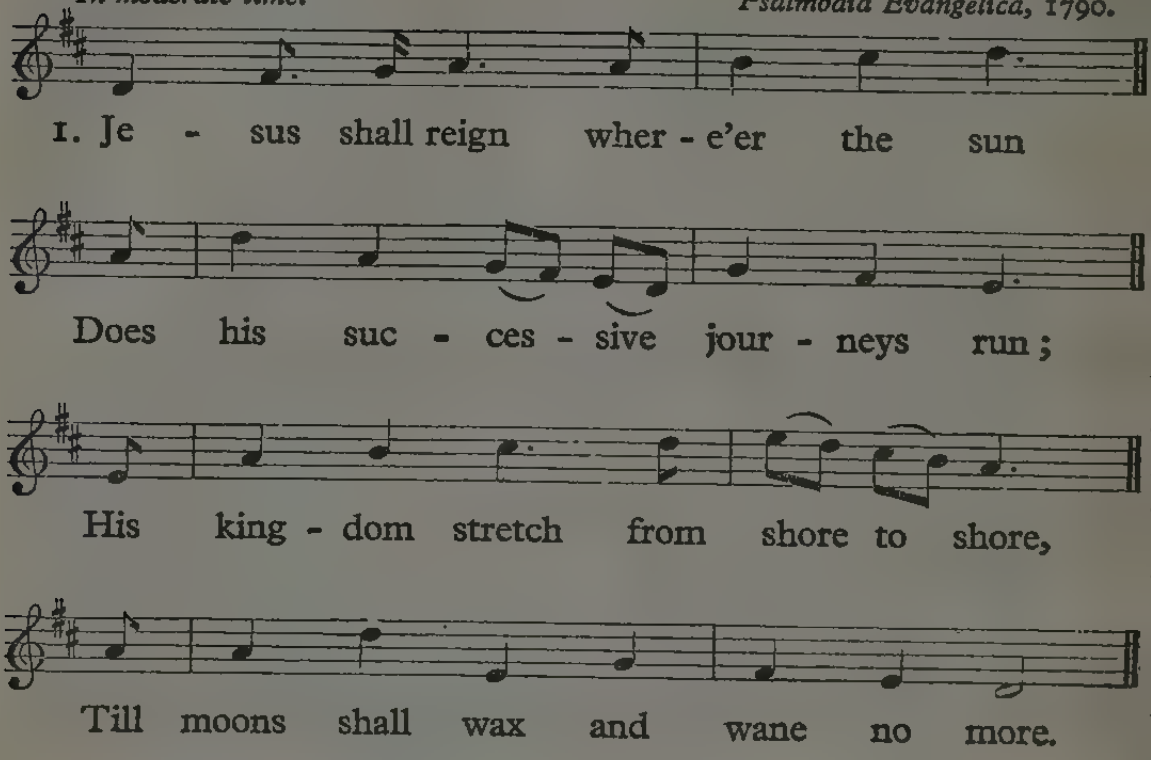
SERVICE OVERSEA

204 (282)

TRURO. (L.M.)

In moderate time.

I. Watts, 1674–1748.
Psalmodia Evangelica, 1790.


1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun
Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
His king - dom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

205 (132)

AURELIA. (76. 76. D.) (*See Hymn* 108.)

S. S. WESLEY, 1810–76. *Bishop R. Heber*, 1783–1826.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone!

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

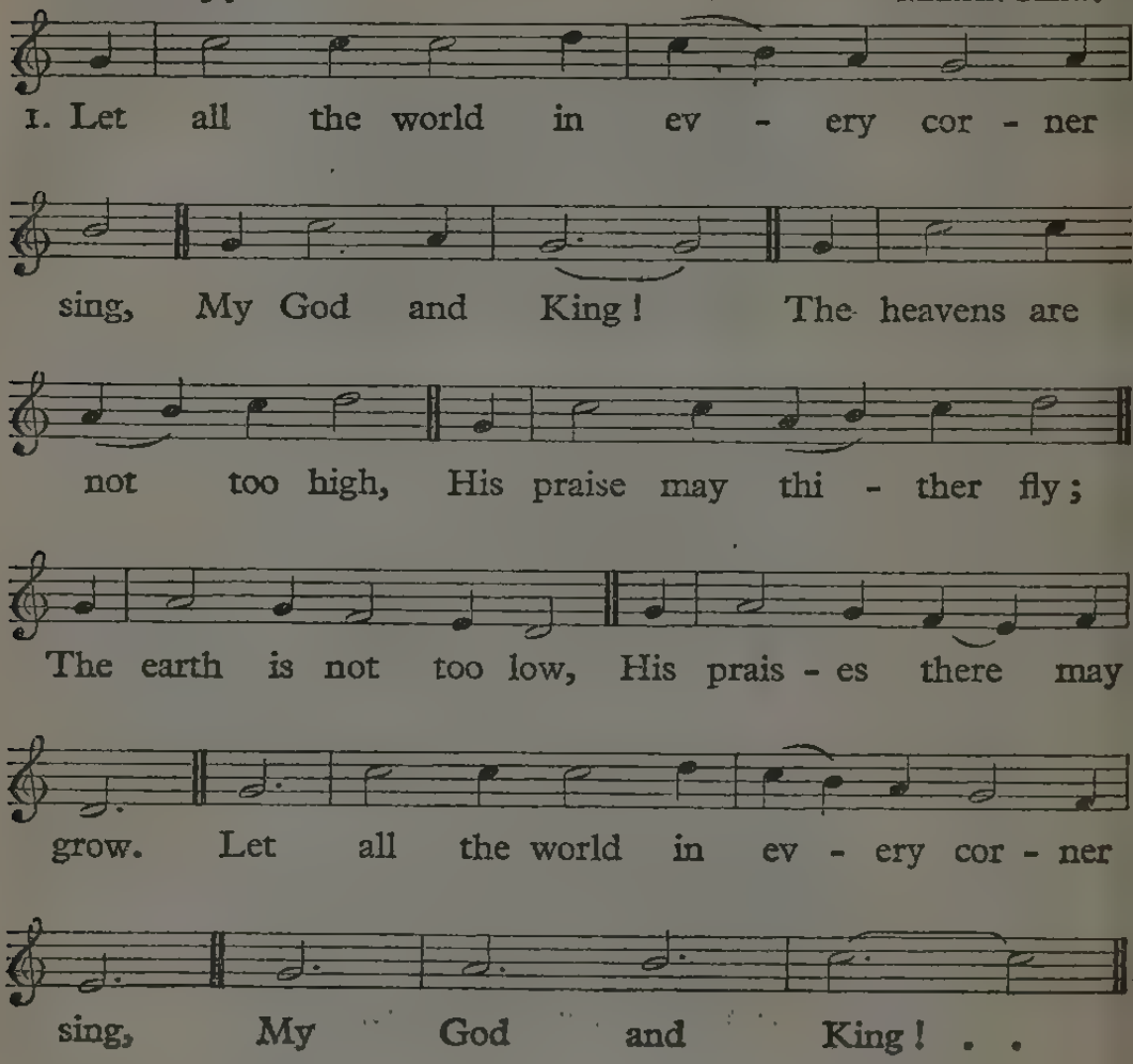
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

(*For alternative tune see Hymn* 28, *S.P.* 107; *also S.P.* 169.)

206 (288)

HIGH ROAD. (10 4. 6 6. 6 6. 10 4.) *George Herbert*, 1593–1632.

Moderately fast. MARTIN SHAW.


1. Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner
sing, My God and King! The heavens are
not too high, His praise may thi - ther fly;
The earth is not too low, His prais - es there may
grow. Let all the world in ev - ery cor - ner
sing, My God and King! . .

[*Copyright*, 1915, *by J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd.*]

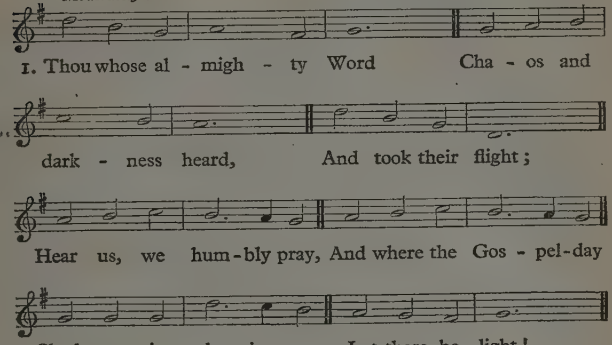
2 Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out;
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King!

(*The first verse can be repeated, if desired.*)

207 (172)

MOSCOW. (6 6 4. 6 6. 6 4.) *J. Marriott*, 1780–1825.

Moderately slow. Adapted from F. de GIARDINI, 1716–96.


1. Thou whose al - migh - ty Word Cha - os and
dark - ness heard, And took their flight;
Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And where the Gos - pel-day
Sheds not its glo - rious ray Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Ah! now to all mankind
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight!
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

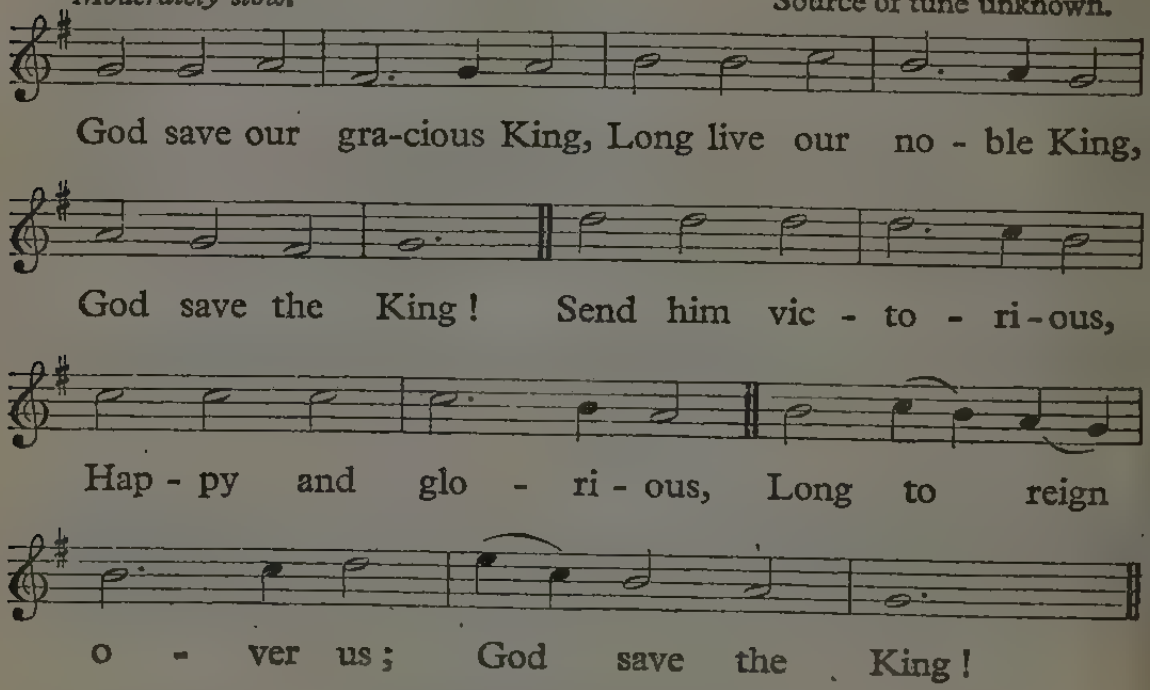
4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world far and wide
Let there be light!

NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL HYMNS

208 (187)

NATIONAL ANTHEM. (6 6 4. 6 6 6 4.)

Moderately slow. Source of tune unknown.


God save our gra-cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
God save the King! Send him vic - to - ri - ous,
Hap - py and glo - ri - ous, Long to reign
o - ver us; God save the King!

PART 2. *The Motherland.*

One realm of races four,
Blest ever more and more,
God save our land!
Home of the brave and free,
Set in the silver sea,
True nurse of chivalry,
God save our land!

PART 3. *The Empire.*

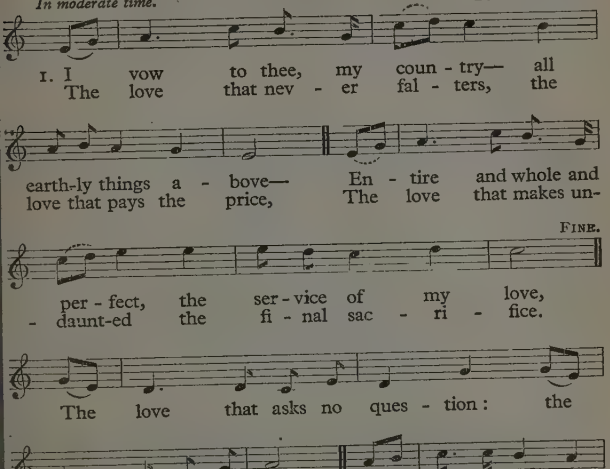
Of many a race and birth
One Empire, wide as earth,
As ocean wide,
Brothers in war and peace,
Brothers, that war may cease;
God, who hath given increase,
Still guard and guide.

(For Empire Day and similar occasions see also other hymns in this section, especially 210, 217, 219; *and hymns like* 107, 137, 203, 204, 206, 207 *may be, in varying degrees, suitable.)*

209 (188)

THAXTED. (7 6. 7 6. 7 6. D.) *Sir Cecil Spring-Rice*, 1859–1918.
GUSTAV HOLST.

In moderate time.


1. I vow to thee, my coun - try— all
The love that nev - er fal - ters, the
earth-ly things a - bove— En - tire and whole and
love that pays the price, The love that makes un-
FINE.
per - fect, the ser - vice of my love,
- daunt-ed the fi - nal sac - ri - fice.
The love that asks no ques - tion: the
love that stands the test, That lays up-on the
D.C. al Fine.
al - tar the dear-est and the best:

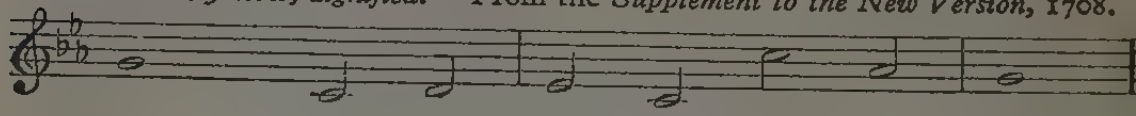
[*Copyright*, 1921, *in U.S.A. by Goodwin & Tabb, Ltd.*]

2 And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies: we may not see her King—
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her paths are peace.

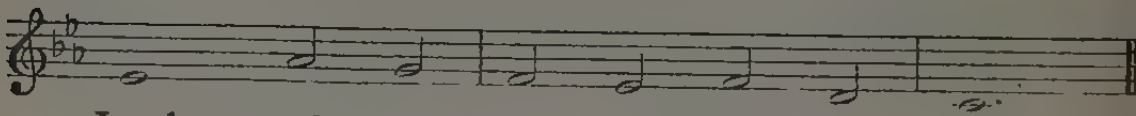
210 (186)

FOLKINGHAM. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) *Rudyard Kipling.*

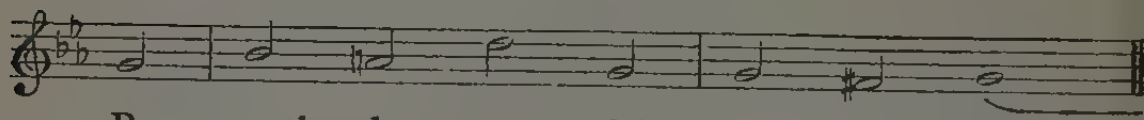
Moderately slow, dignified. From the *Supplement to the New Version*, 1708.



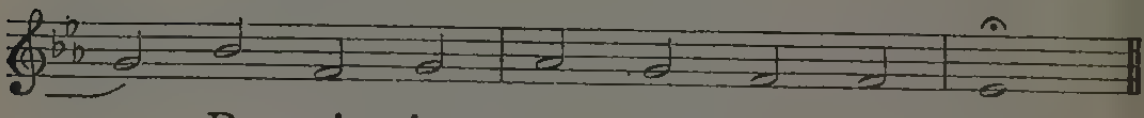
1. God of our fa - thers, known of old,



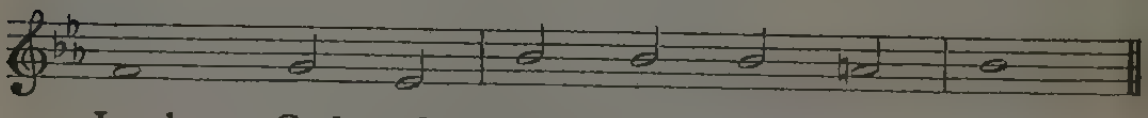
Lord of our far - flung bat - tle - line,



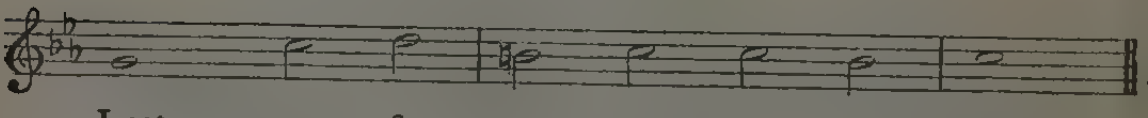
Be - neath whose aw - ful hand we hold .



. . . Do - min - ion o - ver palm and pine—



Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,



Lest we for - get— lest we for - get!

1 God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

3 Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

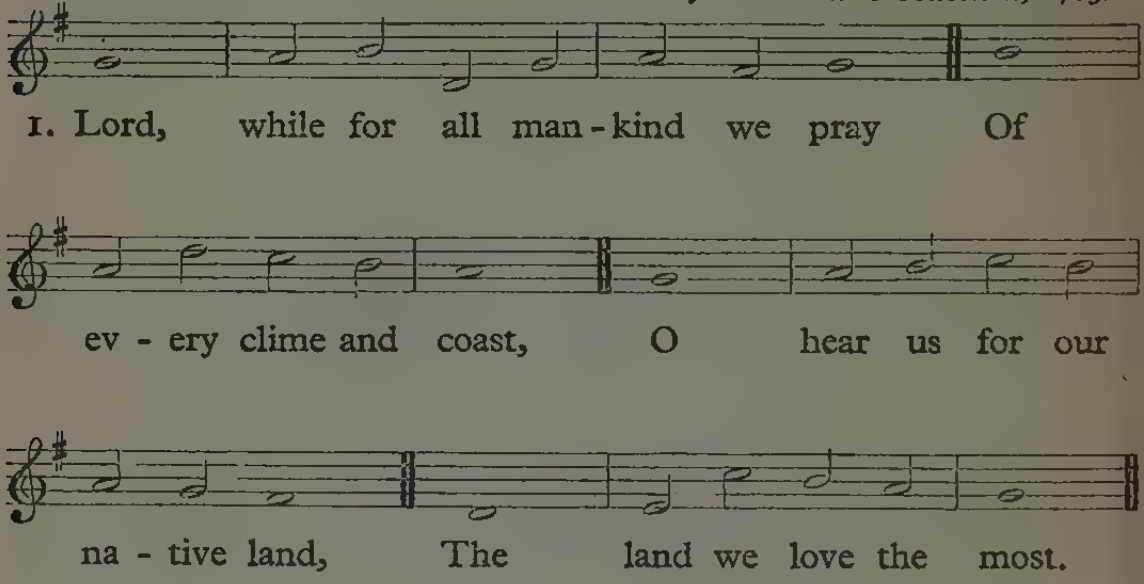
*4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

211 (189)

ABERDEEN. (C.M.) *In moderate time.*

J. R. Wreford, 1800–81.
Melody in *Bremner's Collection*, 1763.



2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

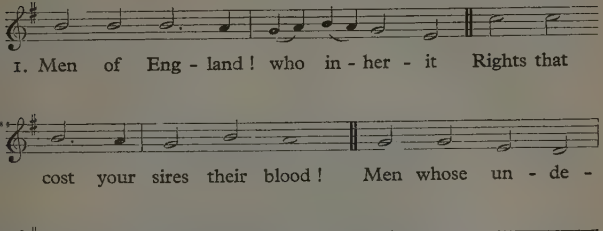
3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

212 (190)

SUSSEX. (8 7. 8 7.) *Thomas Campbell*, 1777–1844.

In moderate time. Adapted from an English Traditional Melody.


1. Men of Eng - land! who in - her - it Rights that
cost your sires their blood! Men whose un - de -
- gene - rate spi - rit Has been proved on field and flood:—

2 Yet, remember, England gathers,
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

3 What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

4 We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny;—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we!

213 (194)

STEPNEY. (6664. 6664.) *G. K. Menzies.*
GUSTAV HOLST.
In moderate time.

1 What heroes thou hast bred,
O England, my country!
I see the mighty dead
Pass in line,
Each with undaunted heart
Playing his gallant part,
Making thee what thou art,
Mother of mine!

2 Then let me take my place,
O England, my country!
Amid the gallant race
That is thine,
Ready to hear thy call,
Ready to give thee all,
Ready, whate'er befall,
Mother of mine!

214 (204)

JERUSALEM. (D.L.M.) *William Blake*, 1757–1827.
C. HUBERT PARRY, 1848–1918.
Slow, but with animation.

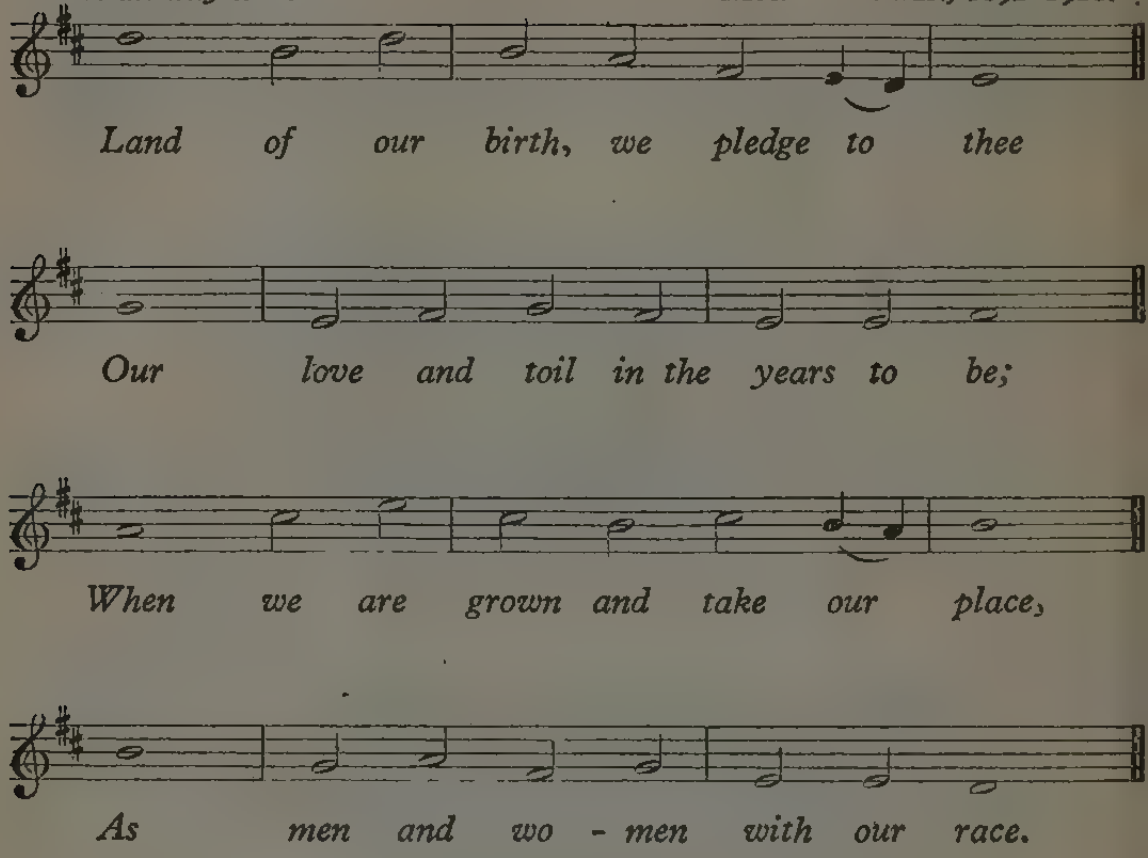
1 And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?

2 Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

215 (230)

RICHARD. (L.M.) *Rudyard Kipling.*

Moderately slow. MORFYDD OWEN, 1892–1918.


Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and wo - men with our race.

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be ;
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

1 Father in Heaven who lovest all,
O help thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefilèd heritage.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth ;
That, in our time thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day ;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On thee for judge, and not our friends ;
That we, with thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

6 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs ;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

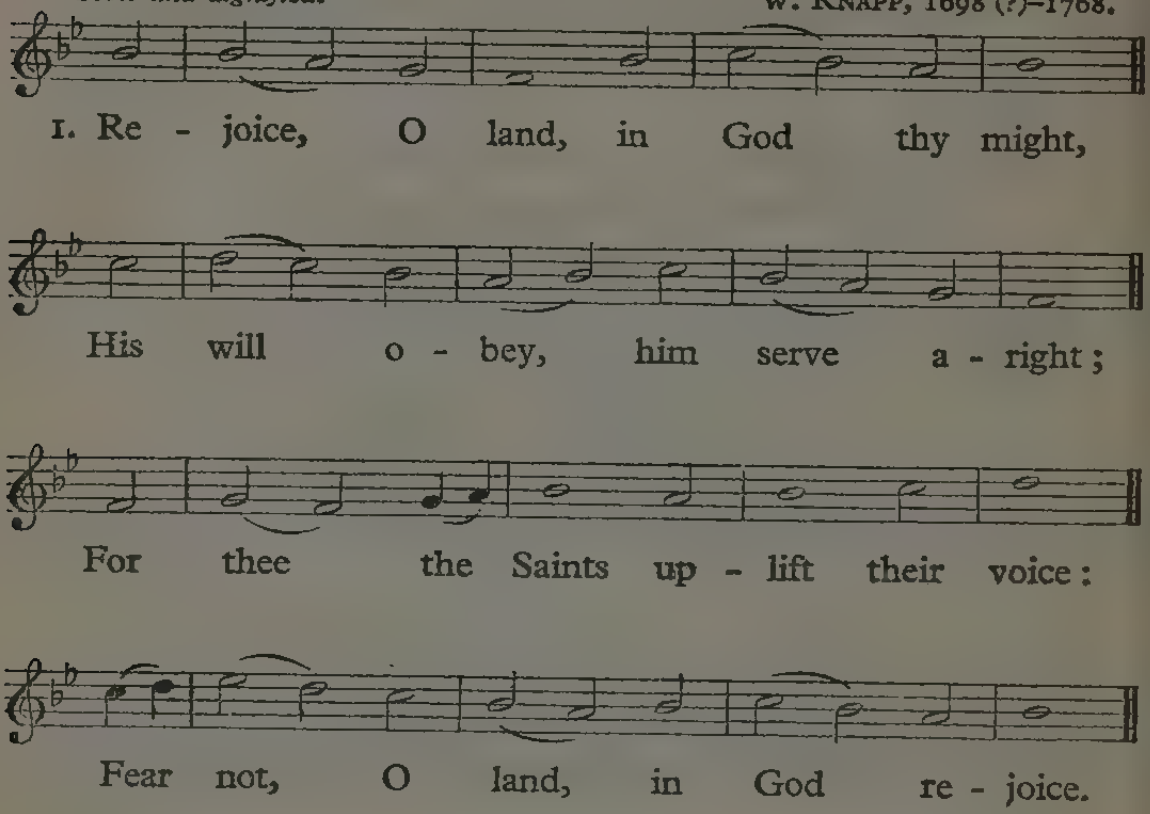
Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died ;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be !

(*For alternative tune see* CANNONS, *S.P.* 167 ; *also* TRURO, *Hymn* 204, *S.P.* 282.)

216 (346)

WAREHAM. (L.M.) *Y. H.*

Slow and dignified. W. KNAPP, 1698 (?)–1768.

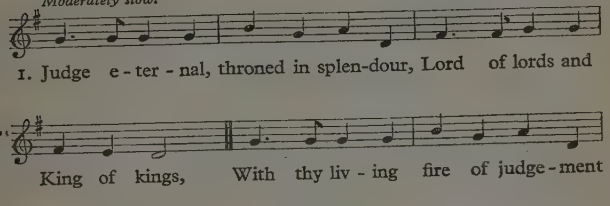

1. Re - joice, O land, in God thy might,
His will o - bey, him serve a - right;
For thee the Saints up - lift their voice:
Fear not, O land, in God re - joice.

2 Glad shalt thou be, with blessing crowned,
With joy and peace thou shalt abound;
Yea, love with thee shall make his home
Until thou see God's kingdom come.

3 He shall forgive thy sins untold:
Remember thou his love of old;
Walk in his way, his word adore,
And keep his truth for evermore.

217 (284)

RHUDDLAN. (8 7. 8 7. 8 7.) *Henry Scott Holland*, 1847–1918.
Moderately slow. Welsh Traditional Melody.


1. Judge e - ter - nal, throned in splen-dour, Lord of lords and
King of kings, With thy liv - ing fire of judge - ment
Purge this realm of bit - ter things; So - lace all its
wide do - min-ion With the heal - ing of thy wings.

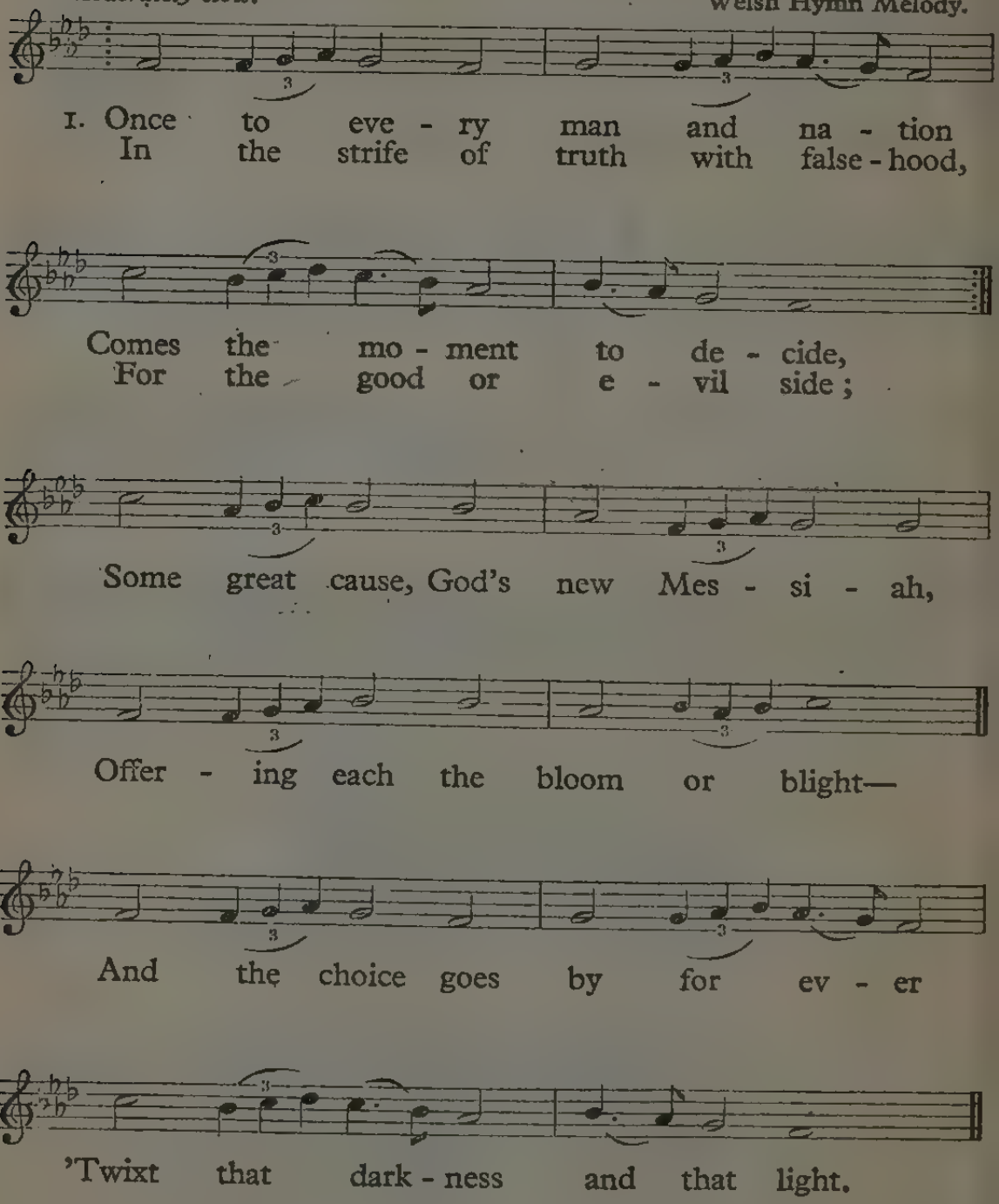
2 Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release:
And the city's crowded clangour
Cries aloud for sin to cease;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.

3 Crown, O God, thine own endeavour:
Cleave our darkness with thy sword:
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of thy Word:
Cleanse the body of this Empire
Through the glory of the Lord.

218 (178)

EBENEZER (TON-Y-BOTEL). (8 7. 8 7. D.) *J. Russell Lowell*, 1819–91.

Moderately slow. Welsh Hymn Melody.


1. Once to eve - ry man and na - tion
In the strife of truth with false - hood,
Comes the mo - ment to de - cide,
For the good or e - vil side;
Some great cause, God's new Mes - si - ah,
Offer - ing each the bloom or blight—
And the choice goes by for ev - er
'Twixt that dark - ness and that light.

[*By permission of W. Gwenlyn Evans & Son, Carnarvon.*]

2 Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

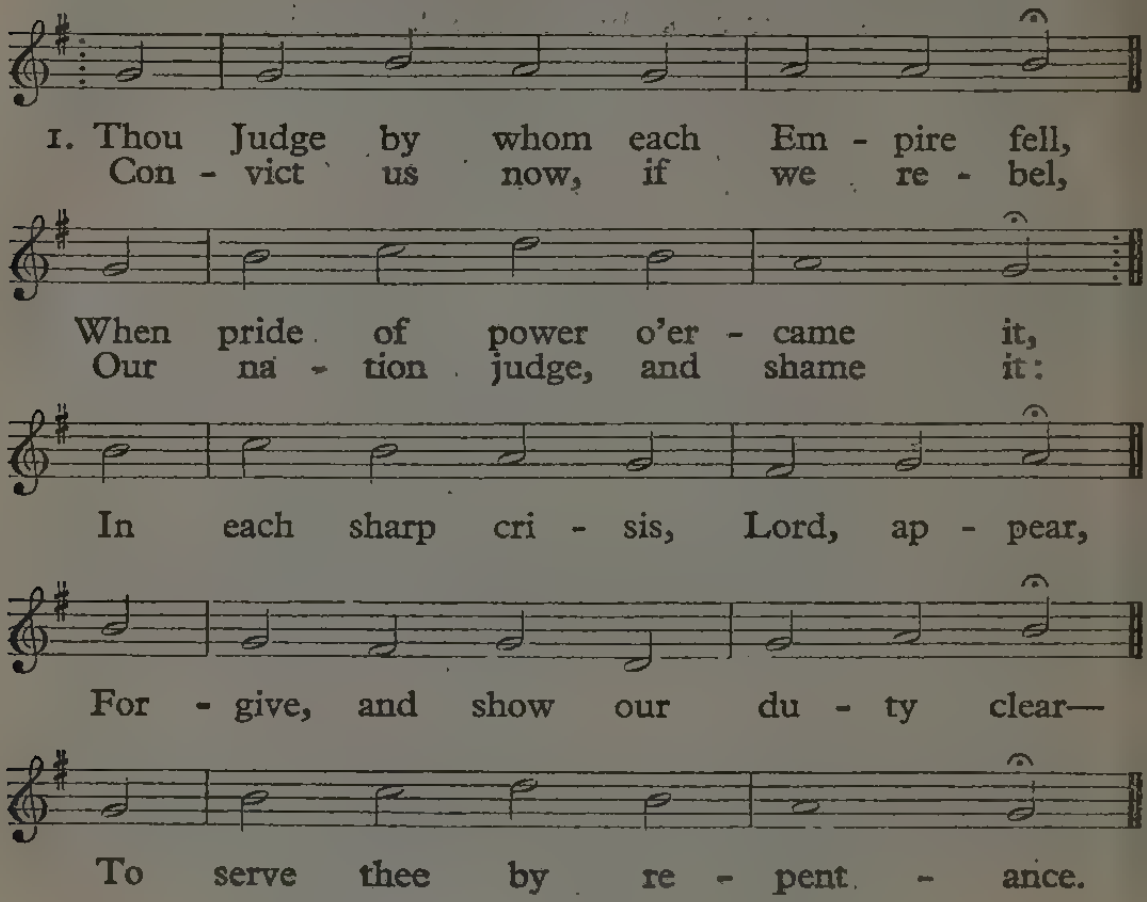
3 By the light of burning martyrs,
Christ, thy bleeding feet we track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the Cross that turns not back.
New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.

4 Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

219 (379)

LUTHER'S HYMN (NUN FREUT EUCH). (8 7. 8 7. 8 8 7.) *P. Dearmer.*

Slow. Present form of melody by MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546.


1. Thou Judge by whom each Em - pire fell,
Con - vict us now, if we re - bel,
When pride of power o'er - came it,
Our na - tion judge, and shame it:
In each sharp cri - sis, Lord, ap - pear,
For - give, and show our du - ty clear—
To serve thee by re - pent - ance.

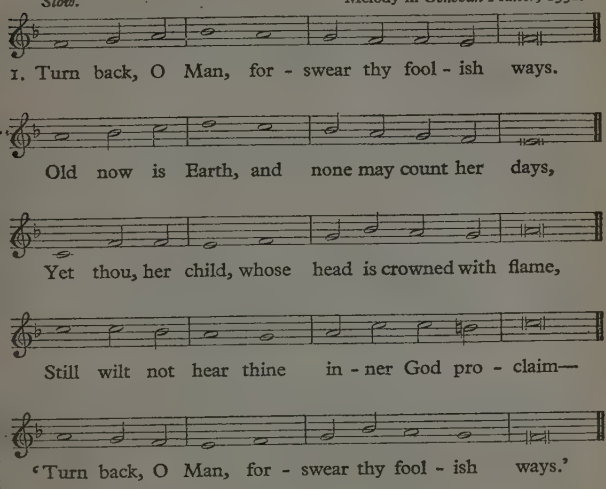
2 Search, Lord, our spirits in thy sight,
In best and worst reveal us;
Shed on our souls a blaze of light,
And judge, that thou may'st heal us:
The present be our Judgement Day,
When each man's sin thou dost survey—
Show us ourselves and save us!

3 Lo, fearing naught we come to thee
Though by our sins confounded;
Though selfish, mean, and base are we,
Thy justice is unbounded,
So large, it naught but love requires,
And, judging, pardons, frees, inspires.
Deliver us from evil!

220 (197)

OLD 124TH. (10 10. 10 10. 10.) *Clifford Bax.*

Slow. Melody in *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.


1. Turn back, O Man, for - swear thy fool - ish ways.
Old now is Earth, and none may count her days,
Yet thou, her child, whose head is crowned with flame,
Still wilt not hear thine in - ner God pro - claim—
'Turn back, O Man, for - swear thy fool - ish ways.'

2 Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.
Age after age their tragic Empires rise,
Built while they dream, and in that dreaming weep:
Would Man but wake from out his haunted sleep,
Earth might be fair and all men glad and wise.

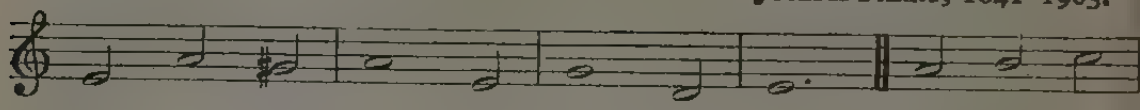
3 Earth shall be fair, and all her people one:
Nor till that hour shall God's whole will be done.
Now, even now, once more from earth to sky,
Peals forth in joy man's old undaunted cry—
'Earth shall be fair, and all her folk be one!'

221 (181)

DIES IRAE. (D.L.M.)

Slow.

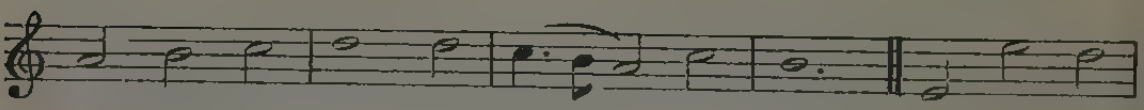
J. A. Symonds, 1840–93.
JOSEPH PARRY, 1841–1903.



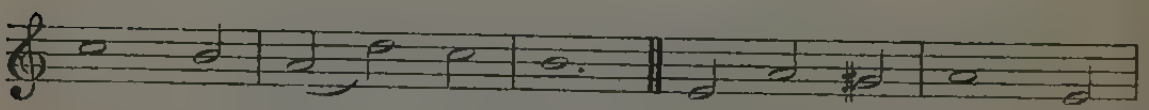
1. These things shall be! A loft - ier race Than e'er the

world hath known, shall rise With flame of free - dom

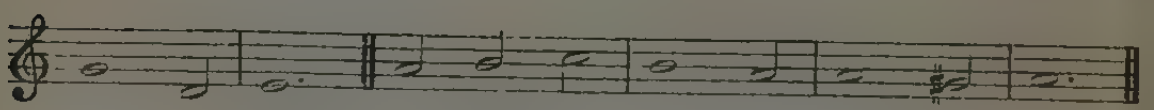
in their souls And light of sci - ence in their eyes.



They shall be gen - tle, brave, and strong, To spill no



drop of blood, but dare All that may plant man's



lord - ship firm On earth and fire and sea and air.

1 These things shall be! A loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of science in their eyes.
They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm
On earth and fire and sea and air.

2 They shall be simple in their homes
And splendid in their public ways,
Filling the mansions of the state
With music and with hymns of praise.
Nation with nation, land with land,
Inarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

3 Woman shall be man's mate and peer,
In all things strong and fair and good,
Still wearing on her brows the crown
Of sinless, sacred motherhood.
New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

THANKSGIVING

222 (238)

AUSTRIAN HYMN. (87. 87. D.) *Foundling Hospital Coll.* (1796).
(*See Hymn* 102.) *Ps.* 148.
F. J. HAYDN, 1732–1809.
Moderately slow.

1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, Angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance hath he made.

2 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name!

PART 2.

E. Osler, 1798–1863.

3 Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Lord, we offer to thy name;
Young and old, thy praise expressing
Join their Saviour to proclaim.
As the Saints in heaven adore thee,
We would bow before thy throne;
As thine Angels serve before thee,
So on earth thy will be done.

(*This hymn may also be sung to* PRAISE, *S.P.* 420.)

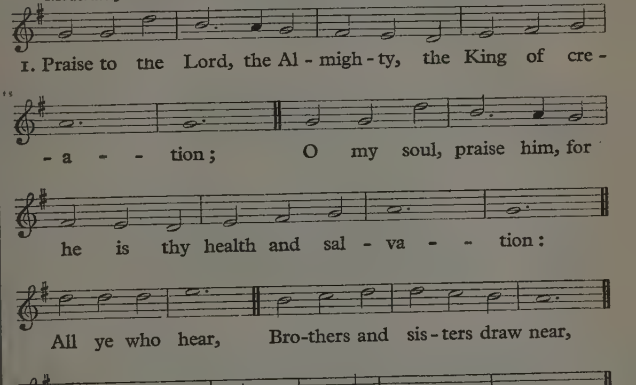
223 (421)

HAST DU DENN, JESU. (14 14. 4. 7. 8.)

J. Neander, 1650–80.
Tr. C. Winkworth and others.

Melody in *Praxis Pietatis Melica*, 1668 (as given in *The Chorale Book for England*, 1865).

Moderately slow.


1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - migh - ty, the King of cre -
- a - - tion; O my soul, praise him, for
he is thy health and sal - va - - tion:
All ye who hear, Bro-thers and sis-ters draw near,
Praise him in glad a - dor - a - - tion.

2 Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so wondrously reigneth,
Shelters thee under his wings, yea, so gently sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen
How thy entreaties have been
Granted in what he ordaineth?

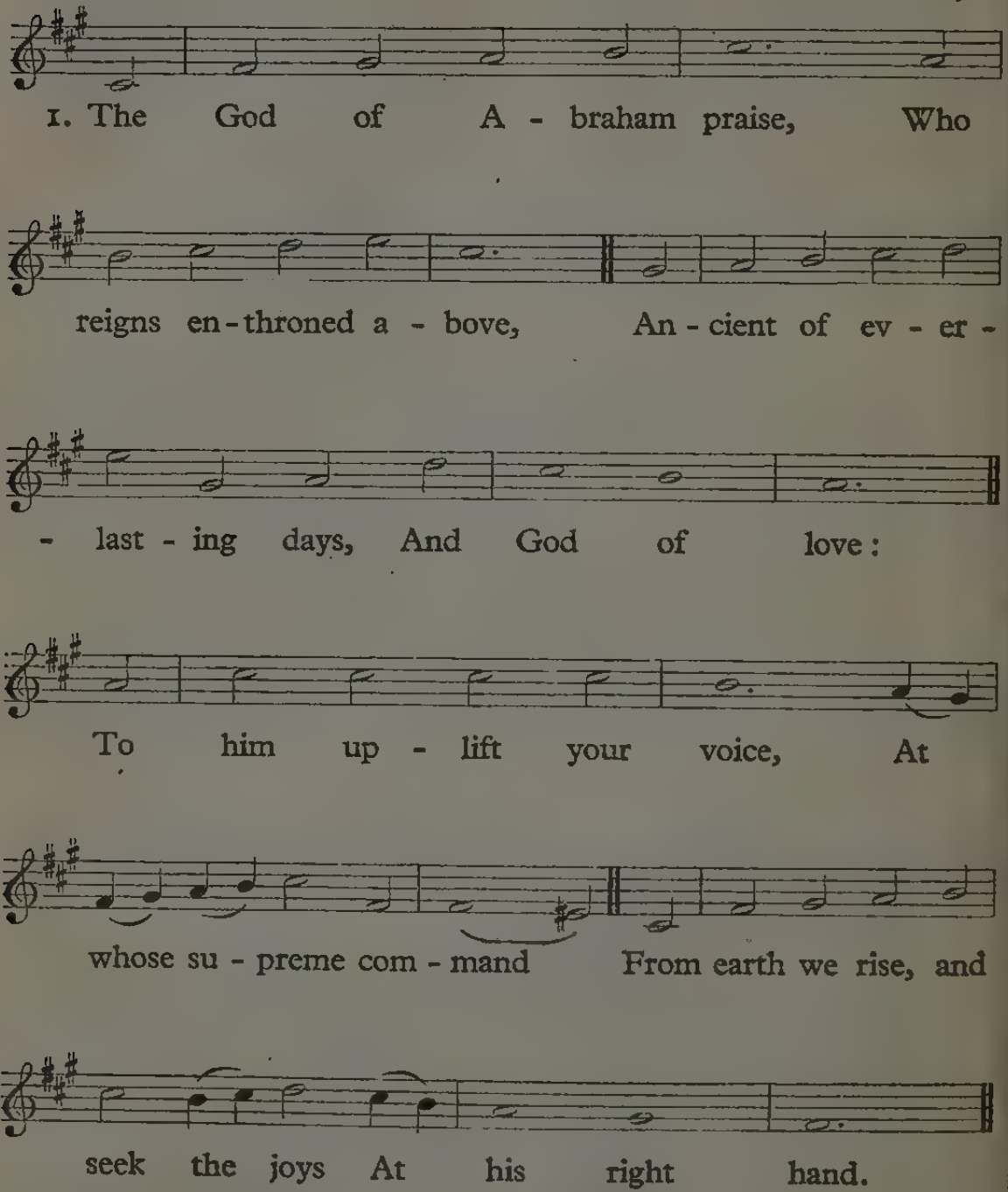
3 Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work, and defend thee;
Surely his goodness and mercy here daily attend thee:
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with his love he befriend thee.

4 Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me adore him!
All that hath life and breath come now with praises before him!
Let the amen
Sound from his people again:
Gladly for ay we adore him.

224 (449)

LEONI. (6 6. 8 4. D.) *T. Olivers, 1725–99. Based on the Yigdal.*

With vigour. Adapted from a Hebrew Melody.


1. The God of A - braham praise, Who
reigns en-throned a - bove, An - cient of ev - er -
- last - ing days, And God of love:
To him up - lift your voice, At
whose su - preme com - mand From earth we rise, and
seek the joys At his right hand.

2 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace;
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And glorious with his Saints in light
For ever reigns.

3 Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous name.

4 The God who reigns on high
The great Archangels sing,
And 'Holy, Holy, Holy', cry,
'Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be:
Eternal Father, great I AM,
We worship thee.'

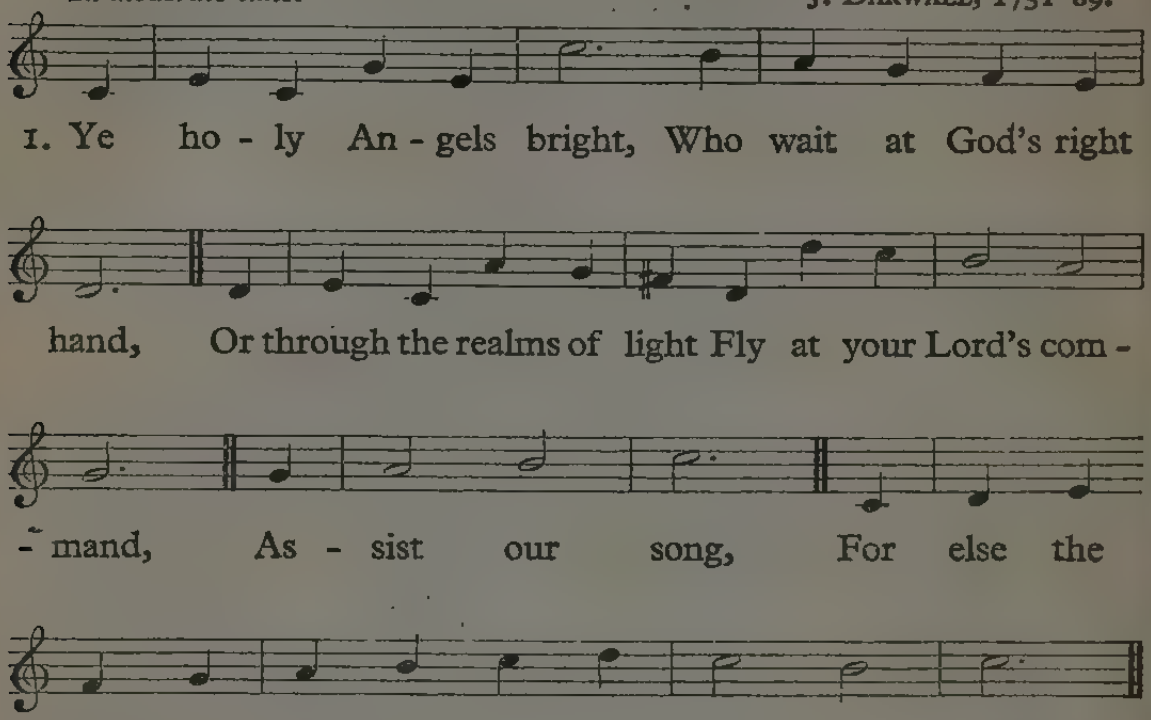
5 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'
They ever cry:
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!
(I join the heavenly lays)
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

225 (401)

DARWALL'S 148TH. (6 6. 6 6. 4 4. 4 4.)

R. Baxter (1681), *and J. H. Gurney* (1838 *and* 1851).

In moderate time. J. DARWALL, 1731–89.


1. Ye ho - ly An - gels bright, Who wait at God's right
hand, Or through the realms of light Fly at your Lord's com -
- mand, As - sist our song, For else the
theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue.

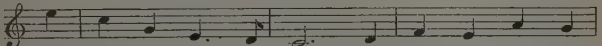
(*Descant*) 2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in his sight
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

(*Descant*) 3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what he gives
And praise him still,
Through good or ill,
Who ever lives!

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above:
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er he send,
Be filled with praise.

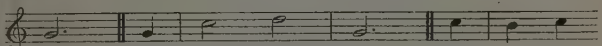
ALTERNATIVE VERSION.

DESCANT. (*See* NOTE, *Hymn No.* 1.) Fa-burden by MARTIN SHAW.

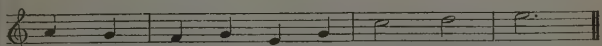


2. Ye bless-ed souls at rest, Who ran this earth-ly
3. Ye saints, who toil be-low, A-dore your heaven-ly

race, And now, from sin re-leased, Be-hold the Sa-viour's
King, And on-ward as ye go Some joy-ful an-them



face, God's prais-es sound, As in his
sing; Take what he gives And praise him



sight With sweet de-light Ye do a-bound.
still, Through good or ill, Who ev-er lives!

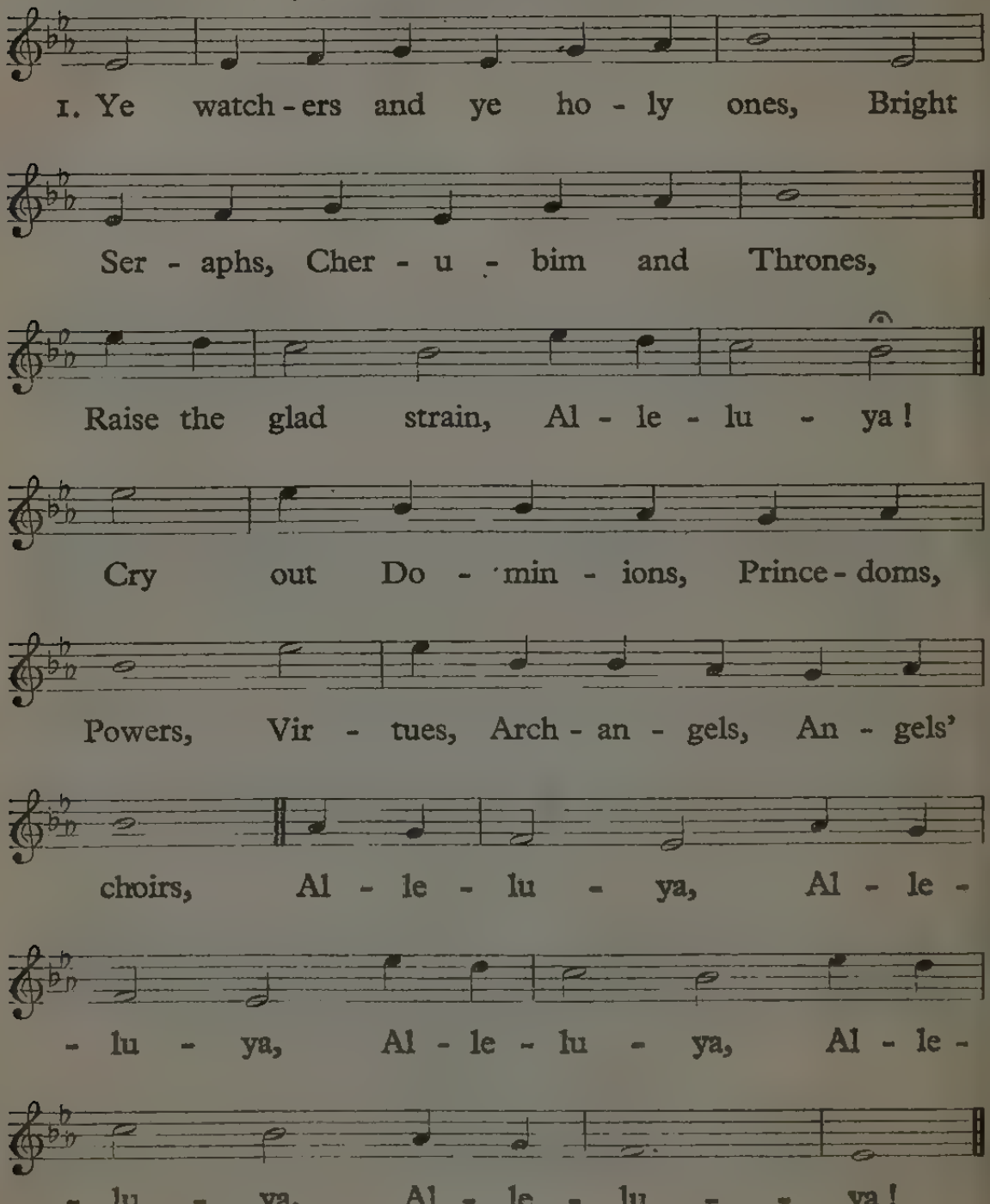
226 (403)

LASST UNS ERFREUEN. (8 8. 4 4. 8 8. and Alleluyas.)

Athelstan Riley.

Melody from *Geistliche Kirchengesäng* (Cöln, 1632).

In moderate time, dignified.


1. Ye watch - ers and ye ho - ly ones, Bright
Ser - aphs, Cher - u - bim and Thrones,
Raise the glad strain, Al - le - lu - ya!
Cry out Do - min - ions, Prince - doms,
Powers, Vir - tues, Arch - an - gels, An - gels'
choirs, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le -
- lu - ya, Al - le - lu - ya, Al - le -
- lu - ya, Al - le - lu - - ya!

1 Ye watchers and ye holy ones,
Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,
Raise the glad strain, Alleluya !
Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,
Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya !

2 O higher than the Cherubim,
More glorious than the Seraphim,
Lead their praises, Alleluya !
Thou Bearer of the eternal Word,
Most gracious, magnify the Lord,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya !

3 Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
Ye Patriarchs and Prophets blest,
Alleluya, Alleluya !
Ye holy Twelve, ye Martyrs strong,
All Saints triumphant, raise the song
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya !

4 O friends, in gladness let us sing,
Supernal anthems echoing,
Alleluya, Alleluya !
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya, Alleluya !

(*See also the Glory of God* (*Hymns* 1–9) *and Praise* (*Hymns* 140–151).)

227 (418).

NUN DANKET. (*See Hymn* 25.) *M. Rinkart*, 1586–1649. *Tr. C. Winkworth.*

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

228 (346).

WAREHAM. (*See Hymn* 216.) *I. Watts*, 1674–1748.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. Amen.

229 (455).

ST. THOMAS. *St. Thomas Aquinas*, 1227–74. *Tr.*

Melody from S. WEBBE'S *Motetts or Antiphons*, 1792.

Glory let us give, and blessing
To the Father and the Son;
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run;
Ever too his love confessing,
Who, from both, with both is one. Amen.

(*This may also be sung to* PANGE LINGUA, *S.P.* 152.)

230 (464)

MIT FREUDEN ZART. *M. F. Bell.*

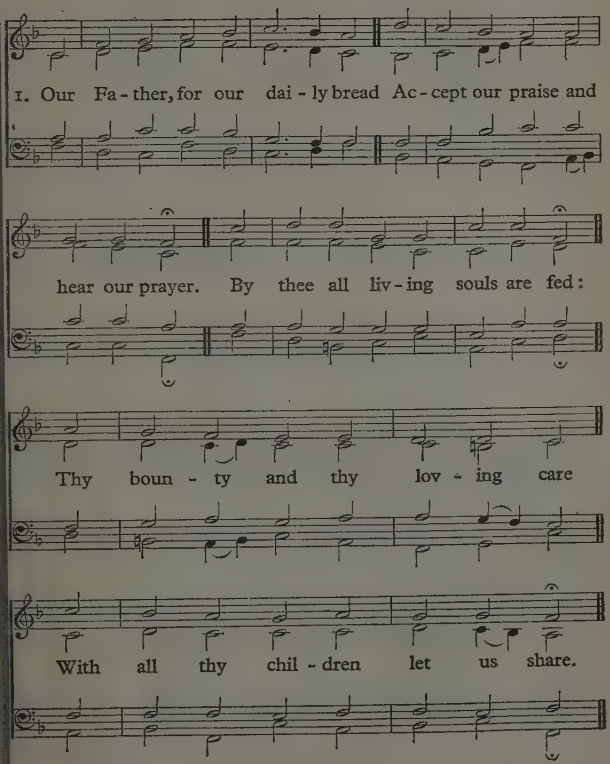
Hymn Melody of the Bohemian Brethren.

O dearest Lord, by all adored,
Our trespasses confessing,
To thee this day thy children pray,
The holy Faith professing!
Accept, O King, the gifts we bring,
Our songs of praise, the prayers we raise;
And grant us, Lord, thy blessing.

(*See also No.* 235.)

231*

G. W. Briggs.
? J. PACHELBEL, 1653–1706.

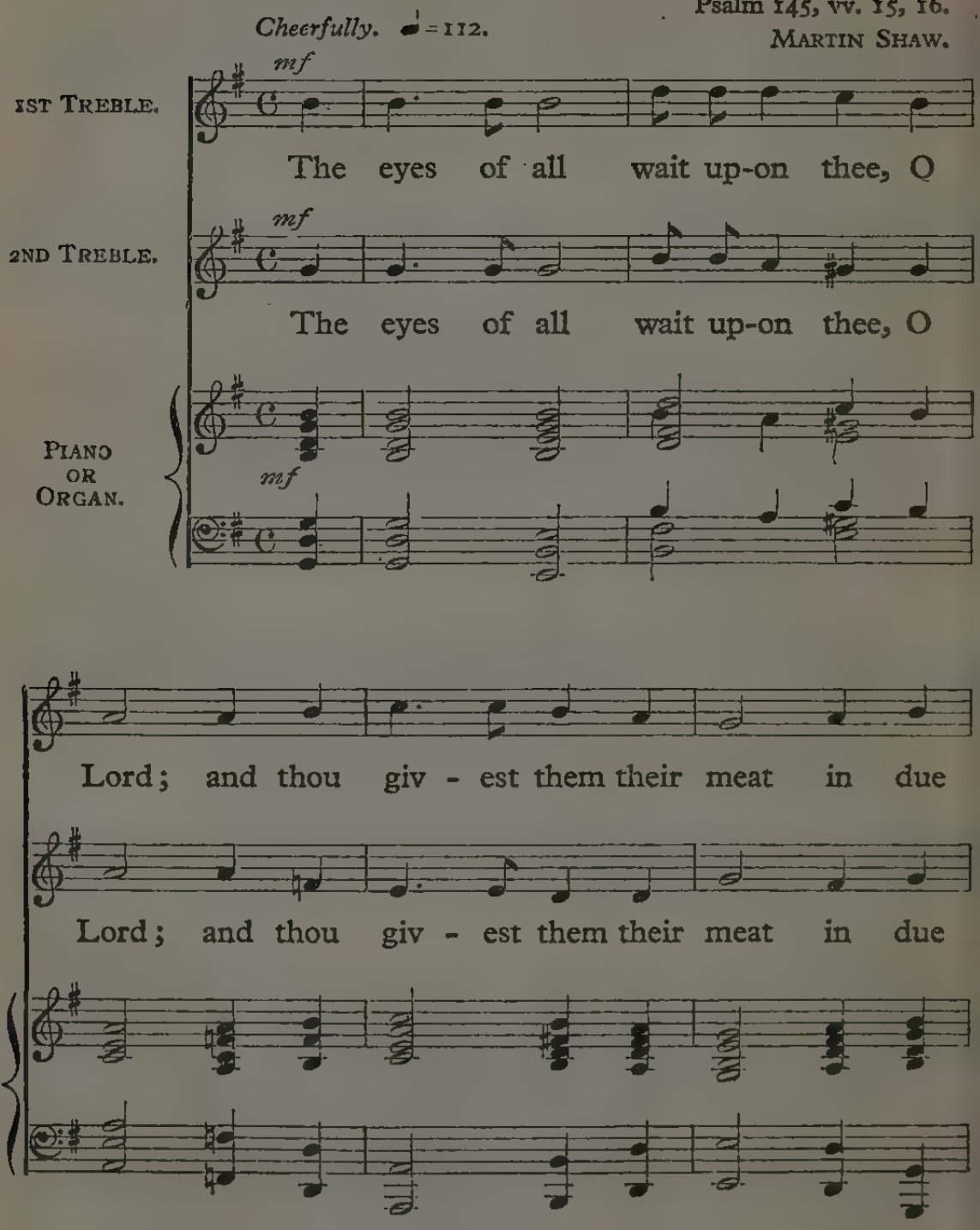

1. Our Fa - ther, for our dai - ly bread Ac - cept our praise and
hear our prayer. By thee all liv - ing souls are fed:
Thy boun - ty and thy lov - ing care
With all thy chil - dren let us share.

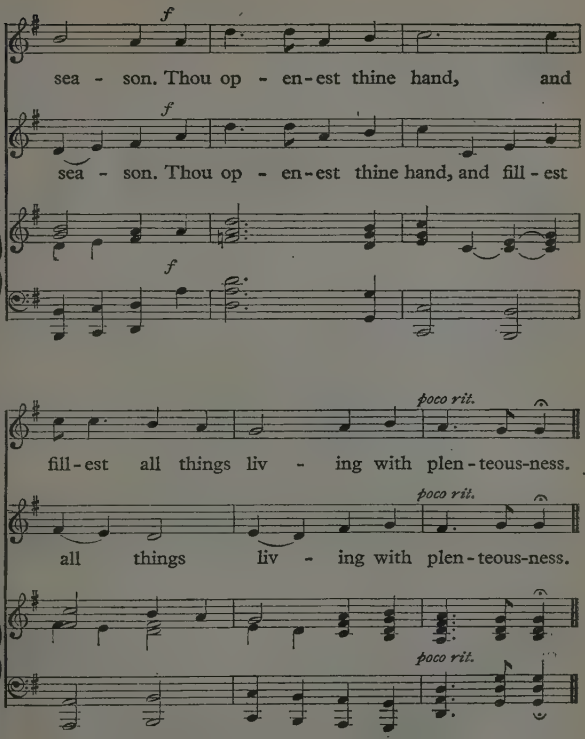
(For younger boys and for girls this may be transposed a note higher.)

232*

The Fearon Grace

Psalm 145, vv. 15, 16.
MARTIN SHAW.


Cheerfully. ♩ = 112.
mf
1ST TREBLE.
The eyes of all wait up-on thee, O
2ND TREBLE.
The eyes of all wait up-on thee, O
PIANO OR ORGAN.
Lord; and thou giv - est them their meat in due
Lord; and thou giv - est them their meat in due


f
sea - son. Thou op - en-est thine hand, and
f
sea - son. Thou op - en-est thine hand, and fill - est
f
poco rit.
fill-est all things liv - ing with plen-teous-ness.
poco rit.
all things liv - ing with plen-teous-ness.
poco rit.

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(May be sung in unison and also a semitone higher.)

233* (168)

BROCKHAM.

J. CLARK, 1670–1707. *Anon.*

Great God, thou giver of all good
Accept our praise, and bless our food:
Grace, health, and strength to us afford
Through Jesus Christ, our risen Lord.

234* (374)

TALLIS' ORDINAL ('9th tune'). (*See Hymn* 16.) *Anon.*

T. TALLIS, *c.* 1515–85.

To God, who gives our daily bread
A thankful song we raise,
And pray that he who sends us food
May fill our hearts with praise.

(NOTE.—*Nos.* 233 *and* 234 *may be sung, one before, and the other after, meals.*)

235 (202)

OLD 100TH. (*See Hymn* 1.) *Bishop Ken.*

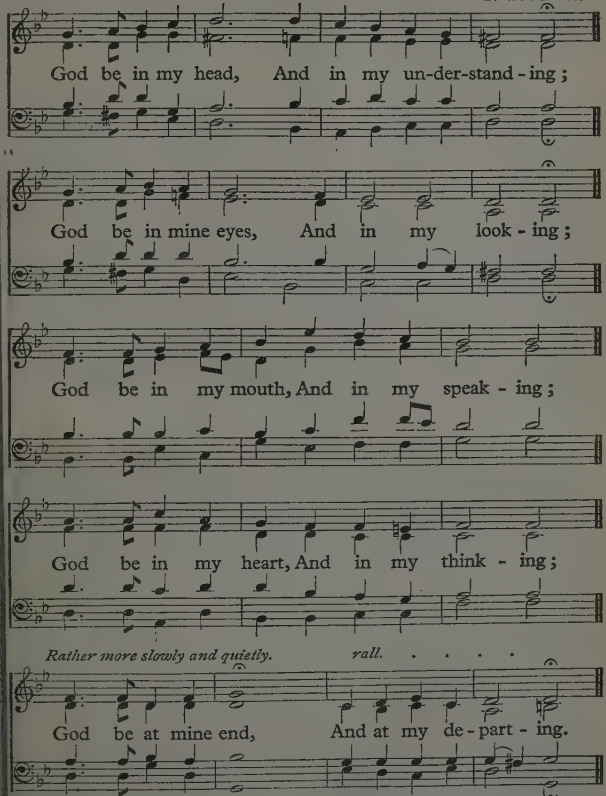
Melody from *Genevan Psalter*, 1551.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

236

DAVID.

Sarum Primer, 1551.
G. W. BRIGGS.


God be in my head, And in my un-der-stand - ing;
God be in mine eyes, And in my look - ing;
God be in my mouth, And in my speak - ing;
God be in my heart, And in my think - ing;
Rather more slowly and quietly.
rall.
God be at mine end, And at my de - part - ing.

(*This may also be sung to* CONSTANTIA, *S.P.* 239.)

CHANTS*

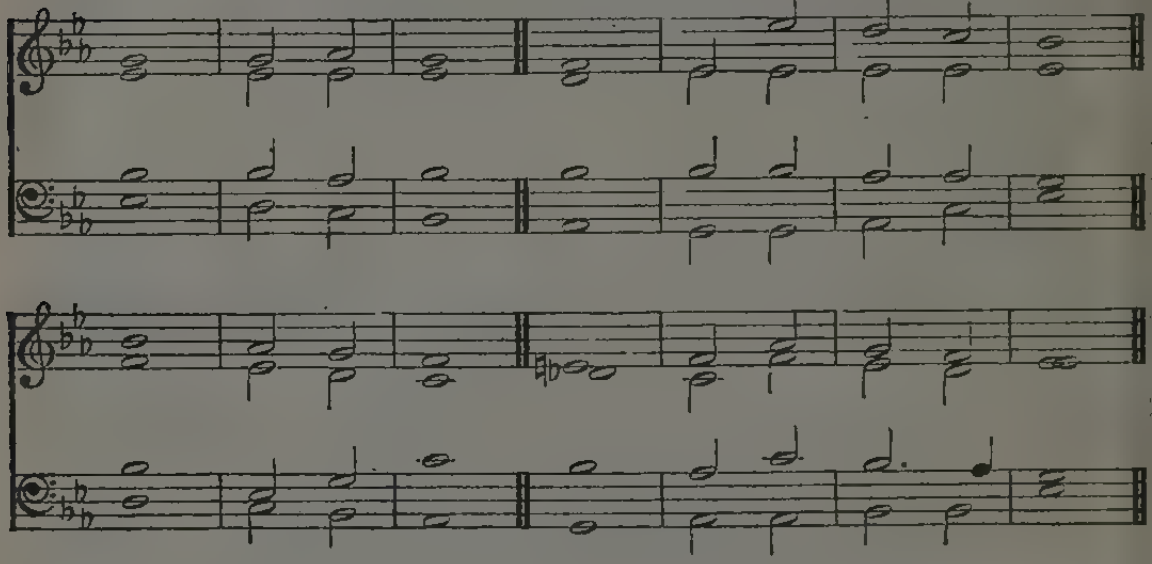
(*See Prayers, pages 34 and 51.*)

The Psalms are printed for reading: but many teachers will prefer to sing them, and for their convenience the following chants are printed. Such teachers will find little difficulty in pointing the Psalms.

Antiphonal singing is recommended: in Psalms **23** *and* **121**, *throughout: in Psalms* **46** *and* **103**, *with the exceptions noted.*

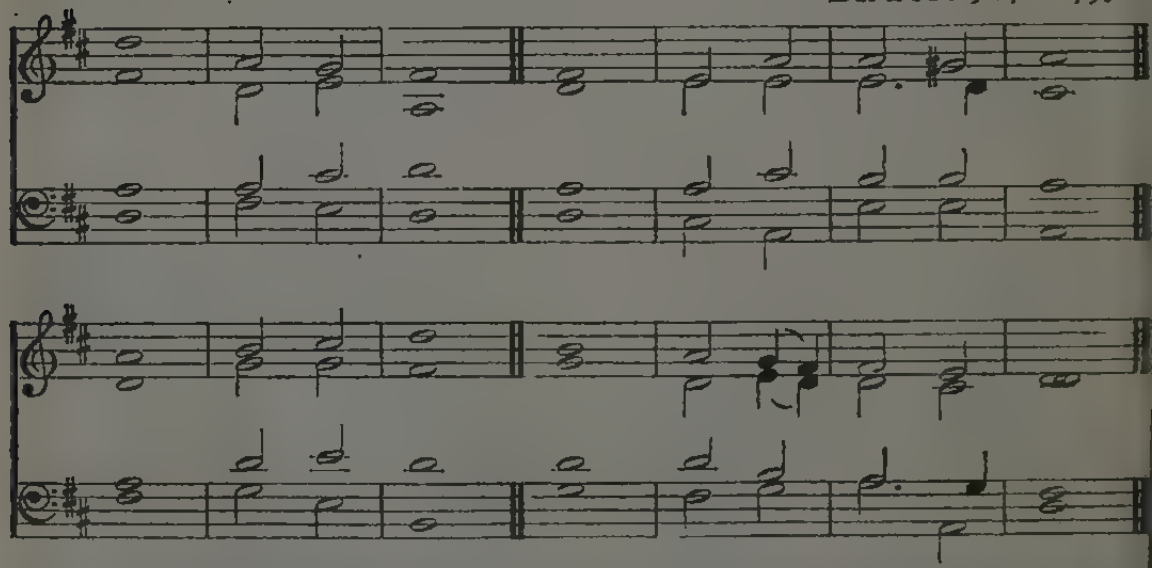
Psalm 23

JOHN CAMIDGE, *c.* 1735–1803.
(From *A Collection of Tunes*, York, 1789.)



Psalm 46

Dr. BOYCE, 1710–79.

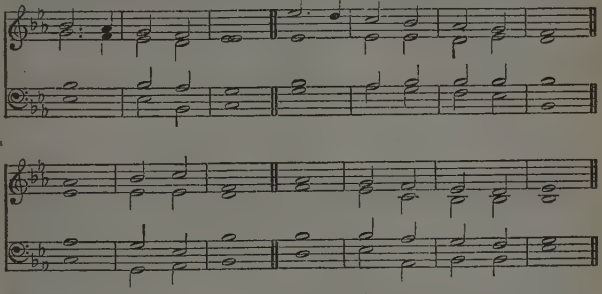


(NOTE.—*Verse* 3 (*Though the waters . . . swelling thereof*), *which is divided for reading, should be sung as a single verse, and to the second half of the chant. The chant begins afresh with verse* 4 (*There is a river . . .*). *Where there is antiphonal singing, the first three verses should be sung by all the voices.*)

CHANTS

Psalm 103.

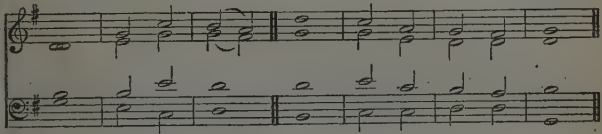
EARL OF MORNINGTON, 1735–81.



(NOTE.—*For verse* 5 (*Who satisfieth . . .*) *and verse* 10 (*He hath not dealt . . .*) *the second half of the chant should be repeated. Where there is antiphonal singing, the first two and last four verses should be sung by all the voices.*)

Psalm 121

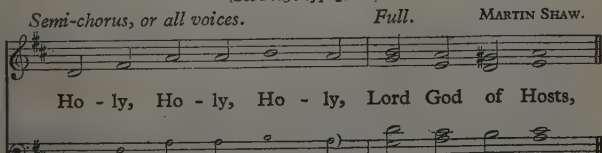
G. W. B.



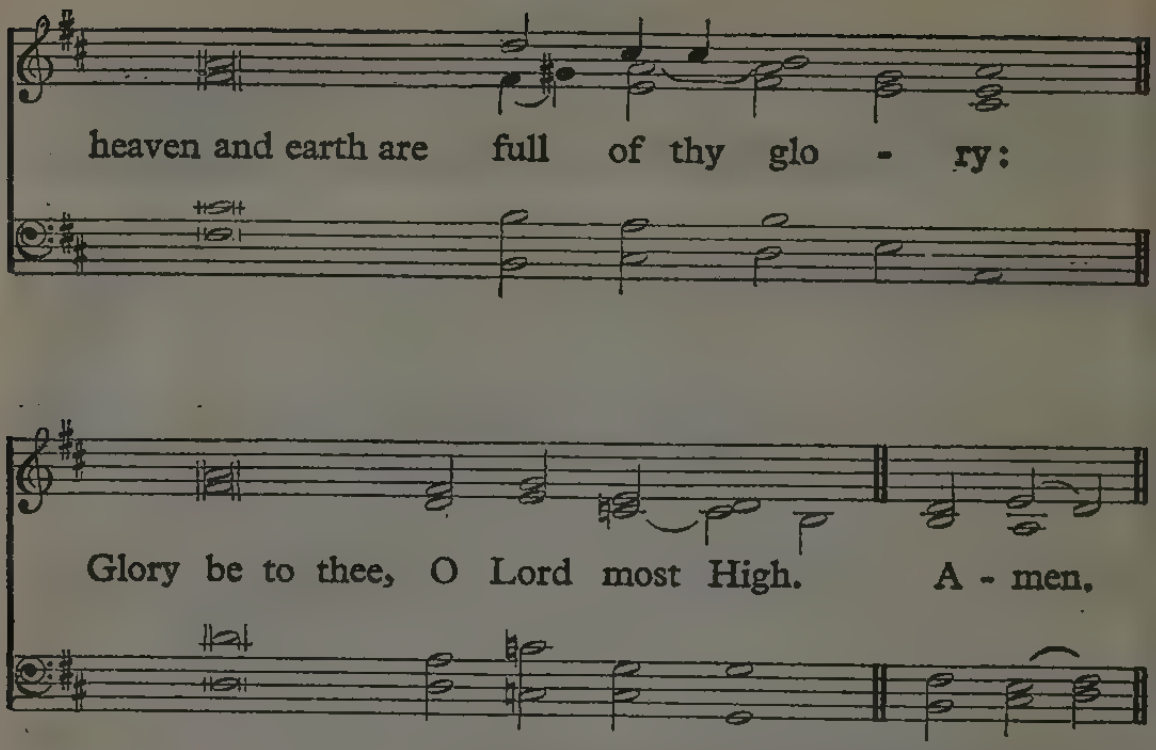
SANCTUS*

(*See Prayers, page* 11.)

Semi-chorus, or all voices. *Full.* MARTIN SHAW.



SANCTUS



(To be sung in the time of rather slow reading. Do not sing the words to the reciting notes hurriedly.)

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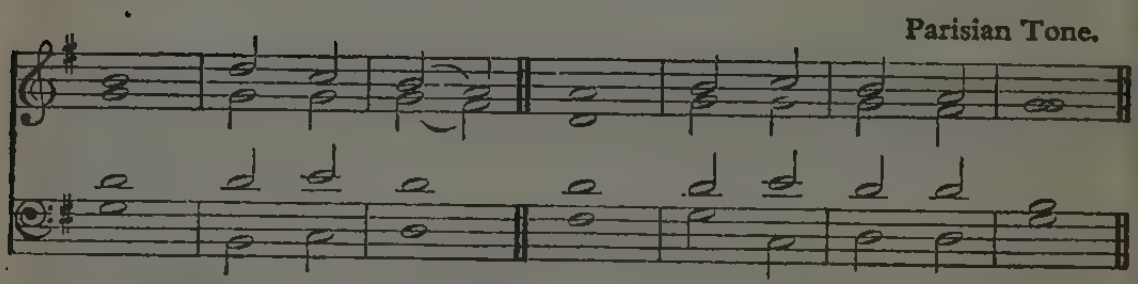
GLORIA IN EXCELSIS*

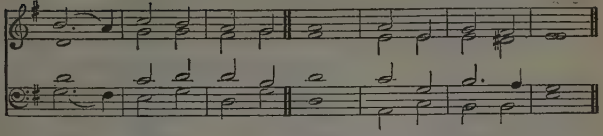


Glóry be to | God on | high, ‖ and in eárth | peace, good | will towards | men. ‖

We práise thee, we bléss thee, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give thánks to | thee for | thy great | glory, ‖

O Lord Gód, | heavenly | King, ‖ Gód the | Father | Al- | mighty. ‖

Tonus Peregrinus.



O Lord, the only-begotten Són | Jesu | Christ; || *O Lord God,* "*Lamb of God,* | *Son* | *of the* | *Father,* ||

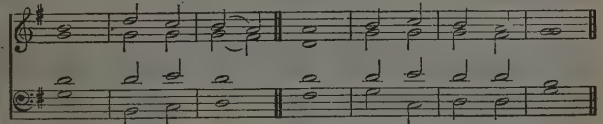
That takest away the síns | of the | world, || *have* | *mer-* | *cy up-* | *on us.* ||

Thou that takest away the síns | of the | world, || *have* | *mer-* | *cy up* | *on us.* ||

Thou that takest away the síns | of the | world, || *re-* | *ceive* | *our prayer.* ||

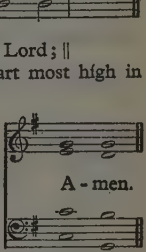
Thou that sittest at the right hánd of | God the | Father, || *have* | *mer-* | *cy up-* | *on us.* ||

Parisian Tone.



For thóu | only art | holy; || thou | only | art the | Lord; ||

Thou only, O Chríst, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most hígh in the | glory of | God the | Father. ||



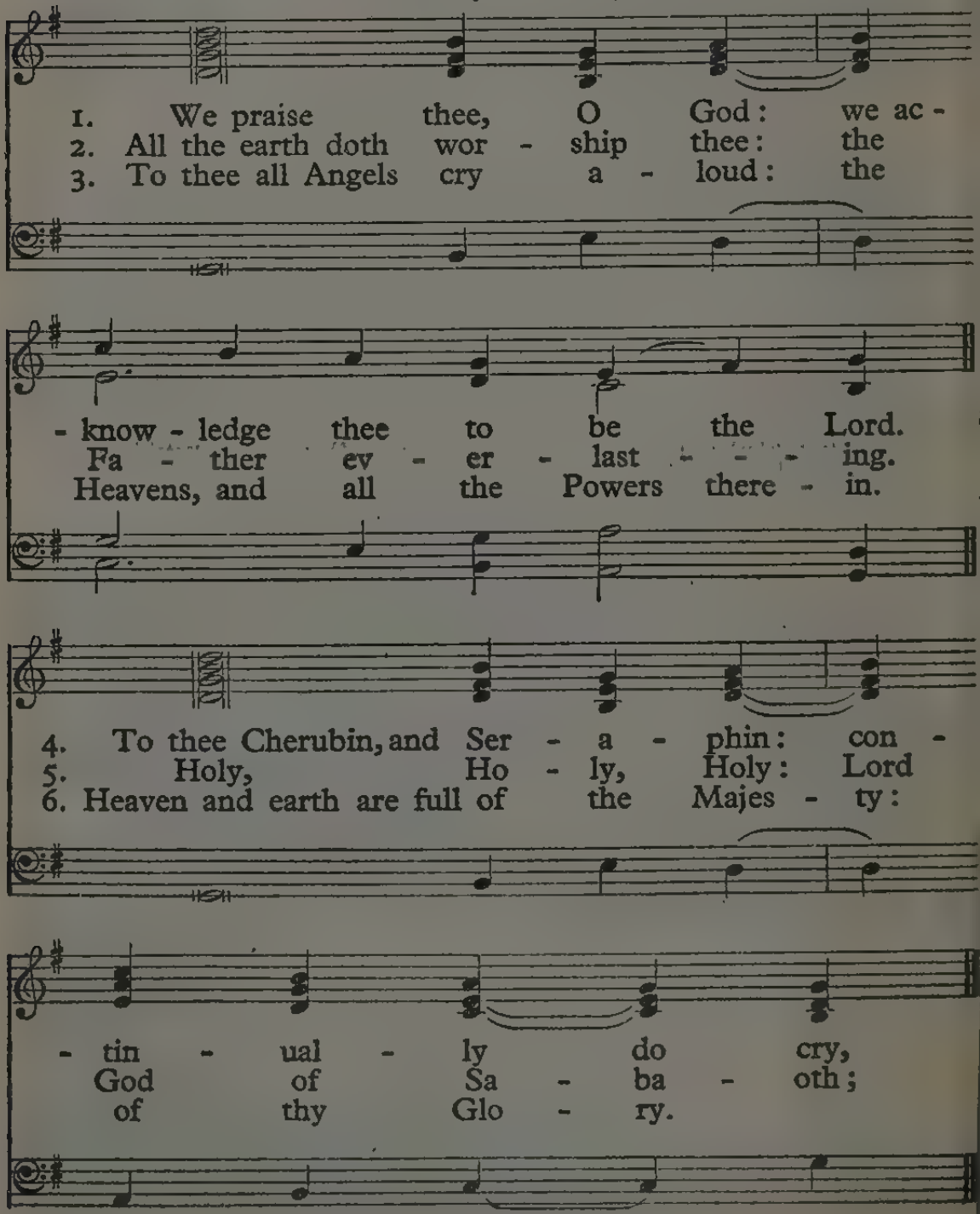
(NOTE.—*The second part only should be sung antiphonally, the break being in the middle of each verse. To make it quite clear, the last half of each verse is printed in italics.*)

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS*

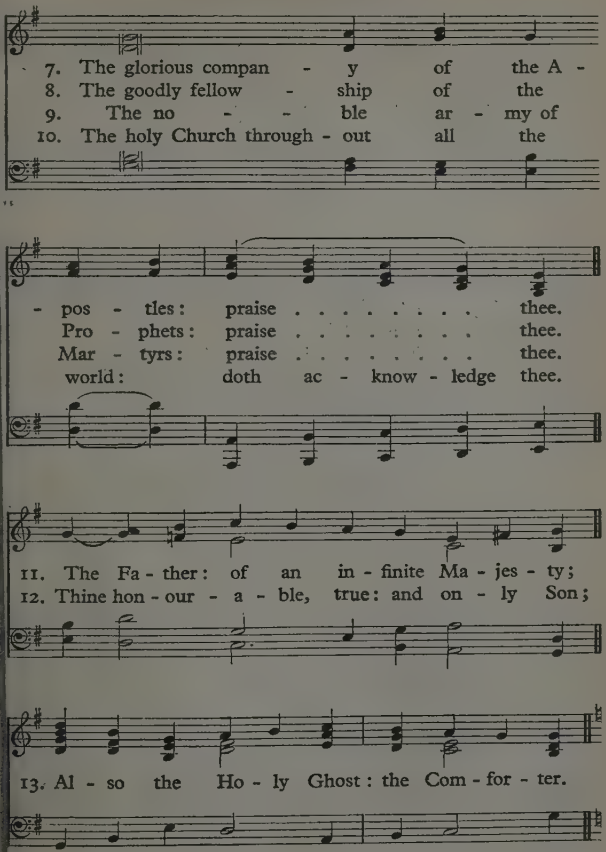
Set to music for unison singing by MARTIN SHAW.

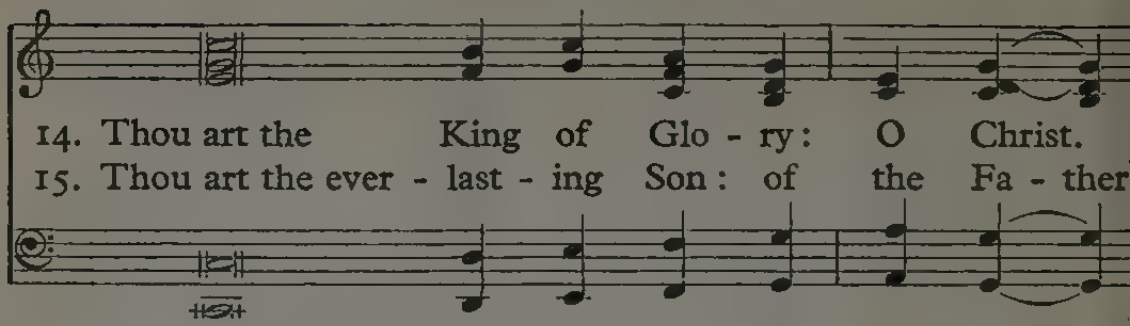
NOTE.—A. *To be sung in the time of ordinary reading, not too slow.*
B. *The musical accents are created by the natural accents of the words.*
C. *The reciting note will be sometimes quite short, as in verse 13.*
D. *Notes that have neither words nor dots underneath in certain verses are to be omitted.*

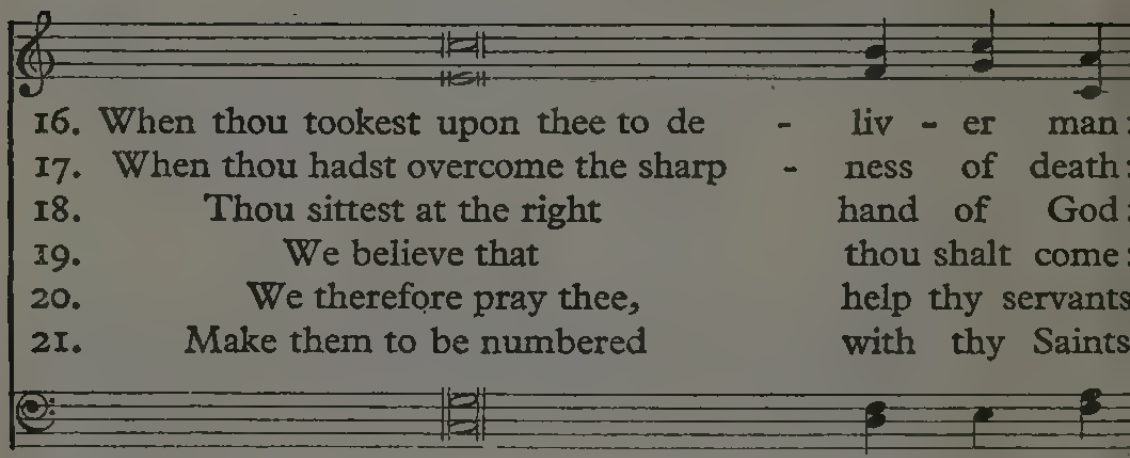
This first chant is founded on a medieval melody.

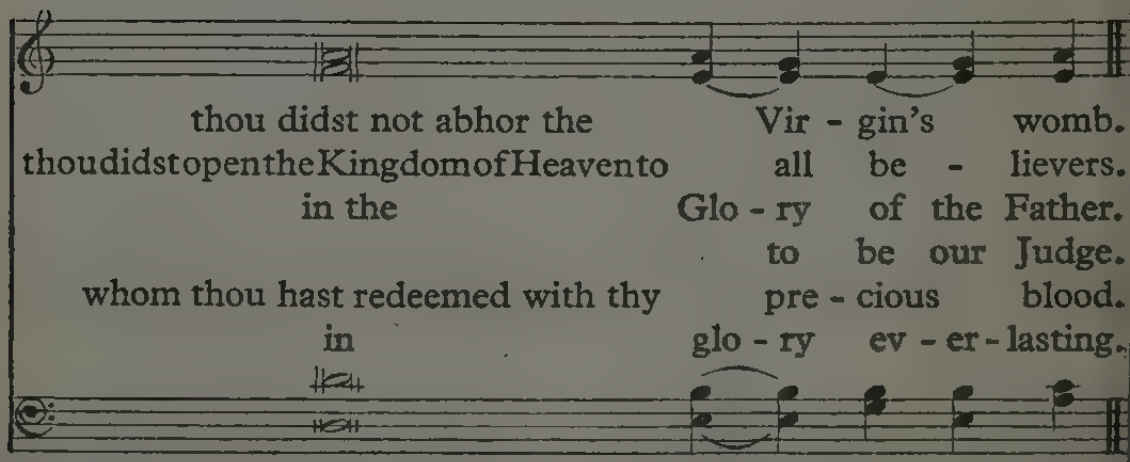

1. We praise thee, O God: we ac-
- know - ledge thee to be the Lord.
2. All the earth doth wor - ship thee: the
Fa - ther ev - er - last - - - ing.
3. To thee all Angels cry a - loud: the
Heavens, and all the Powers there - in.
4. To thee Cherubin, and Ser - a - phin: con -
- tin - ual - ly do cry,
5. Holy, Ho - ly, Holy: Lord
God of Sa - ba - oth;
6. Heaven and earth are full of the Majes - ty:
of thy Glo - ry.

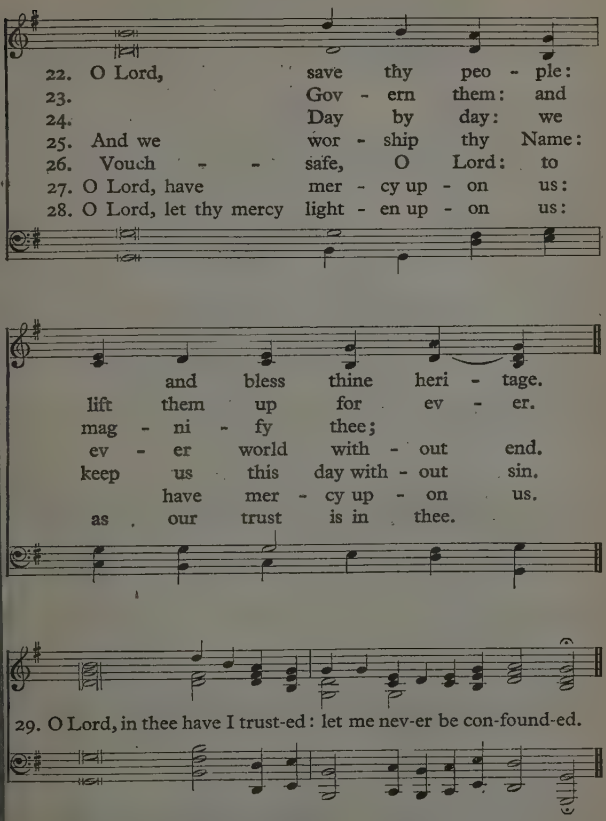
[*Copyright, 1927, by Martin Shaw.*]


7. The glorious compan - y of the A -
8. The goodly fellow - ship of the
9. The no - - ble ar - my of
10. The holy Church through - out all the
- pos - tles: praise . . . . . thee.
Pro - phets: praise . . . . . thee.
Mar - tyrs: praise . . . . . thee.
world: doth ac - know - ledge thee.
11. The Fa - ther: of an in - finite Ma - jes - ty;
12. Thine hon - our - a - ble, true: and on - ly Son;
13. Al - so the Ho - ly Ghost: the Com - for - ter.


14. Thou art the King of Glo - ry: O Christ.
15. Thou art the ever - last - ing Son: of the Fa - ther


16. When thou tookest upon thee to de - liv - er man:
17. When thou hadst overcome the sharp - ness of death:
18. Thou sittest at the right hand of God:
19. We believe that thou shalt come:
20. We therefore pray thee, help thy servants
21. Make them to be numbered with thy Saints


thou didst not abhor the Vir - gin's womb.
thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all be - lievers.
in the Glo - ry of the Father.
to be our Judge.
whom thou hast redeemed with thy pre - cious blood.
in glo - ry ev - er - lasting.


22. O Lord, save thy peo - ple:
23. Gov - ern them: and
24. Day by day: we
25. And we wor - ship thy Name:
26. Vouch - - safe, O Lord: to
27. O Lord, have mer - cy up - on us:
28. O Lord, let thy mercy light - en up - on us:
and bless thine heri - tage.
lift them up for ev - er.
mag - ni - fy thee;
ev - er world with - out end.
keep us this day with - out sin.
have mer - cy up - on us.
as our trust is in thee.
29. O Lord, in thee have I trust-ed: let me nev-er be con-found-ed.

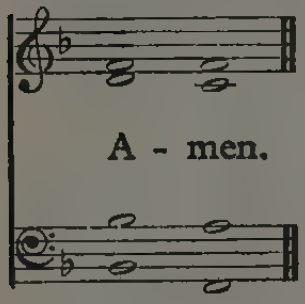
AMEN*

(To be sung after prayers, at the teacher's discretion)

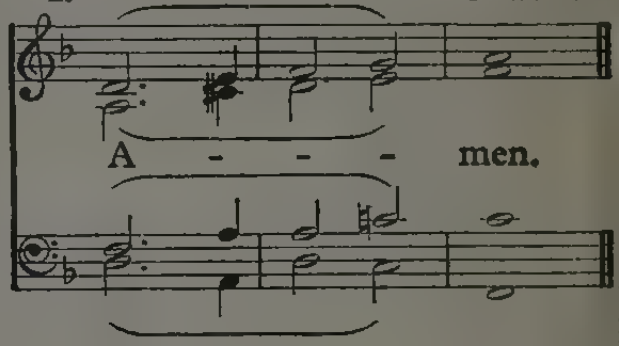
Easy.

(The first four are in the same key, so that two (or more) may be combined at the same service.)

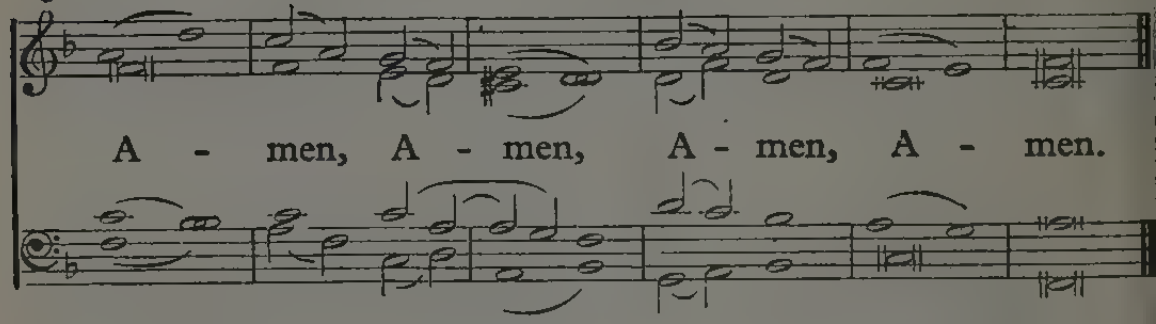
1.



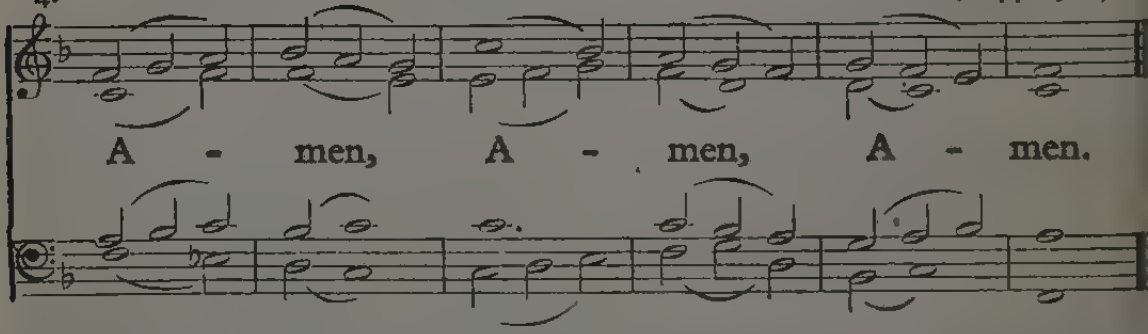
2. G. W. B.



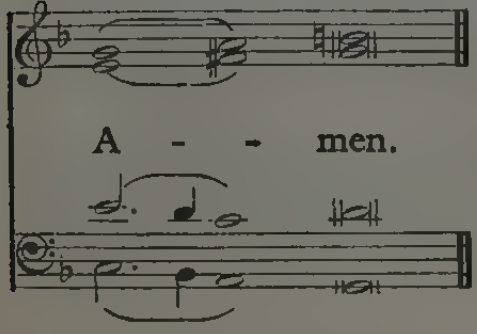
3. G. W. B.



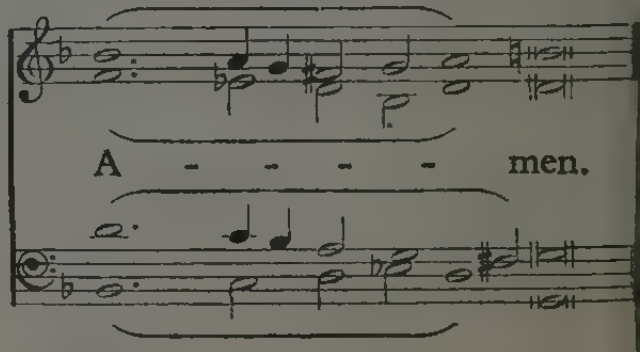
4. Dr. C. H. Briggs (1844–1908).



5. John Holmes (1602).



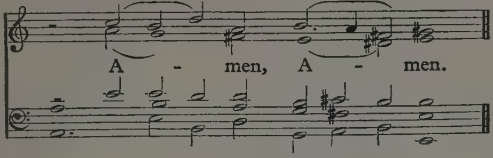
6. Robert Ramsay (1635).



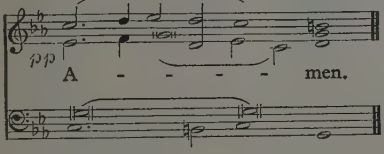
More difficult.

7. THOMAS TALLIS (*c.* 1515–1585).

1st and 2nd Trebles (or may be sung in unison).

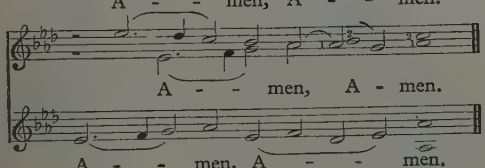


8. *Unison.* WILLIAM BYRD (1543–1623).



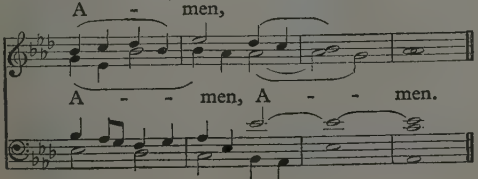
9. WILLIAM BYRD.

1st, 2nd, and 3rd Trebles.



10. ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583–1625).

1st and 2nd Trebles (or may be sung in unison).



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UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD
BY JOHN JOHNSON
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